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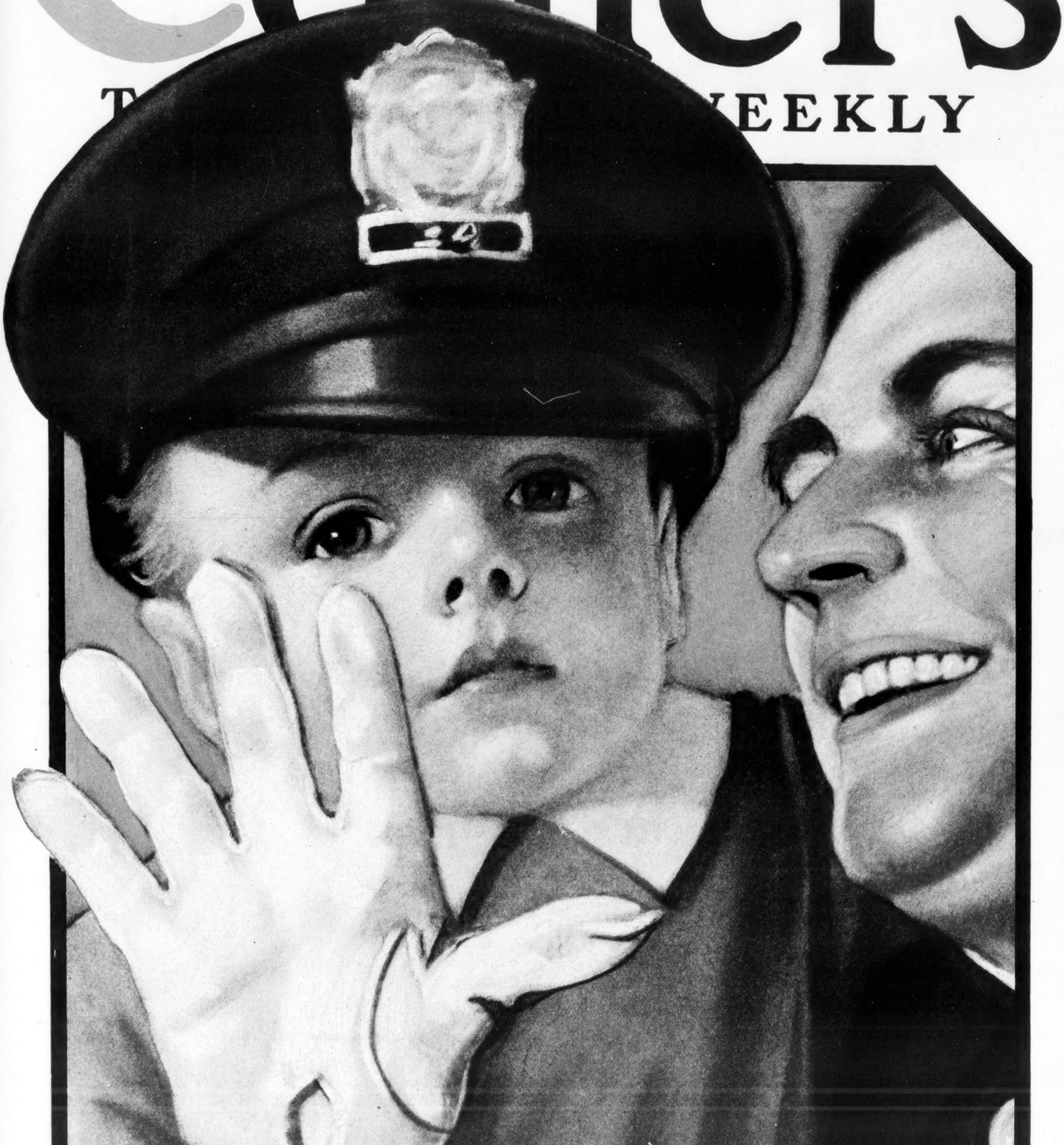
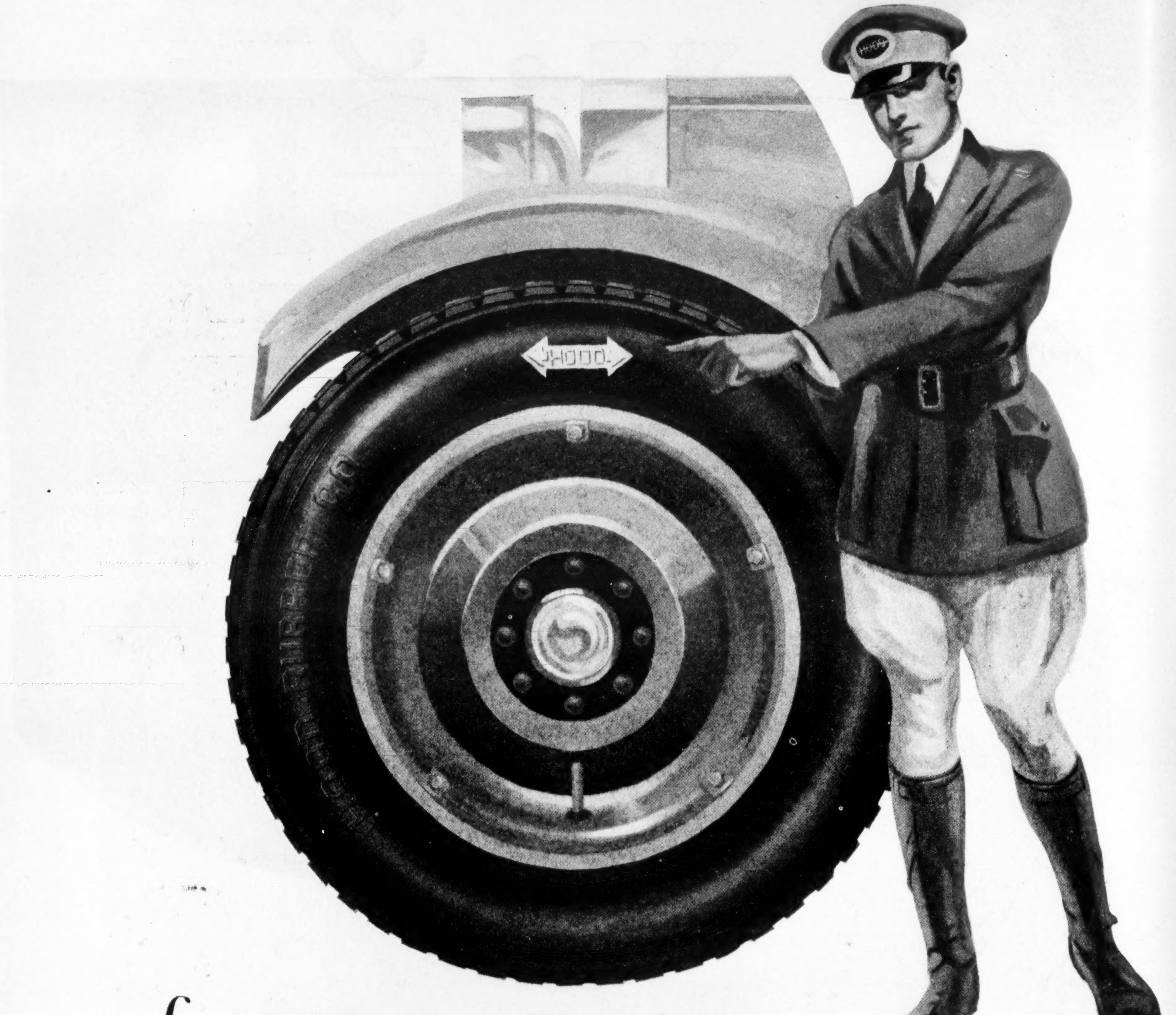


Cover by
John
Bradshaw
Crandell

*In
this
issue*

**William G. Shepherd—Donn Byrne—William
H. G. Wells—James Oppenheim**



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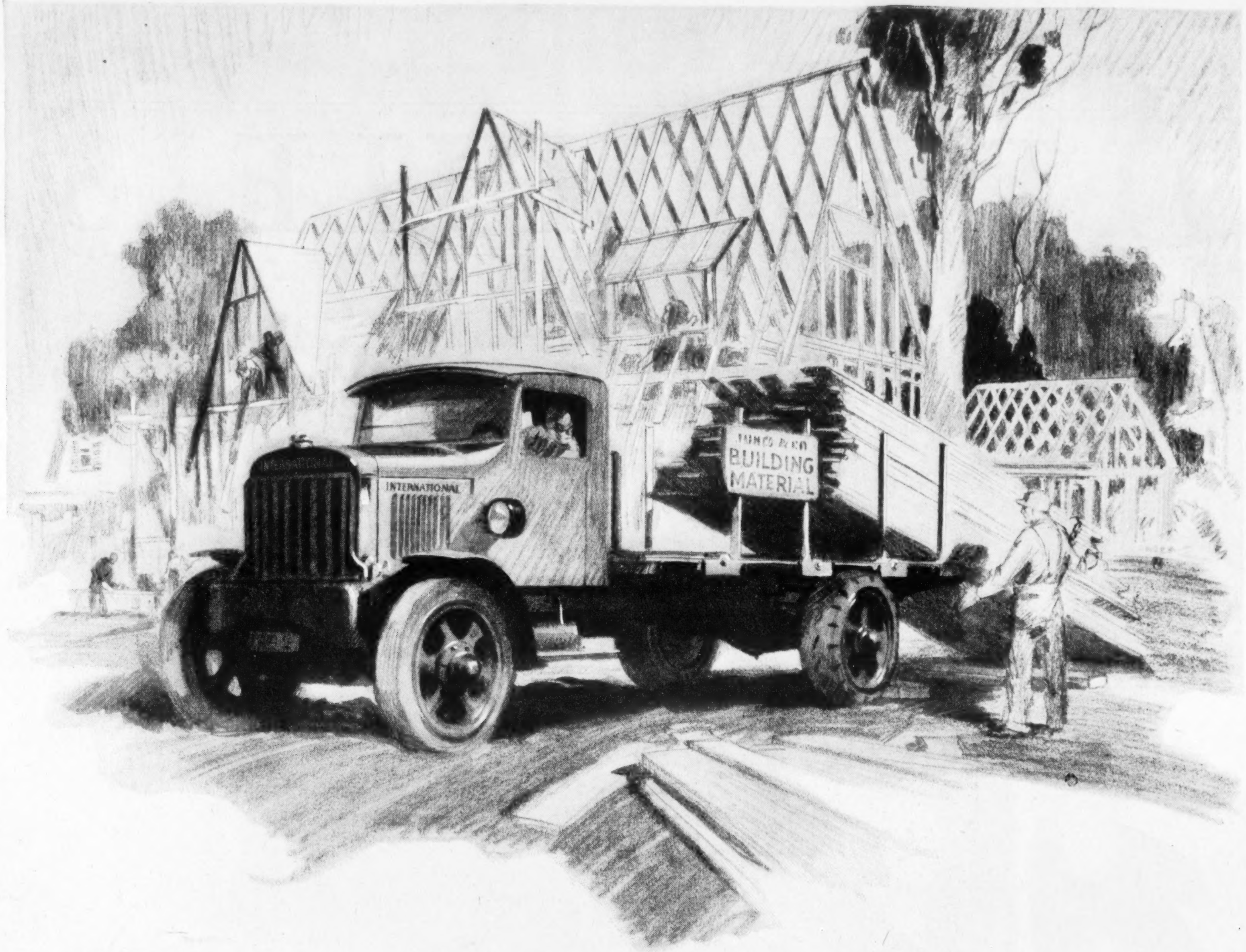

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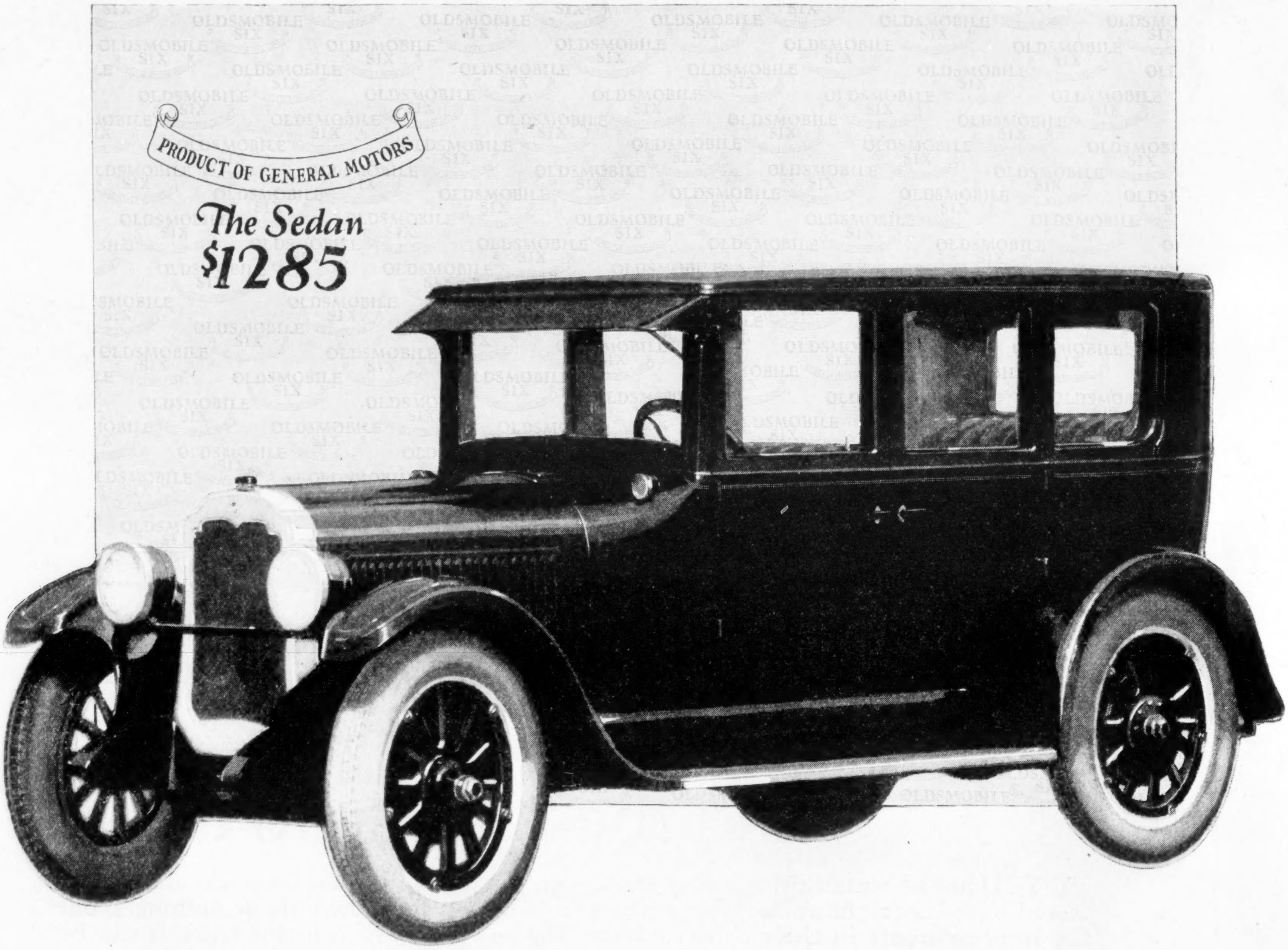

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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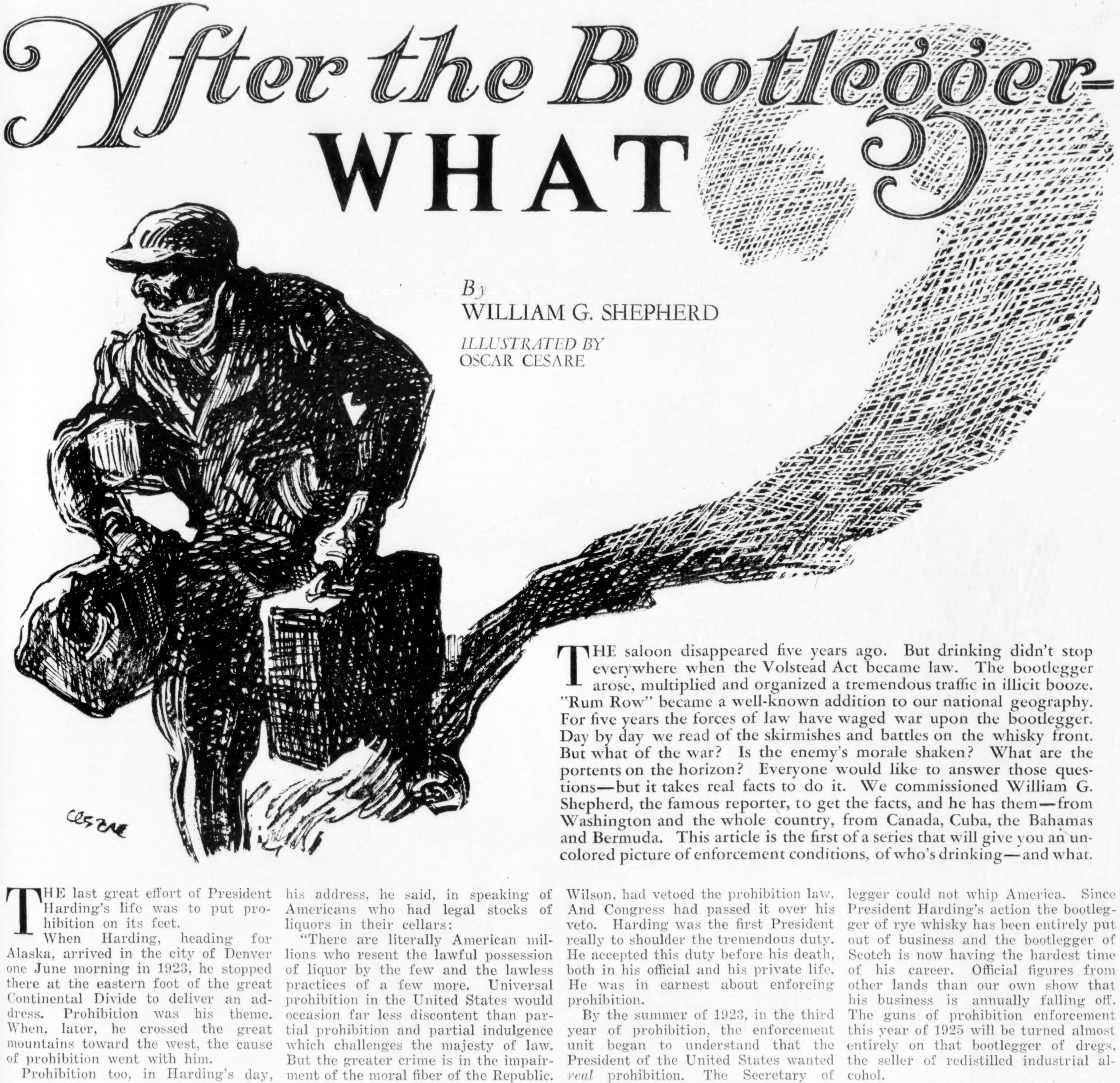
After the Bootlegger—WHAT?



By
WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

ILLUSTRATED BY
OSCAR CESARE

THE saloon disappeared five years ago. But drinking didn't stop everywhere when the Volstead Act became law. The bootlegger arose, multiplied and organized a tremendous traffic in illicit booze. "Rum Row" became a well-known addition to our national geography. For five years the forces of law have waged war upon the bootlegger. Day by day we read of the skirmishes and battles on the whisky front. But what of the war? Is the enemy's morale shaken? What are the portents on the horizon? Everyone would like to answer those questions—but it takes real facts to do it. We commissioned William G. Shepherd, the famous reporter, to get the facts, and he has them—from Washington and the whole country, from Canada, Cuba, the Bahamas and Bermuda. This article is the first of a series that will give you an uncolored picture of enforcement conditions, of who's drinking—and what.

THE last great effort of President Harding's life was to put prohibition on its feet.

When Harding, heading for Alaska, arrived in the city of Denver one June morning in 1923, he stopped there at the eastern foot of the great Continental Divide to deliver an address. Prohibition was his theme. When, later, he crossed the great mountains toward the west, the cause of prohibition went with him.

Prohibition too, in Harding's day, crossed its great divide. In the records of other nations and in the record of our own there are figures in plenty to prove that the peak of the violations of the Eighteenth Amendment was reached in that year of 1923, and that, owing to the earnestness of President Warren G. Harding, which extended to his own personal habits, the enforcement of the prohibition laws increased immeasurably in thoroughness during the closing months of his life. This enforcement, really inaugurated by him, is being carried on with increasing efficiency by his successor.

On that day in Denver, June 25th, in his address, he said, in speaking of Americans who had legal stocks of liquors in their cellars:

"There are literally American millions who resent the lawful possession of liquor by the few and the lawless practices of a few more. Universal prohibition in the United States would occasion far less discontent than partial prohibition and partial indulgence which challenges the majesty of law. But the greater crime is in the impairment of the moral fiber of the Republic. The resentful millions have the example of law defiance. With all good intention, the majority sentiment of the United States has sought by law to remove strong drink as a curse upon the American citizen, but ours is a larger problem now—to remove lawless drinking as a menace to the Republic itself."

He declared to the world that day that he would use all his great power to bring about prohibition; he said that bootlegging could not whip America; that he was determined it should not win.

The President before him, Woodrow Wilson, had vetoed the prohibition law. And Congress had passed it over his veto. Harding was the first President really to shoulder the tremendous duty. He accepted this duty before his death, both in his official and his private life. He was in earnest about enforcing prohibition.

By the summer of 1923, in the third year of prohibition, the enforcement unit began to understand that the President of the United States wanted *real* prohibition. The Secretary of State, preparing a treaty with Great Britain, was given to understand that it did not please the President to have British ships or the ships of other nations lurking along American coasts helping to break American laws.

Warren Harding started real prohibition in America in the year 1923, and since that year bootlegging has been on the down grade. Figures and facts gathered from official sources in the United States, and Canada, Bermuda, the Bahamas and Cuba, show that 1923 was the peak year for smuggling. The business has been falling off ever since Harding proved that the bootlegger could not whip America. Since President Harding's action the bootlegger of rye whisky has been entirely put out of business and the bootlegger of Scotch is now having the hardest time of his career. Official figures from other lands than our own show that his business is annually falling off. The guns of prohibition enforcement this year of 1925 will be turned almost entirely on that bootlegger of dregs, the seller of redistilled industrial alcohol.

America is getting down toward the lower half of the barrel.

Tne rye bootlegger has been knocked out of business. Everyone knows that real rye is a hard drink to get. So is bourbon. One hundred and thirty-six million gallons of these domestic whiskies went down our throats every year. It has been estimated that there were thirty million drinkers, regular and otherwise, in the United States before prohibition. We drank an average of more than four gallons of domestic whisky per person each year.

What's become of the rye? Why can't the bootlegger bring in whisky as good as the stuff he frequently sold in the early years of prohibition? Say in 1922?

Because he can't get it. It doesn't exist. As a bootlegger of rye he has either quit business or has turned to Scotch and other drinks.

Maybe it was absurd—many things were absurd in the early days of prohibition—but several whisky distilleries were allowed to run for three years after prohibition began. In 1921 these privileged gentlemen making whisky in a dry country, and with 50,000,000 gallons already on hand in warehouses, made 750,000 gallons of whisky. But in 1923 President Warren G. Harding himself saw that these distilleries were closed.

We started prohibition with 50,000,000 gallons of rye and bourbon on hand in warehouses. To-day it has been reduced to 30,000,000 gallons. In five years the drinkers got out 20,000,000 gallons, most of it through bootleggers. The supply was stored in 305 warehouses located in every part of the country. In 1920 the prohibition unit was lax in giving permits for transporting whisky. In 1921, 5,058 permits were given for moving whisky by trucks. But it is different in 1925. The domestic whisky has been centered in 85 warehouses carefully watched and carefully bonded. Permits for transporting it for medicinal and legitimate purposes shrank from 5,058 permits in 1921, down to 309 for 1924.

Two years ago we used to hear of whole truckloads of whisky traveling under permits being "stolen" by hijackers. We hear of this no more. The new rule of the prohibition unit is that automobile trucks may be used for transporting whisky only short distances or where railroads don't exist. When a railroad express company can be used, permit for the delivery of whisky by truck is refused.

Who got that 20,000,000 gallons of early prohibition rye and bourbon out of the 305 loosely guarded warehouses? The answer is: "wholesale druggists." The wholesale-druggist business grew almost as rapidly as the radio business is growing to-day. "Wholesale druggist" firms spring up overnight. Thirty-three hundred "wholesale druggists" received permits in 1920 to withdraw whisky from warehouses. But the next two years were deadening for the "wholesale druggist," whose only "drug" was whisky. By 1922, after there had been permit scandals in every part of the country and after 15,000,000 gallons of domestic whisky—ten times more than America could legally use for medicinal purposes—had found its way by the "wholesale druggist" route from the warehouses by automobiles to our thirsty gullets, the number of wholesale-druggist permits had been reduced to 686. In 1923 it fell to 575, and in 1924 it stood at 446. This latter figure is approximately the number of legitimate wholesale druggists.

Rum Row is on the Move

AT THE beginning of prohibition a wholesale druggist could go into business and sell nothing but whisky; he could start with $10,000 worth of drugs in order to make his place look like a wholesale drug store and then for the rest of his career sell nothing but whisky. Almost 3,000 firms of this sort have gone out of business within the past two years. "The wholesale druggist" could keep his whisky trucks busy between warehouses and consumers, making use of his legal permits. That's all ended. To-day a wholesale druggist must prove that no more than ten per cent of his business involves liquor. He must now have, by recent regulation, an actual stock of $25,000 worth of drugs before he can ask for a permit. Legitimate wholesale druggist firms, tired of the bootlegging business, have helped the government to keep down the number of illegitimate "wholesale druggists."

That 30,000,000 gallons of rye and bourbon is now in the possession of the government. It is tightly held in the 85 warehouses, and last year only 1,000,800 gallons were taken out for medicinal purposes. From using 136,000,000 gallons of rye and bourbon per annum before prohibition they have got us down to about 1,000,000 gallons, coming to us by the retail drug stores' route.

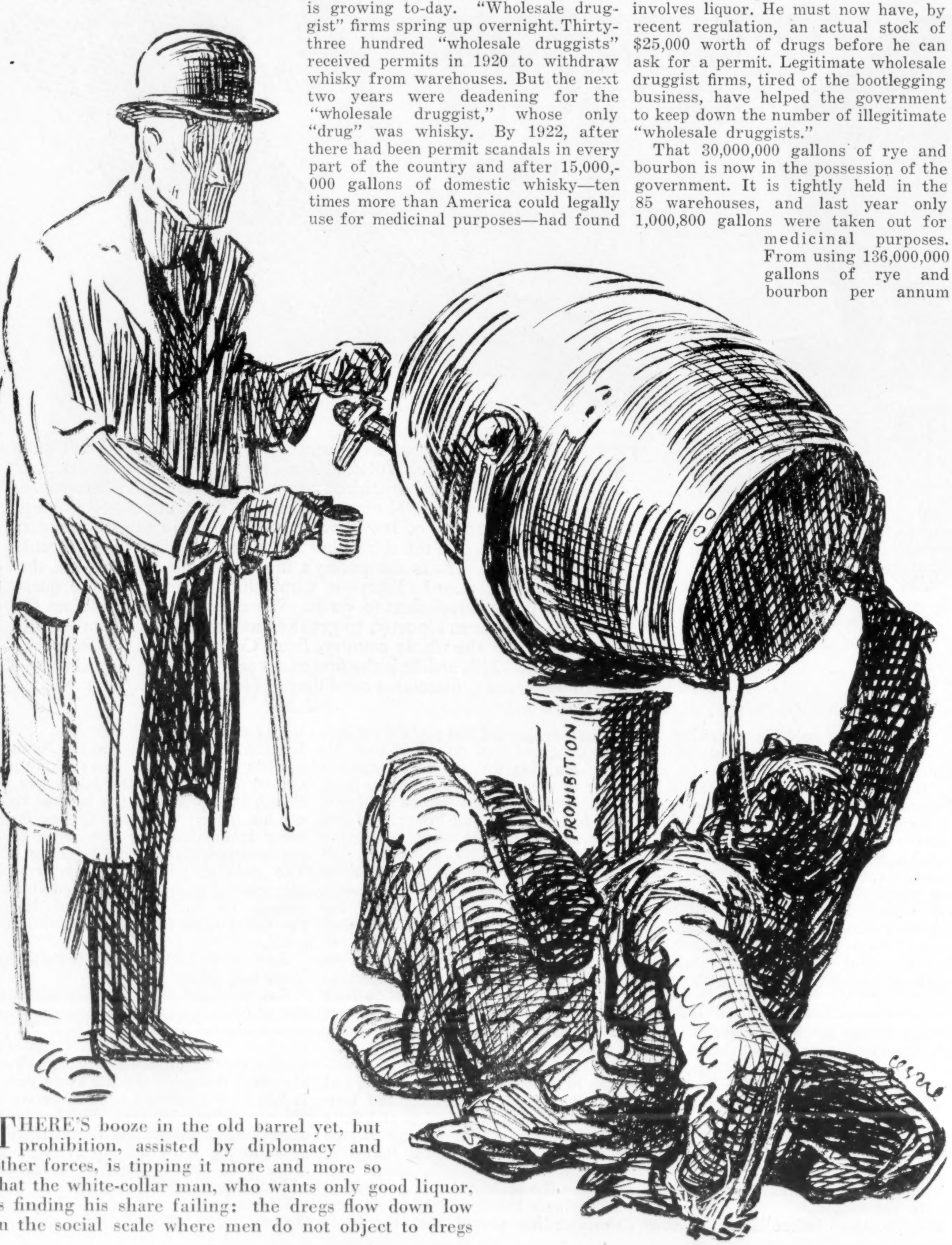
It took a lot of law-breaking and it cost the jobs of hundreds of crooked prohibition officials and the conviction and imprisonment of a goodly number of men, to say nothing of lost political reputations for us to get that first 20,000,000 gallons of rye out of the warehouses. But the 30,000,000 gallons that are left is a different matter. The lid is on rye at last. Even though it is owned by private individuals, it has been cornered by no less an individual than Uncle Sam.

And now for Scotch, the whisky imported from Great Britain to intermediate ports and from these ports smuggled into the United States by sea and land.

The rye dealer's downfall came about two years ago. The Scotch dealer now seems to be facing difficulties about as great as those which confronted and confounded the warehouse rye whisky bootleggers of 1922. It was from Canada, the Bermudas, the Bahama Islands and Cuba that most of the Scotch whisky was smuggled into America. There are reliable official records in the English colonies of whisky imports; the bootleggers did not cheat the British Government in getting their whisky *into* these British ports. They paid the duties thereon faithfully and then loaded the whisky on boats in these selfsame ports and smuggled it into America by way of ships which stood off the coasts of America and sold it to men who came out from shore in various sorts of small boats. "Rum Row" is the name generally given to the line of whisky ships standing offshore. For several reasons, which I shall later disclose, one being the power of international diplomacy, the supply of Scotch flowing into Canada, much of it presumably for smuggling across the border of the United States, is rapidly falling off. Before President Harding began to put the high hand on bootlegging and liquor smuggling, Canada imported into her own territory 850,500 gallons of whisky. This was in the year 1922. This is a long way from our pre-war ration of more than 4,000,000 gallons of Scotch whisky a year. But it served to help keep a portion of the United States, especially the New York district, supplied with Scotch by smuggling methods. But in 1923 Canada's imports fell to 750,700 gallons and in 1924 to 681,000 gallons.

The smuggler of Scotch whisky from Canada is either finding or demanding less whisky to smuggle. You may hear just as many stories as formerly about fights along the Canadian border or automobile races between bootleggers and enforcement officials, and of the general struggle to keep the northern border dry, but the smuggling demand for Scotch whisky, on the face of Canadian import figures, is falling off. Canadian smuggling reached its peak about two years ago. It's on the way down.

The town of Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, has long been a smuggling center for Scotch. Scotch has made millions for the Bahama Government and for citizens of the Bahamas. In the colonial report for the Bahamas made to the British Government for the year ending October 25, 1922, P. W. D. Armbrister, acting Colonial secretary, wrote: "The revenue was £470,987 as compared with £254,019 in 1921, an increase of £216,968. The increase in custom revenue was due to increased importation, chiefly liquors." In 1923 $5,000,000 worth of Scotch whisky was imported into the Bahamas. The 53,000 residents of the islands could never have consumed this $5,000,000 worth of whisky in (*Continued on page 26*)

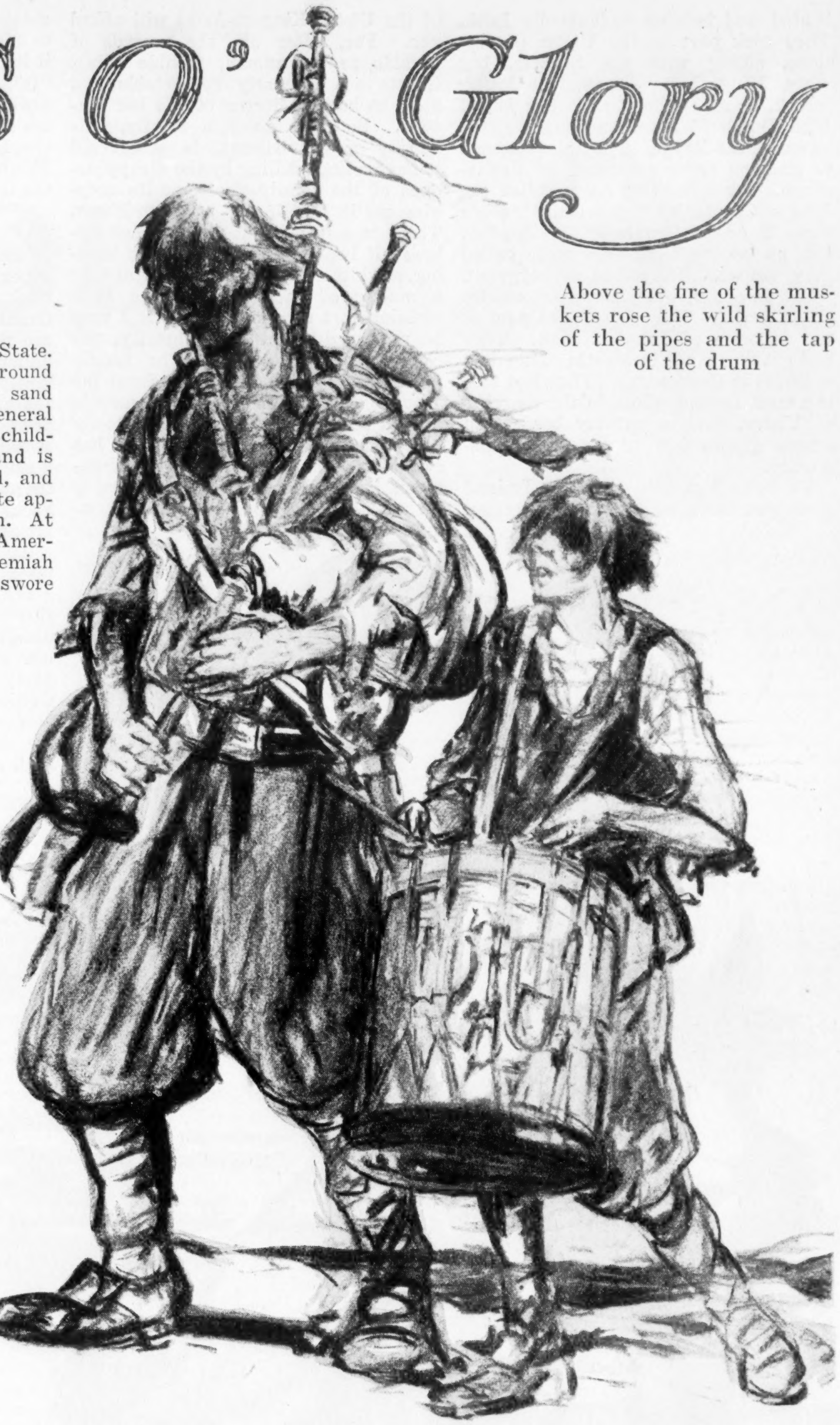


THERE'S booze in the old barrel yet, but prohibition, assisted by diplomacy and other forces, is tipping it more and more so that the white-collar man, who wants only good liquor, is finding his share failing: the dregs flow down low in the social scale where men do not object to dregs

PIPES O' Glory

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE WRIGHT



Above the fire of the muskets rose the wild skirling of the pipes and the tap of the drum

SOME are born generals, to paraphrase the old Master Mason, as Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte; some become generals, as my uncle Gillamore; and some have generalship thrust upon them, as Pedhar Grady.

When the word "general officer" is snapped out at you, as one of these Freud merchants would snap it out, there immediately comes into your mind the picture of a genial gentleman nearing sixty, whose uniform is wonderful and whose boots have a varnish putting Michelangelo to shame; who wears a mustache, curling in white dignity, for a general officer must not be confounded with an actor; who "horrumphs" like some genial sea animal; who reads the novels of Jane Austen, and of Thackeray, and of Benjamin Disraeli; and whose mask of geniality and crass stupidity presumably conceals a mind like a chess master's—God knows, it must conceal something. There is the typical Anglo-Saxon general officer of brigade or division or staff. But Pedhar Grady was not Anglo-Saxon. He was of the Gael.

What you would have taken Pedhar Grady for, had you met him on the road, is a mystery. But as a general officer or as a soldier of any rank indeed you would not have placed him. A smallish young man, not much over thirty, with a mass of black hair and with kindly gray eyes, with the body of an agricultural laborer and a student's stoop, the only decoration he wore was a small badge announcing that he had the pledge for life against alcoholic stimulants. In Ireland, however, this is an order that ranks with any decoration for valor. His clothes were an Irish tweed and woolen socks that a duke might envy, and his shirt a fine Ulster linen that a duchess would have liked. However, this is not to be accounted to General Grady for good taste, for the dress was a matter of pure political ideals, being of Irish manufacture, and in cut it was exclusive, its excellence being offset by the fact that the shirtmaker would have been a good sailmaker, and the tailor had once been great in College Green, before he "took to the dhrink." He had been "on the dhrink" now for a matter of twenty years, and the general's suit had been cut in an attack of the minor horrors.

To be general of a division that has but a skeleton existence and owes allegiance to a commonweal that may live *de jure* but certainly has no *de facto* state may sound ridiculous, but the truth is that the skeleton division and the ghostly state and the general officer gave a great deal of trouble to each at various times and to all at one time of three large and imposing forces, to the constabulary of the Dominion of Ulster, to the army of the Irish Free State and the land and sea forces of His Majesty. The peers and commons of England thought they had settled everything to everyone's satisfaction: to their own, for they had got rid of a troublesome problem; to Ulster's, for it had given that headstrong province its own way; to southern Ireland's, for it had got a beautiful new Free State. But General Pedhar Grady and a round dozen of his kind seemed to put sand in the new beautiful works. General Grady had been brought up from childhood on the pabulum that Ireland is the greatest country in the world, and that Gaelic civilization was a state approximating to the seventh heaven. At twenty-one a fierce-eyed Irish-American, who looked exactly as Jeremiah the prophet must have looked, swore Pedhar Grady into allegiance "to the Republic of Ireland now virtually established." From captain—there are no privates in the Republican army, it being a skeleton force, privates, noncoms and subalterns to be furnished by Providence on demand—Pedhar Grady had risen to be general officer. Some time before he had been told by the competent authority at Dublin that the force was to be disbanded, the Free State being the Republic he had fought for, but General Pedhar Grady, surveying the new order, found that it did not resemble the vision of the Irish-American Jeremiah and decided that he and his force should carry on. He had an interesting but abortive field engagement with His Majesty's forces on the border, and after that a series of meetings with Ulster constabulary, serious, dour-looking men, and Free State soldiery, good street fighters. Sometimes, flying from Ulstermen, he found refuge with the Irish Dominion soldiers, and sometimes, routed by the Free State, the Ulstermen embraced him as a brother, and once, on the run from both parties, a brigade commander of English regulars had hid him for a week-end. "Plucky beggar!" the big Yorkshireman had told his friends. "And besides, in his district there has been none of this assassination business." The Yorkshire officer had been very decent, addressing him as "general" all the time.

THEN for a while came a sort of unacknowledged truce. The Ulstermen sat quietly on their side of the fence. The Free Staters had a beautiful new colonel in the district, with a beautiful whippet tank, and a third-hand airplane, while Grady's division kept quietly in the hills, only coming down occasionally to raid a bank or attack the town jail. Though the new dominion troops occupied South Cooley, yet it was only by the grace of Pedhar Grady that they were allowed to live.

In a country of strange nooks and crannies South Cooley is perhaps the strangest. In the streets of Beldalk, its capital, each invading force Ireland has ever known has fought bitterly, from Phœnician to communist. And each has left corpses and camp followers, probably female, there. So that in Beldalk town you will meet men and women with Arab faces, with Danish hair, with heavy Norman jaws, with the lilting speech of the Scottish Highlander, with broad Lancashire accents. Also, there is a small colony in that town which speaks the Welsh tongue. The reason for this is that every force traveling through Ireland from north to south or south to north must pass through that town. South of it lie the fertile plains of Leinster, north of it are the natural defenses of the Ulster clans, great mountains and rugged passes, and eastward is the mournful Irish sea.

For all that this town and barony have been a sort of cockpit for Irish wars, yet in the district there were only two notably military families, the Gradys, of whom General Pedhar was now head, and which family had never been on a winning side, and the Grants of Abbeygrant, who had never been on a losing one. The head of the Grants was Sir Norman MacLeod Grant, who was as different from Pedhar Grady as the families were different.

The first written records of the Gradys date from Shane O'Neill's rebellion against Elizabeth. Thenceforward Gradys, especially the Gradys of Cooley Beg, are to be noted in every rebellion. They fought against Cromwell. They fought with King James. They fought in France. They fought with Emmet. They fought in '98. They fought in '48. They fought in '67. They fought in 1916. And now Pedhar was a general of rebel forces. Some historians claim that the Gradys discovered fighting. But this is wrong. Fighting was invented by Julius Cæsar, who wrote a book about it.

The Grants, in that strange and rainy country which lies north of England, and is called Scotland by the Scottish, and divers unpleasant names by other people, had a great reputation for fighting, but for fighting with extreme canniness. They had a distinct gift for leaving a losing side in good time and joining up with a winning one. They had come to Ireland with Edward de Bruce, great Robert's brother, and when he, King of Ireland, died, and his forces went back to their native Alpin, the Grants had remained behind and become undoubtedly Irish. They took part in the Ulster plantations, siding with the Stuarts, but when King James showed a losing streak, as at Londonderry, they joined with Dutch William and made great havoc at the Boyne. They also listened to common sense as stated by Castlereagh. At times they were called the King's Grants by the Irish, at other times the rebel Grants by the English. But no matter what they were called they throve. They had Abbeygrant, which is one of the pleasantest estates in the world. They owned also part of the fisheries of Lough Neagh. They had grazing lands in Meath. They had quarries in Connemara. They had also the most famous ghost in the marches of Ulster, that mountainy borderland where ghosts are a congested community.

To have a family ghost in Ireland gives you more rank than the records of the Ulster King-at-Arms will afford you. For, after all, the records of heralds are a human, fallible thing. Ghosts are intensely respectable and seem to have a horror of the bar sinister. So that many a family, outwardly most virtuous, is discovered to have a little failing by the disappearance of the family ghost, or its cropping up in the line of a younger son. There is a belief that the banshee follows all Irish families, a woman wailing, a white-robed, distraught figure. As a matter of fact, the banshee is a plebeian sort of ghost. It is, if I may be pardoned one more vulgarity, the Ford car of ghostdom. The family possessing a banshee look as from the ground of a commoner to a marquis toward that Irish family whose ghostly horror is "It." No other name has ever been found to fit that dread apparition in the Meath Castle. There is such a thing as spoiling mellow sunshine and soft starlight by attempting to describe that dreadful thing, so that, if it please your worships, we will leave "It" alone. There are the Gormanstown foxes, the myriad of whom cover the lawn of Gormanstown when one of the Irish Prestons die. There is the Shining Child of Clanranall. There is the Grants' Piper.

OF ALL the ghosts of which I have an academic knowledge, the Grants' Piper seems to me to be the most beautiful and the least inhuman. These Grants, for all their canniness in policy, are noted for shining valor. Once the decision taken, none fight more gallantly than they. In South Africa, in India, in the West Indies, Grants with powder-blackened faces and broken swords have faced the last assault with a grin and a surly fighting look, until in the atmosphere of powder and blood their knees have given under them and their broken heads fallen on their left shoulder.

And that night in Abbeygrant the piper has played.

What the origin of this manifestation is none can say for sure. It is usually explained that in the Williamite war the Grant of Abbeygrant and his party were ambushed in the passes of Gullionmore by a party of Irish rapparees. For hours they fought under the shelter of cairns and stone ditches until not a fighting man was left. None at Abbeygrant knew of the encounter. But late that moonlit night, down the purple slopes of Gullionmore, past the old ruined abbey whence the house took its name, where once the Franciscans of Strict Observance sang matins, laud and complin; past the oak wood chiming with bluebells and golden with primroses, up the green sward of Abbeygrant, the last survivors marched home, the clan piper and the drummer boy. And the arches of the old cloisters rang to the wailing dirge that we have given a name and put words to in later days, but has been the wailing dirge of the north at all times and in all places. They walked very unsteadily and had to stop at times so weak were they, but the lament rang out true and wild in the golden Ultonian night:

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing and kind her caressing,
But now they are fled, they are fled far away.

The piper's face was broken by a charge of slugs, and was a crimson mask, and the drummer boy dragged a broken knee and foot, but his small brave hands tapped out the march:

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay.

The chiming of the bluebells ceased, and the rustling of the oak trees. The primroses hid their gay heads, and a veil of cloud came across the golden Ulster moon:

Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and a' wede away.

Whatever the origin was, this is fact according to the Grants and the country people—they had appeared whenever a Grant had died honorably. They had appeared, so family records went, when Alastair Grant had fallen at Waterloo. The first news of his end was the wailing of the pipes and the tap of the drum:

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before parting day—

And when Jenico Grant had died in the Indian Mutiny, cutting swaths of Hindus down, and demanding room for a Grant to die, they had rung out in that fateful night at Delhi:

O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?

But for Uniache Grant, who had joined the Argentines against Whitelocke, for him no piper played when he died. Nor did the piper and the drummer walk for Archie Grant, who died with Cronje's Boers. The bayonets of an Irish regiment did for him, and left him, unhonored and unpiped, to a renegade's grave in a foreign land.

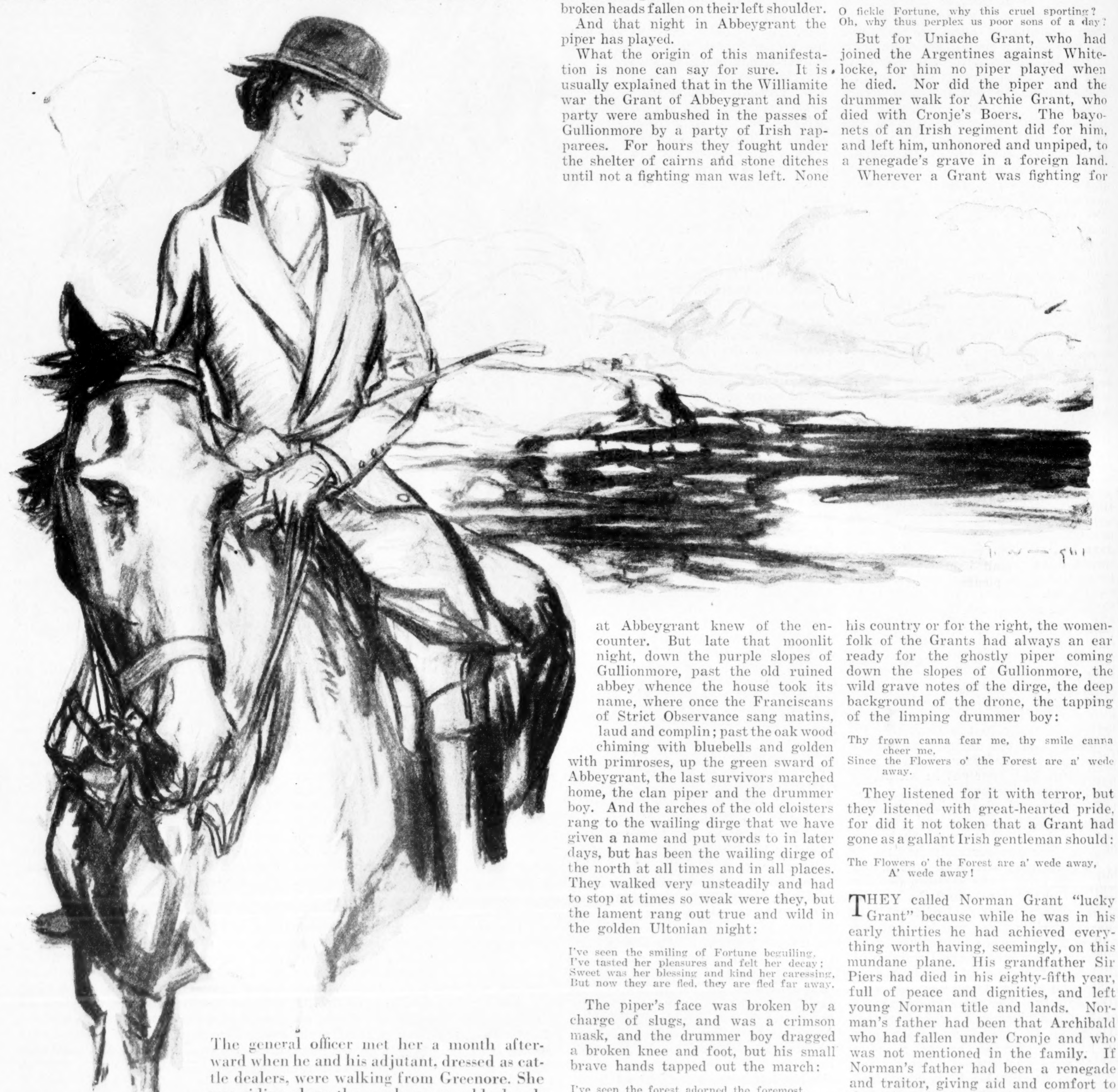
Wherever a Grant was fighting for his country or for the right, the womenfolk of the Grants had always an ear ready for the ghostly piper coming down the slopes of Gullionmore, the wild grave notes of the dirge, the deep background of the drone, the tapping of the limping drummer boy:

Thy frown canna fear me, thy smile canna cheer me,
Since the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

They listened for it with terror, but they listened with great-hearted pride, for did it not token that a Grant had gone as a gallant Irish gentleman should:

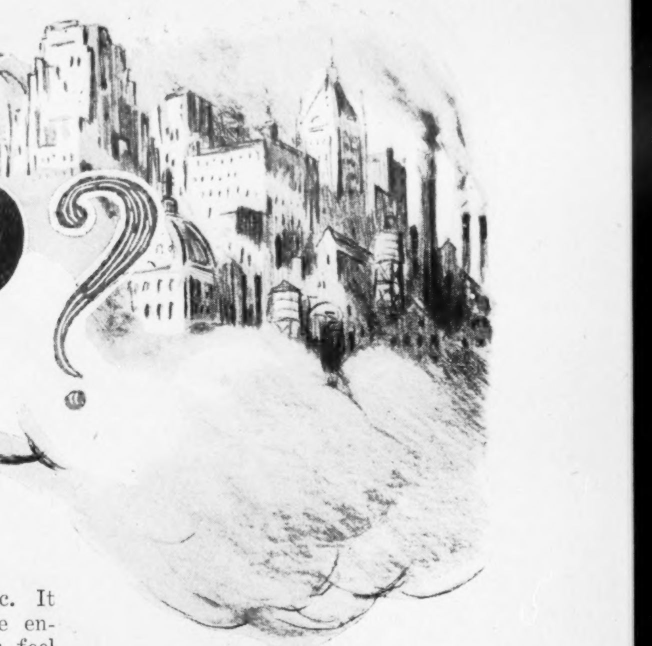
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away,
A' wede away!

THEY called Norman Grant "lucky Grant" because while he was in his early thirties he had achieved everything worth having, seemingly, on this mundane plane. His grandfather Sir Piers had died in his eighty-fifth year, full of peace and dignities, and left young Norman title and lands. Norman's father had been that Archibald who had fallen under Cronje and who was not mentioned in the family. If Norman's father had been a renegade and traitor, giving aid and comfort to the king's (*Continued on page 28*)



The general officer met her a month afterward when he and his adjutant, dressed as cattle dealers, were walking from Greenore. She was riding along the seashore on a black cob

Why do We stay on the GROUND?



Here in America we talk a lot about flying. But in Europe they fly!

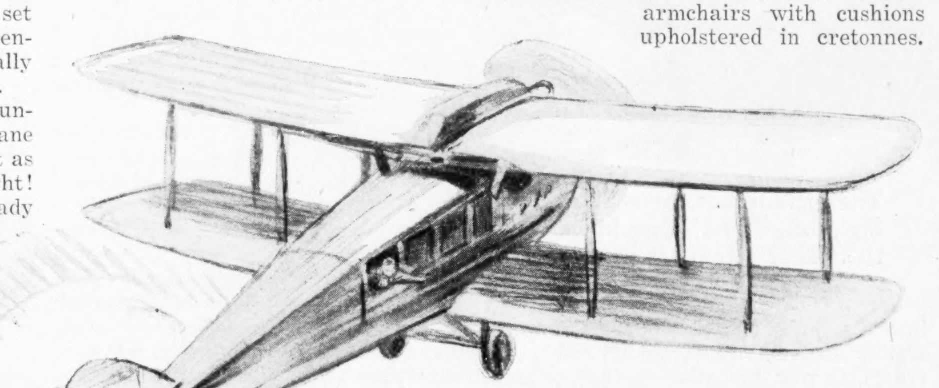
By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

WHY do we stay on the ground? By "we," I mean you and me—the average American, who still rides in a train and gets a cinder in his eye. Speaking generally, as we never do, unless we are afraid to speak specifically, we are a flying nation. We held the maximum speed record until lately—no doubt we shall soon recapture it. We operate the largest aërial mail service on earth. We make the fastest machines, we set altitude and distance records. We, generally, do all these. But we, specifically—you and I—*we stay on the ground.*

Nobody else is doing it. The Hungarian fur merchant steps into his plane at eight o'clock in the morning—just as you and I grab the seven-fifty-eight! At nine-thirty he is in Vienna, ready for a long day's shopping in the Austrian fur markets. The chef at Ciro's in London does his day's marketing in Paris. (Imagine Oscar at the Waldorf slipping down to Florida and picking his daily grapefruit!) And the frock that Poiret designs between breakfast and lunch is tried on that afternoon at Jay's in London.

I am not saying that American progress demands that the native of Terre Haute should get his pants the same day they are cut by a Fifth Avenue tailor. I'm not saying that he should; but there is no reason why he shouldn't. And if he did he would have a very good idea of the advanced state of commercial flying in present-day Europe. And if he once got that idea planted in his mind he would realize that America, the flying nation, is turning over to its European rivals a presumptive monopoly of the sky—a monopoly which bids fair to become airtight, for Europe is flying ahead every day.



Perhaps the only other way to bring this fact home to the man in Terre Haute would be to take him on an aërial joy ride over Europe—to take him, for instance, to the big airdrome at Croydon, where the aërial railways start for Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, and the whole European world.

The Croydon airdrome is one of the biggest and best equipped in the world; but it is typical of all of them. Great hangars line the field. Scattered over the grassy lawns are airplanes of every description, ready to fly far or near, wherever the Old World calls them. A big Handley-Page is being tuned up in the center of the field. It will be in Paris—within three hours.

There are the usual preliminaries. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds without charge—approximately a suitcase and a small bag; but if his bags are heavier or if he has a steamer trunk he must pay a moderate additional toll. These formalities are a matter of minutes. Porters take your valises away from you just as they do at the Grand Central; and the passengers hurry across the green grass to the waiting plane.

The Handley-Page is a big, luxurious British ship carrying fourteen passengers, a pilot and a mechanic. It is equipped with two Rolls-Royce engines, making the timid traveler feel doubly safe. Its interior is like a summer hotel veranda or a private car on an American railroad. The seating space is long and wide, with windows on either side, beside which are wicker armchairs with cushions upholstered in cretonnes. Newspapers, magazines, fresh drinking water, mirrors, a Marconi wireless telephone, speed and height indicators, and a lavatory are part of the equipment. Luncheon boxes (including spirits and minerals) are served on board. It is like a buffet car on a transcontinental limited, equipped with limousine luxury!

The thing about the big airdrome which impresses most is the businesslike everydayness of European air travel. These people aren't indulging in a great adventure. They are going somewhere. In less than three hours they'll be in Paris; in two hours more, they'll be in Switzerland. In eight hours, without a single change, they'll make the customary twenty-four-hour trip to Berlin. In twelve hours, they'll be in Vienna. In thirty-six hours the last of them will be in Moscow.

I have a small map which gives, more quickly and more graphically than figures, the dimensions of the aërial cobweb which has already spread over one continent and is stretching out over the world.

Every line shown on this map is, or was at last accounts, in regular operation, leaving and arriving according to published time-tables, issuing tickets, carrying baggage, delivering mail, assuming and performing the usual functions of a railroad. On these connecting airways, the passenger can travel twenty-four thousand three hundred and forty-five kilometers in one hundred and seventy-four hours of actual flying—or, in our language, fifteen thousand miles in seven days, or more than halfway round the world in a week!

By train? Well, it takes the Oriental Express eighty-nine hours to go from Paris to Constantinople; and it takes the Franco-Rumanian airplanes nineteen hours and forty-five minutes to do the same trick. This proportion of 4 or 4½ to 1 holds throughout Europe wherever the fast trains run; and in places like Russia, the airplane has a much bigger advantage. For instance, from Königsberg to Moscow it takes the train six days, and the airplane only ten hours.

And expense? About fifty per cent more per mile is a safe amount to figure in comparing air travel with railroading in Europe; about fifty dollars from Vienna to Paris by air as against thirty-five on the fast express. The trip from London to Paris costs about thirty dollars. That's two hundred and thirty-five miles—not counting the motor ride at each end—at a little more than twelve cents a mile. The Paris-Brussels line is about the same. The longer runs are less. And when you count savings in sleeping and dining car accommodations through increased speed, the difference in expense between travel by rail and travel by air is negligible.

Why, then, do we stay on the ground? We Americans?

Surely not because we are a timid, land-logged nation—for, in summer, something like forty-seven per cent of the people who travel on the European airways are Americans. And the European records for regularity and safety in airplane travel (comparing favorably with railroad performances in America and Europe) have long since discounted the traditional element of fear.

Rather, I should say, it was due to the most short-sighted policy ever adopted by a civilized government: failure to encourage, and when necessary to subsidize a sufficient number of "educational" lines to waken the public to the fact that we live in an age that is lighter than air.

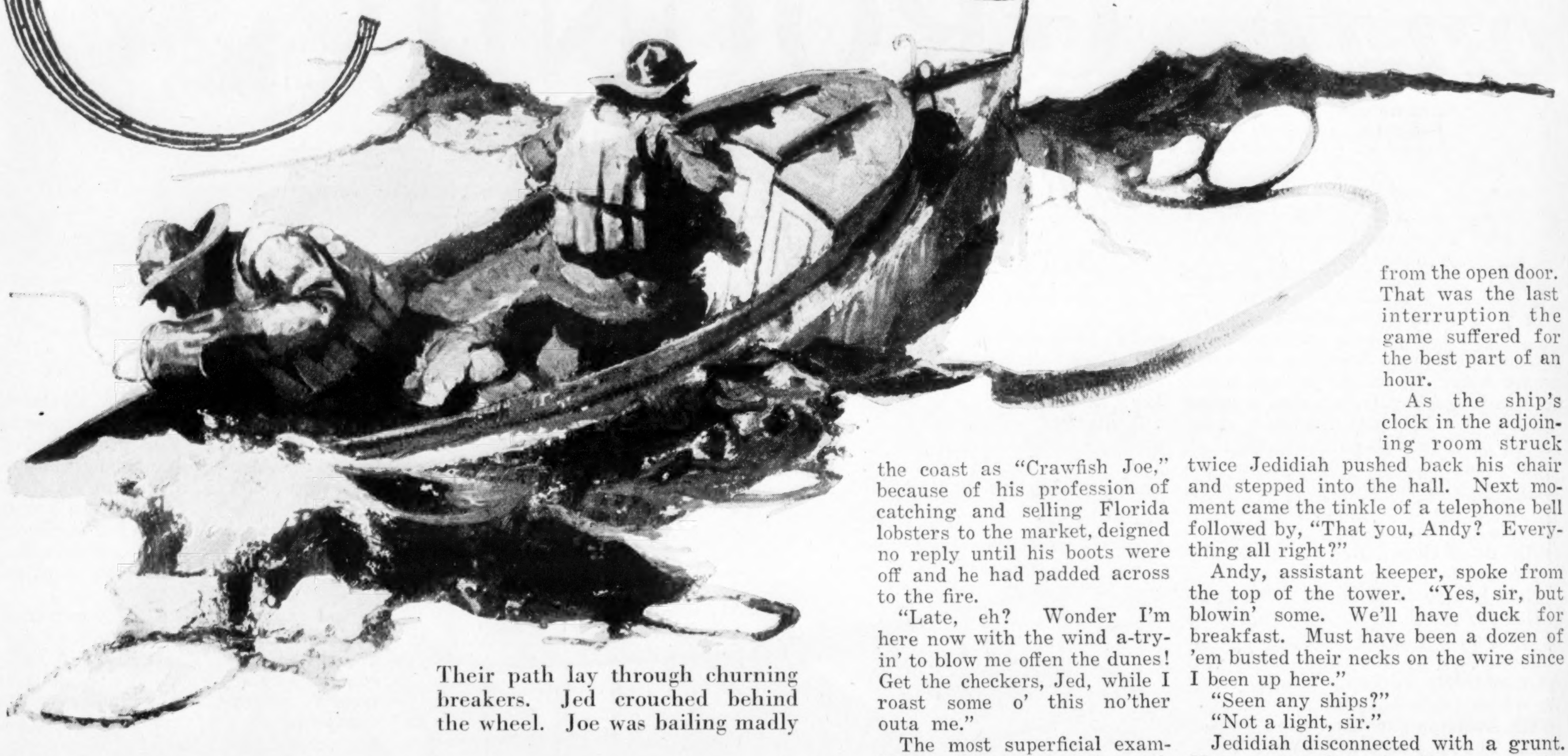
When I am in Europe—and I've been there nearly half the time since the war—I do as the Europeans do: I fly. And I have had more than my share of disagreeable experiences. I have tossed about in windstorms above the yellow Danube, and dropped precipitately into the middle of the Meuse. I hold no brief for travel by air. But I have eyes to see; and what I see in Europe in these post-war days is a world that's putting a second story on itself!

In America, we do a lot of talking about flying. In Europe, they fly. And unless we start our own aërial taxi services, and start them soon, the time will come when Americans will no longer *choose* to stay on the ground. They'll *have* to stay there!

CAPTAIN JED'S

By EUGENE JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK STREET



Their path lay through churning breakers. Jed crouched behind the wheel. Joe was bailing madly

THE wind, swooping out of the premature darkness woven by storm clouds, hurled itself against the low-lying Florida east coast. From Jacksonville to Cape Sable, broad beaches shrank under the climbing seas until the sand dunes found themselves in the front line of defense, with breakers undermining them and a fifty-mile gale beheading them. The coarse grass which covered the dunes like an ill-kept beard flattened; the cabbage palms further inland swayed wildly, exposing the wrong side of their feathers, while overhead clouds lost individual outline in the construction of a mighty gray-black shroud. A dangerous night for those trusting their lives to the mercy of the Gulf Stream!

At a lonely spot on the coast where the ocean found shallow passage between the keys, rose the fingerlike shaft of Seminole Reef light. The unblinking eye on top of the tower appeared to be floating in a void. One could scarcely distinguish the brick houses crouching below, or the scrupulously neat shell-bordered paths. Now and again a volley of spindrift filled the air like tiny, moist shot.

Inside the largest of the houses Captain Jedidiah Steele, head keeper, stood at a window, pressing his generous nose against the pane. The room was cheerful with a blazing fire of pine knots, an old-fashioned hanging lamp and the incense of cut plug. Warm and dry too, in its isolation from the storm hammering futilely outside. Near the hearth were grouped several straight-back chairs, while above on the mantelpiece stood a glass case containing a miniature ship riding a cloth sea tufted with cotton waves. One picture alone broke the monotony of the white walls—a crude oil painting purporting to represent the barkentine Mary-Anne—Savannah. From her gaudy paint and brilliant flags nobody would have suspected that she had long since passed into the limbo of lost ships. She was almost as vivid there, behind her gilt frame, as was that other picture of her enshrined in her former master's heart. Twenty years before Lloyd's had paid for her and forgotten her, shifting the responsibility of memory to the shoulders of one who would never forget—Captain Jedidiah Steele.

The spotless floor and white-painted trim of the room revealed that extraordinary neatness peculiar to lighthouse living quarters. The picture and the glass-cased miniature told their pathetic story. Having lost his own vessel, Jedidiah had chosen to spend the remainder of his days lightening the burdens of navigators at large.

After a time Captain Steele removed his nose from the window and, rubbing it thoughtfully, crossed to the fire, where he stood pipe in hand. He was the sort of person one would expect to find in command of something—square-jawed, square-bearded, with eyes of twinkling blue set deep beneath brows which needed pruning. His high shoulders supported a spare frame, the angular lines of which were somewhat impaired by a convex frontal addition. Now and again he was wont to glance down at this regretfully, muttering: " 'Twon't do, Jed! 'Twon't do!"

AT THE time in question, however, Jedidiah's thoughts were far from his stomach. He wore the air of one awaiting an event already past due, which circumstance was explained fifteen minutes later by the sound of footsteps. Somebody was crunching up the shell path. The next moment the door flung violently open to admit a glistening figure swathed in oiler, boots and visored hat. Pausing on the threshold, he divested himself of the soaked garments while the lighthouse keeper grunted, "Late as usual. By time, you'll be the last to answer the trumpet!"

Joseph Baldwin, known the length of the coast as "Crawfish Joe," because of his profession of catching and selling Florida lobsters to the market, deigned no reply until his boots were off and he had padded across to the fire.

"Late, eh? Wonder I'm here now with the wind a-tryin' to blow me offen the dunes! Get the checkers, Jed, while I roast some o' this no'ther outa me."

The most superficial examination revealed that Crawfish Joe was not beautiful. Years of tropical sun had dried and pinched his skin, and, owing to an almost total absence of teeth, his lower jaw barely missed his nose. His eyes had been known to cause dizziness on the part of strangers looking at him without warning. But Mr. Baldwin put up a masterly game of checkers when sober—which was all Jedidiah had ever required of him.

Before seating himself opposite his opponent the lighthouse keeper replenished the fire of his pipe. For a time the room was very still except for the faint noise of wood on cardboard and the crackle of the flames. But presently Jedidiah sniffed sharply. "Must have been lobsterin' to-day, Joe."

The other jumped one of the captain's men and, removing it from the board, raised his unmated eyes.

"Ten bushel in three hours. Never see 'em so plenty."

"Sure you ain't got one of 'em in your pocket now?" went on the captain. "Seems to me I heard a crawfish a minute ago."

"*Heard*— Say, crawfish don't make no noise. How can yer *hear* a crawfish?"

"With my nose, Joe. Since you and me's been swappin' honors at checkers I've sort of lost all taste for crawfish. Funny, ain't it—and me a seafarin' man!"

Mr. Baldwin looked insulted. Then his face brightened. "Oh, I reckon it's that bait that's worryin' you. Plum' forgot all about it. Took it along for my hand line in case the snappers were runnin' under the mangrove bushes."

"Well, snappers 's pretty scarce in here," remarked Jed pointedly.

Whereupon Joe, accepting the hint, rose and deposited by the door a small newspaper parcel which be removed from his coat.

"No!" bellowed the captain. "Outside!"

Outside went the parcel, the hanging lamp smoking violently in the draft from the open door. That was the last interruption the game suffered for the best part of an hour.

As the ship's clock in the adjoining room struck twice Jedidiah pushed back his chair and stepped into the hall. Next moment came the tinkle of a telephone bell followed by, "That you, Andy? Everything all right?"

Andy, assistant keeper, spoke from the top of the tower. "Yes, sir, but blowin' some. We'll have duck for breakfast. Must have been a dozen of 'em busted their necks on the wire since I been up here."

"Seen any ships?"

"Not a light, sir."

Jedidiah disconnected with a grunt. Upon reëntering the living-room he paused at the window. "Bad night, Joe."

"Sure," agreed the Nemesis of lobsters. "They'll hunt deep water."

The captain turned. "Eh, what's that? What in time you talkin' about?"

"Crawfish," explained Joe imperturbably. "Storms drive 'em away from the keys."

"Drat your crawfish! I'm thinkin' of the ships at sea." He pulled his beard reflectively. " 'Twas a night like this I lost the Mary-Anne—for want of a pilot. Lee shore, strange inlet, and dum fools on the beach. Ever lose a ship, Joe?"

MR. BALDWIN reflected, puffing his corncob. "Once, Jed. 'Tweren't much of a ship, but it had four bushel of lobster aboard. The oars floated ashore next day, which was lucky."

Ordinarily the captain would have felt called upon to explain to his guest in no uncertain terms the difference between a "ship" and a skiff. Now, however, Jedidiah contented himself with a snort of disgust. Oblivious to Joe's invitation, expressed through the neat arrangement of the checkers, he squared off before the picture of the Mary-Anne, legs spread, hands behind him.

"Just such a night," he continued. "Wind, rain, breaking seas on the bar, with the Mary-Anne dragging her anchors straight for the reef, and me sendin' up rockets like a Fourth o' July celebration. Reckon them fools ashore must have figured *'twas* the Fourth o' July, and all the Almighty intended 'em to do was to camp there and enjoy the fireworks. When we were first driven in they could have come out to us as easy as you please. That wind—dead on shore 'twas—would have yanked us into the harbor like a steam tug. But, Joe, they didn't come out; they just danced up and down on the beach."

"Whyn't you sail 'er in yourself?" asked the lobster man tactlessly.

Golden Rule

"Whyn't I—what!" cried Jedidiah.

"Sail 'er in. Make port."

Captain Jedidiah became brick red. Turning his rigid back on the Mary-Anne, he shook his fist at Joe. "You everlastin' cracker! I'm comin' to believe them lobsters you ketch has clawed your brains out—only crawfish ain't got any more claws 'an you have brains! How could I make port with no can buoys, no ranges or anything? Even at that I tried—" He paused to address the ship behind her gaudy frame. "We went on the north reef, didn't we; and you're there yet, buried in the sand with the sea washin' over you and the fish playin' tag 'tween decks. . . . And I'm here, buried just as deep, with a front piazza for a quarterdeck and a lighthouse for a ship!"

MR. BALDWIN stuffed down the burning tobacco in his pipe, his forefinger quite as callous as his expression.

"Your first move, Jed," he suggested tentatively. "I'm a game to the good."

The lighthouse keeper drew a long breath, his eyes lingering on the Mary-Anne. Then, shaking his head dejectedly, he crossed to the table, muttering, "All on account o' them dum fools. Cowards, that's what they were!"

Perhaps if the wind hadn't lulled for an instant as he started to sit down, perhaps if he and his visitor had been in the middle of a game instead of just beginning one, Jedidiah would not have heard the faint boom of a gun. Almost before the sound lost itself in the noise of the gale he sprang to the window. Cupping his eyes with his hands, he stared forth.

"What's eatin' you now?" queried Crawfish Joe.

"Shut up! Didn't you hear—"

Not the ghost of a light breaking the darkness; not the least alien sound coming from the sea. The roar of breakers, the hiss of wind-driven sand, the staccato tattoo of raindrops—that was all.

Of course he had been wrong. Why should a steamer venture close to a lee shore on such a night?"

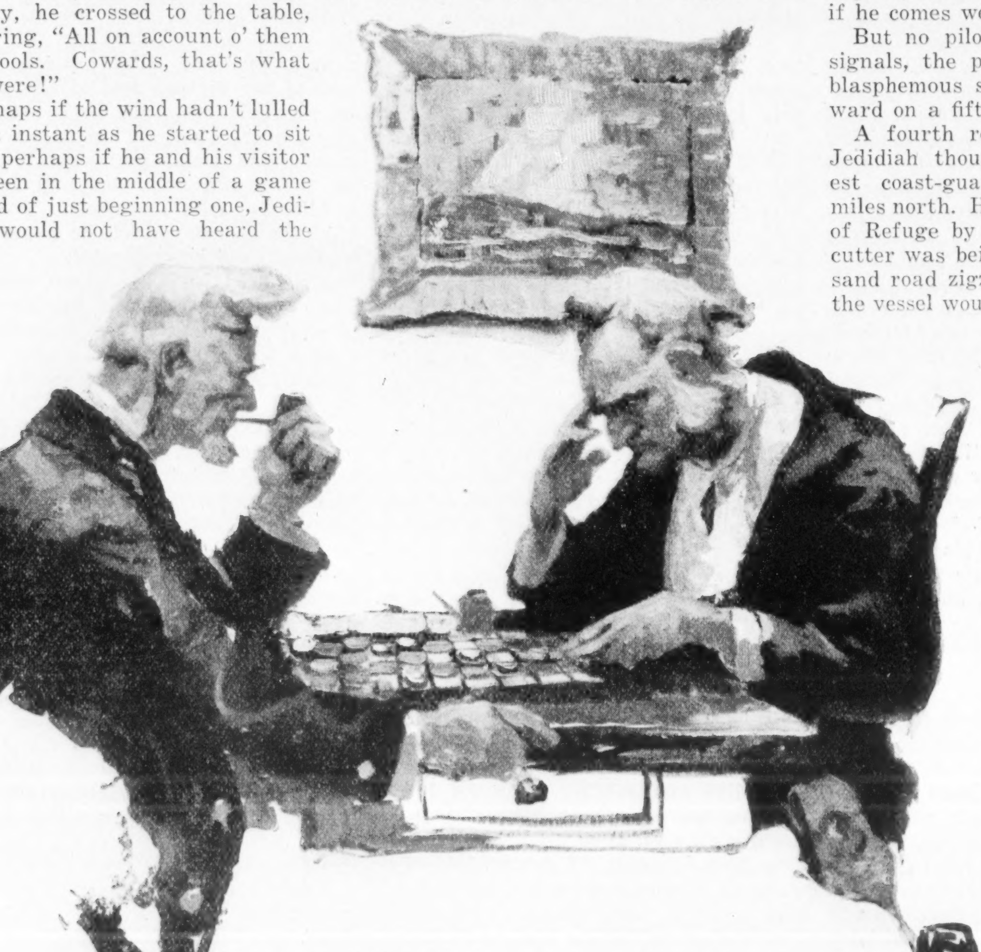
"Your move," repeated Mr. Baldwin persistently.

"*Will* you shut up?"

The lobster man shook his head. "Bad sign," he remarked to himself. "Reminds me of my ol' grandpap when he took to—"

"Drat your grandpap! There's a ship out there in trouble."

"Maybe you can smell 'er with that keen nose o' yours. Anybody that gets upsot over a hunk o' bait ought to—"



Mr. Baldwin put up a masterly game of checkers when sober, which was all Jedidiah required of him

"Godfreys!" Jedidiah shouted, "I can *see* her! There goes a rocket! And another—"

Sure enough, an indefinite distance from shore, at a point almost due east from the inlet, the blackness had been suddenly stabbed by a streak of fire arcking into the heavens only to die in an explosion of multicolored stars.

FOR a space the lighthouse keeper remained motionless, the whole situation revealed to him by the telltale rockets. It was as if he had been standing on the deck of that unfortunate vessel—only he couldn't picture her as a steamer. All he could see was the Mary-Anne, her canvas in shreds, her fate in the hands of the men on the beach. How vividly he recalled the group of figures around the windlass, the bo's'n's half-articulate cry, "We're dragging, sir!" What that information had meant to the Mary-Anne's skipper! Disgrace of a kind, the end of his seafaring career. He even remembered his words to the first mate as they clung to a stanchion, "If there's a *man*, and a pilot, ashore, he'll come to us; and if he comes we'll make port!"

But no pilot had come, despite the signals, the prayers of the crew, the blasphemous supplications borne landward on a fifty-mile gale. . . .

A fourth rocket grazed the clouds. Jedidiah thought rapidly. The nearest coast-guard station was twenty miles north. He might notify the House of Refuge by telephone, but while the cutter was being transported down the sand road zigzagging behind the dunes the vessel would go on the beach. Long before the men whose business it was to aid those in peril on the sea could reach Seminole Reef light, all need for them would be past.

Jedidiah turned slowly from the window. Twenty years ago he had sent out such an appeal, in vain. There, swimming in a blur before his eyes, was the Mary-Anne, dearer to him than life. Somehow he couldn't get rid of the idea that she was pleading silently for that unknown ship facing disaster, for the men clinging to the wave-swept decks, for the women crouched in the cabins.

His voice was hoarse, "Joe, you wait here; I'm going out to her."

"You're—what?"

"Godfreys, are you deef? She's signalin' for a pilot. I'm goin' out to her."

Mr. Baldwin brought all the power of his right eye to bear on his friend. It was the best he could do, the other orb having long since become intractable.

"I'm a game ahead—"

"Drat the game! Wake up, man; there's a ship in distress."

Crawfish Joe looked sorrowful. "No more checkers," he muttered. "I'll bury the board with yer body when it's washed ashore."

Suddenly the captain was standing over him. "All these years, Joe, I never suspected you of bein' a—coward."

"And all these years I never suspected you o' bein' a fool! Suppose you keep your dory right side up through the inlet—which is mighty doubtful—what's to prevent your findin' that ship draws ten foot o' water? Likely as not she's already hard and fast. How'd you know they want a pilot 'stead of a life-savin' crew? How'd you know you can bring 'em in over the bar?"

Jedidiah's explanation was as forceful as it was brief.

"By usin' my brains. She wouldn't be signalin' unless she was wrecked, or wanted to get in; and she can't be on the beach where she is. You coddle your precious hide right here afore the fire and think up some more reasons why we should let them fellers drown. I'll be back directly."

THE lighthouse keeper strode across the room, flung open a closet door and drew forth oiler and boots, which he proceeded to don. Indeed, so absorbed was he in the process that Mr. Baldwin's actions made no impression upon him until he had completed his preparations. Then with amazement he found Crawfish Joe likewise attired.

"Where do you reckon *you're* goin'?" demanded the captain.

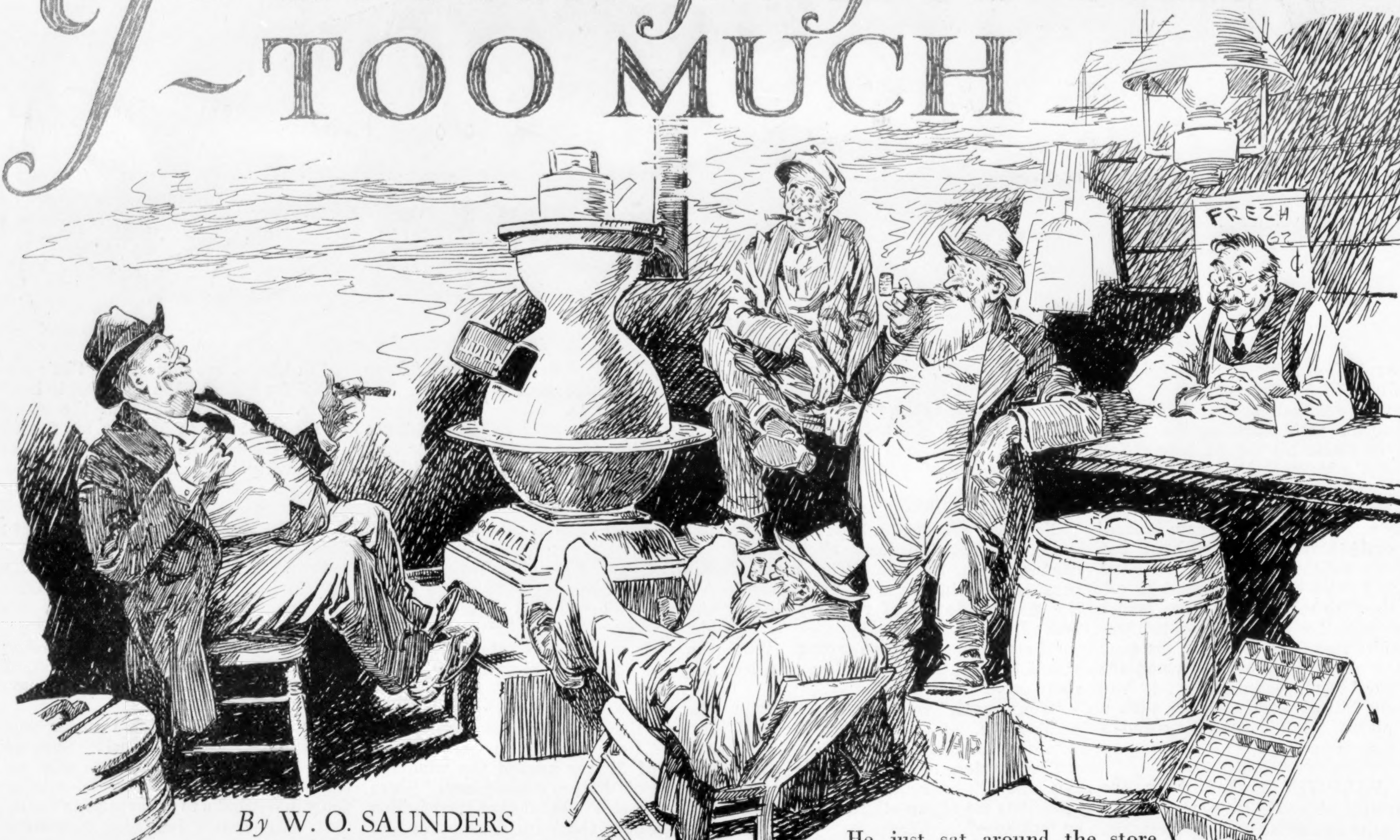
Turning his corncob upside down in deference to the weather, the lobster man replied, "Jed Steele, if you figures on riskin' all our future checker games cruisin' ter glory in a cockleshell, then I'm bound to sign on. Maybe they have checkerboards in the hereafter."

"You're stark crazy!" snapped his friend, but his expression softened.

"Which ain't surprisin'," mumbled Crawfish Joe, following the other from the room, "considerin' the company I keeps!"

The main door of the quarters opened east; thus both men found it necessary to put their shoulders against it in order to overcome the force of the wind. Once beyond the oak barrier, they staggered along the wall, the raindrops playing a tattoo on their oilskins. From the house Jedidiah led the way to a shed partly protected by the larger building. He (*Continued on page 32*)

It doesn't pay to talk —TOO MUCH



By W. O. SAUNDERS
ILLUSTRATED BY
LEO JOSEPH ROCHE

He just sat around the store for an hour swapping conversation with the loafers but saying not a word about Pete

THE most embarrassing and most incurable disease with which I have been afflicted is that of talking too much. My mouth has got me into endless trouble in my day. It has a way of flying open at the wrong time and giving a loose tongue an ample opening through which to get me into all kinds of trouble.

I often get credit for being a fearless, plain-spoken fellow who dares to say just what he thinks about anything or anybody; the plain truth is that I just can't help myself—my tongue runs away on the slightest provocation. Several times my head has been cracked by serious-minded citizens determined to cure me, but without permanent effect. Still, I have made a little progress in forty years and feel encouraged to lecture a bit on the subject, even as a reformed drunkard has the urge to take the platform in behalf of the cause of temperance.

Grandpap Called My Bluff

MY MEMORY goes back to 1893 or thereabouts when I was nine or ten years old. I was on a visit to my grandparents in the country and, being a precocious youngster, I regaled the family with much conversation, much of which was naïve self-advertising. I proudly boasted of my prowess as a woodchopper and even made so bold to say that splitting firewood and keeping the woodbin replenished at home was my favorite sport. Grandpap sat quietly in his chair in the shadows, smoked his pipe and said nothing. Next morning, before the sun was up, the old man routed me out of bed and told me that he "'lowed as how" I was so fond of the woodpile that he had plenty of fun for me out in the woodlot. That spoiled my visit to my grandparents and I had to invent a dozen excuses, more or less, to curtail the visit. I recite that as an instance of saying the wrong thing in the wrong place.

About the time I was fifteen years old I got a Saturday job clerking in the village dry-goods emporium. I jumped into that job with the boundless energy and enthusiasm of impulsive youth. My father had told me that the surest way to hold my job and succeed would be to determine to try to be as good a salesman as either of my employers. He suggested that I study the sales methods of the senior partner of the firm, whose name, for convenience, was Samuel Skolinsky. I took Mr. Skolinsky for my pattern and studied him and his ways with customers until I could repeat his sales arguments verbatim. I heard him say to a customer to whom he was showing a suit of clothes, "You maybe could get a soot of clodings from Sears-Roebuck for de same price vat I offers you dis bargains, but it won't haf such quality."

I thought that was a good argument and I tried it on the next customer that came my way, except that I substituted the name of a rival local firm for that of the distant Chicago mail-order house. My customer didn't do a thing but go to the rival local firm and tell them that Skolinsky's clerk was knocking their merchandise, which brought the wrath of the rival down on the head of poor old Skolinsky. To square matters, Skolinsky fired me and I had to get another job. I should have learned a lesson right there: that it's safer to knock the Chicago mail-order house, that is too far away to hear from you and too big to notice you, than it is to knock a handy competitor who is neither too far away to hear from you nor too big to demand reparations.

Starting out to find another job, the man to whom I applied asked me if I knew a certain Murphy. Now I not only knew this Murphy—I didn't like him. "Yes," said I, "I know Murphy. Old Man Bill Ferebee says Murphy is the man who stole his woods cattle and I reckon he didn't tell it all then."

"I don't believe I can use you," said the man to whom I was applying for a job. I learned later that Murphy was his brother-in-law.

I Tell One Joke Too Many

HOW distinctly do I recall an incident that happened about seventeen years ago. I was struggling hard to make a showing as an advertising solicitor for a certain journal. I had found a lively prospect and was about to sign him up for a thousand inches of space. I had visions of a raise in salary as a result of that contract. The man was ready to sign on the dotted line, but he had to stop to fill his fountain pen; he had politely declined mine. I thought I would keep him in good humor while he was fussing with his pen, by regaling him with a joke which I had told from one end of the Southern Railway main line to the other. But he didn't laugh at my joke; he just kept on fussing and fussing with his pen. After a long time he said: "I don't believe I'll make a contract with you to-day; I may see you some other time."

And that settled it. I couldn't budge him an inch. One misplaced joke cost me a fat contract and may have been one reason why I lost my job a little later.

And so it has been all through life. A certain chap for whom I'd done some work owed me upwards of a hundred dollars. I had every assurance that he would pay me in time, if I would only be patient. But patience wasn't one of my virtues and at the mention of my debtor's name in a crowd one day I blurted out, "That man owes me money and won't pay me." Someone in the crowd went off and told the gentleman, who thereupon swore that if that's the way I felt he never would pay me—and he never did.

I profited by this lesson and have since observed that the human family is made up largely of busybodies who derive their greatest pleasure in life from toting news. Every man has two kinds of friends: one kind that makes it a point to tell him every good thing heard about him, and another kind that blisters its feet trotting around to tell him all the evil things. In a small town it is almost impossible to express any kind of opinion about any man—or any woman—without having your words travel straight to the subject of your remarks; and more often your remarks are magnified or amplified by repetition.

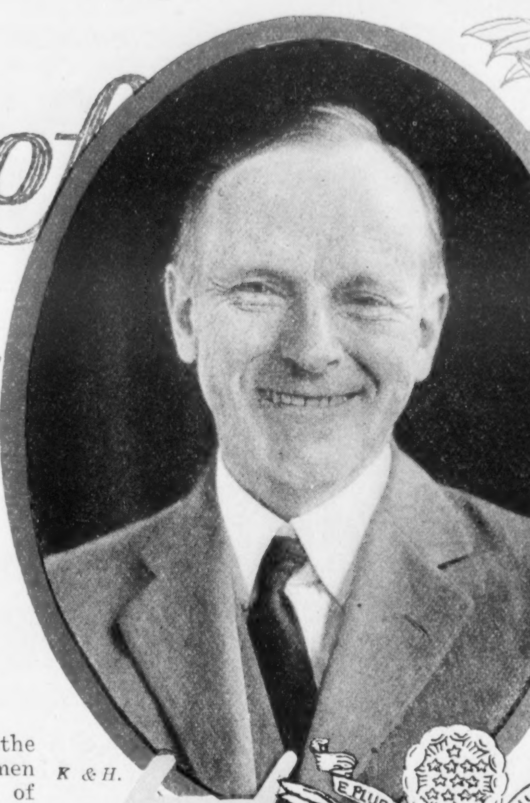
Now our boss politician knew how to work the tattletale. He had a theory that tale-bearing could be worked two ways; that the bird whose long suit was toting news would carry almost any sort of news. Our boss politician kept every gossip in the county busy for three months before every election.

Pete Frye, who belongs to my loose-mouthed fraternity, blew off his head about our boss politician one day, saying a lot of nasty things about him. What Pete said was repeated to the boss, with variations, by half a dozen busybodies. Did our boss lose his head and say harsh things about Pete? He did not. He (*Continued on page 49*)

The first Rungs of the LADDER

Here, in our study of Coolidge, we reach his "term at hard labor" Only a man driven by something finer than ambition would have chosen such a beginning

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



K & H.

No one ever slapped him on the back, yet no one ever presented a problem that he did not try to solve. He was always on call

IN THE White House to-day Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, has with him a lot of baggage that came from Plymouth and Ludlow, Vt. He has an abrupt Vermont way of opening conversation at exactly the point of greatest interest. In Ludlow—a mountain town of about 3,000, with its textile mills where the French and the Italians form the industrial population, where 500 yards of store buildings house the commercial and professsional life of the county, where in winter ox teams drag heavy sledges down from the hills, where the native population, in spite of the Celtic and Latin influences, remains as clean English as it was before the Revolution—men attack things directly as Coolidge does. Around Ludlow men are rather inclined to regard the amenities of conversation—the embroideries by which we approach the matter in our hearts, the preliminaries of speech which concern the weather, the passing news of the day and the obvious jockeying which we employ before turning into the matter near our hearts—as mere French palaver. The neighbor who comes to borrow your hoe or your horse says at the gate, "I have come to borrow your hoe (or your horse)," and you tell him if he can or he cannot have it and why. That being over, if he is busy he goes, or if he isn't busy he stops and discusses the weather or the things that float on the surface of his heart.

When Coolidge first moved into the White House he was talking with an old stager in Republican politics about his difficulty in approaching congressmen and senators and persuading them. His first year of leadership was disastrous and he knew it. Time and again Congress rose and defied him, then defeated him.

"You must smile," said the congressional leader, "when men come in. When they talk to you look them in the eye." Coolidge has a most intelligent eye when he opens it, a most engaging countenance when he exposes it, which inspires confidence. "Don't sit looking out of the window when men come to see you and lay their matters before you. Turn toward them. Meet their countenances. You needn't gab with them, but look interested."

He Sought Nothing for Coolidge

BUT Ludlow inhibited him. Northampton had taught him another kind of politics, and he was too old to learn, too old to put the tricks of the West and the South into his bag. He will go through to the end as he began; the country-town statesman in Boston—just what he was when he went down from Northampton to the state legislature.

In the Massachusetts legislature Calvin Coolidge made no brilliant record. The letter that he carried from a Northampton friend of the speaker of the house brought him no important committee assignments. The speaker made the common mistake that men make about Coolidge, of judging him by his exterior, so Coolidge served on two unimportant committees, mercantile affairs and constitutional amendments. But he piously attended every committee meeting, as he had attended his class meetings in Amherst and his party association meetings in Northampton—a dumb acolyte seeking the truth. They were dull, these committee meetings; but Coolidge scintillated rather feebly himself in those days. There he sat day after day, night after night, taking the routine of the public business with terrible earnestness while others frivoled. Thus he husbanded his five talents. Being a faithful heart, he attended also the meetings of the joint committee of the house and senate—a sort of joint committee of the whole where public hearings occur on many important matters and preserve the old town meeting flavor in the Massachusetts legislature. Many legislators cut these joint sessions. For most bills are made or doomed in smaller committees.

Coolidge learned much at these joint sessions, somewhat because he was an outsider in the smaller committees. He had no graces, no special abilities, no influence that first term. He was just a hard-plugging, average-minded man trying to get the hang of the legislative medium. He learned, however, one important thing in that first session: that legislation, like kissing, goes by favor. Then conscientiously and by careful pains he applied this new wisdom to life. So when the speaker of the house, nursing a gubernatorial boom, came to Northampton, Coolidge met him, took the speaker around town, introduced him to the political leaders, and the next time Coolidge went up to Boston to make laws for the people, the speaker knew Coolidge. He got two real committees—banking and judiciary. He became an insider. He emerged. He duplicated his college career in the legislature. He seems to have been interested in political matters rather than economic in his second term. He worked on the law providing for the direct election of United States senators, for direct primary, for woman suffrage.

His record that second year of his legislative term was that of a mild progressive. He supported bills providing for one day's rest in seven in industry, for reduced working hours for women and children, for lower railroad fares for workmen, for honest weighing in coal yards, for pensions for firemen's widows, and for municipal playgrounds. He spoke little, of course, but well, and took his job with earnestness that amounted to solemnity. He lived at the Adams House, a cheap political hotel, chummed with no one, belonged to no clique, avoided the congregating places of what was known as "the bunch," and went about his work with that simplicity and passionate sincerity of men who are building better than they know. If he had ambition he did not show it. If he ever had a hankering for a good time he did not look it. He is described by his fellows of that day as punctual, self-contained, deadly quiet, self-sufficient, caustic under the prod, tireless but not enthusiastic, polite but formal, ever ready to run an errand for a better man in a good cause and not above expecting a returned favor for his cause, but never for himself. He sought nothing for Coolidge; which was just as well, for he lacked the charm which begets gratitude.

It's hard to say, in that first legislative session, and it's hard to say now in the White House, whether Coolidge wants nothing or just doesn't know how to get it upon his graces as a man. In that first session of the legislature he saw fellow members using their places to advance themselves in business. He saw his colleagues trading their own votes for good jobs for themselves. The records show that he plodded on without reward. No one can tell if he had hope of reward. Money and power did

In his youth Coolidge could not have been wise enough to know that promotion from one trivial office to another would make him President in his late forties

© *Keystone View Co.*

The two-family house in Massasoit Street, Northampton, Mass. For twenty years Coolidge lived in the corner half

not tempt him. That is evident by every vote he cast. Yet he did not have the radical's scorn for place and power. Always Coolidge has defended property politically, but never has accumulated it for himself.

Looking at his legislative record those first years, one gets the impression of the close-fisted neophyte of some rigorous cult forever depositing his energy in some ethical bank, with a certain blind fatalism doing good turns for decent men and things like a miserly Vermont guardian of a trust refusing to check out a penny for himself even in per diem. He came back to Northampton from his second legislative session poorer than he went, in purse, but richer in experience and political standing. Possibly in his heart's heart he had some vague dream of future power, gazed into the crystal ball of ambition, but what he saw he saw, and no one else knew it. He practiced law sedulously between legislative terms, but with no notable success. Other lawyers complained that his fees were too modest. But if the signs of his self-esteem were low, he surely had the high self-respect of the modest man. He was an odd stick, said the town of Northampton.

He Got on With the Irish

AND here we must paint Northampton. For, as the years go, Vermont fades out of his background into his inheritance, and Northampton begins to assimilate Coolidge. Northampton twenty years ago was a town of 20,000 people, or such a number. A three-phase town—a college town, a farming town, an industrial town. The college and the farms contributed the native stock to the town; the industries brought the Irish, who are not always strong enough to govern a town. But they added a charm to its politics and a tithe to its taxes and played the game like good sportsmen. Moreover, they furnished final proof that Coolidge was and is more than a long-nosed Yankee Brahmin: he got on with the Irish. Often they voted for him; always they respected him. He and they, being essentially politically minded, understood one another.

This understanding broadened as his career opened. Years later he was friendly with the ruling cardinal in Boston. If ever there could be an Irish Pope, he and Coolidge would take over and run the League of Nations. But in spite of the foreign-born minority which somewhat dominated Northampton two decades ago one must not forget that Northampton was and is a country town; a town of elm-bordered streets and lawns, of wooden houses, some colonial and beautiful, others modern and most comfortable; houses wherein lived a self-respecting, freeborn race. Northampton, like other New England country towns, has its silk-stocking Republican ward, and a ward or two socially and economically a few cuts under this silk-stocking ward that generally go Democratic. Coolidge lived from the beginning of his Northampton career in the silk-stocking ward, Ward Two, the Republican ward. Here Smith College thrives with its 2,000 students appertaining. In Ward Two lives a self-respecting white, Nordic, sophisticated and self-sufficient race on an average income per family of something under $3,000 a year. Massasoit Street, Coolidge's home for nearly twenty years, is a typical street in a typical Republican ward in a typical American country town. Here live the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher, the professor, the head clerk, the superintendent, the banker and the retired farmer.

Well might the story of the life and career of Calvin Coolidge have a subtitle, "The Adventures of a Man from Massasoit Street." For Coolidge is and always will be Massasoit Street incarnate—the high-caste country-town man with the aristocrat's penchant for democracy: a man who loves his fellow men because he lives with them and understands them. If one could forget Coolidge's Yankee twang, his habit of repression, his greed for silence—which are, after all, the merest externalities of his character—one could understand him best by regarding him as a country-town man. Northampton differs only in a few externals from the country town of Michigan, of the Carolinas, of the Dakotas, or of the Coast. But it differs deeply and fundamentally from the country village and the first-class city. So, in considering Coolidge, however taciturn he may seem, we must remember him as the man who walks to work every morning, nodding to his fellow townsmen whom he knows, stopping in the business part of the town upon an errand, picking up apparently useless information, and putting it in his heart to return one day a treasure, the knowledge of the times, the knowledge of the folks.

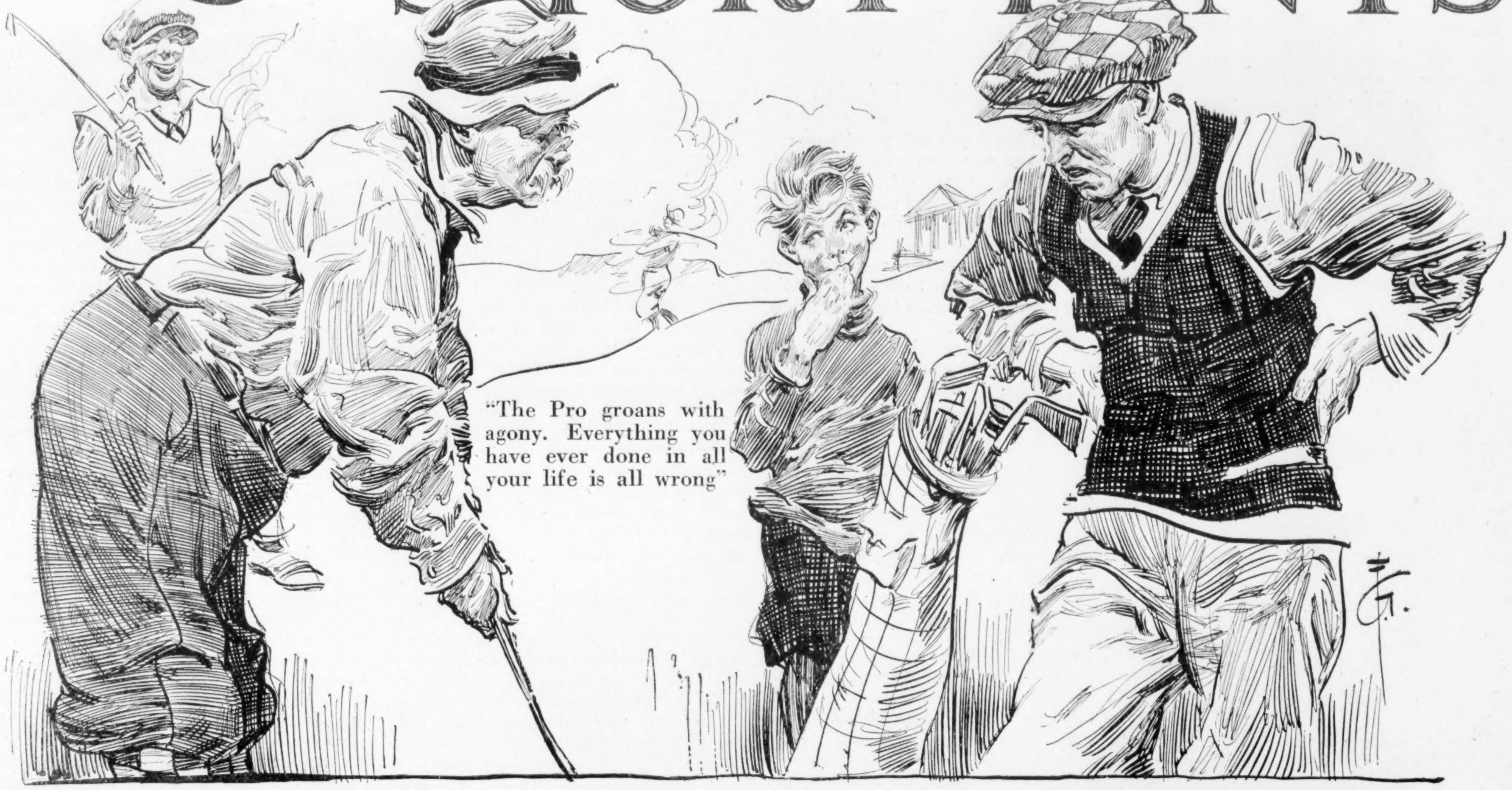
The Tariff's Human Side

ONE finds Coolidge in his speeches and writings trying to avoid the word "people:" he uses the phrase "the folks" somewhat because "the people" is the demagogue's whip-cracker and because "the folks" is more familiar and a bit affectionate. Certainly he would not transport his beloved folks to the liberal heaven where business is benevolently guarded by justice. He would give them good business and let the devil take the bankrupts. Yet no man can understand the folks so well as Coolidge understands the people of his country town, who epitomize all country towns and most of America, and not love the folks. Being what he is, a steam engine could not drag from him an expression of affection. But the folks he loves and understands are the folks he loved and understood in Plymouth, Ludlow and Northampton. Politically he thinks in terms of these environments. He sees that a few cents difference in the tariff on suit linings throws out of employment thousands of workers who work in the mills back home. So the tariff is a sacred institution to him. He says little about it, but he is adamant before a suggestion of lower tariff on anything. It does not occur to him that perhaps a reorganization of the finances of the mill owners might justly be demanded, that tariffs should not be imposed upon consumers all over the land to pay fixed charges and dividends upon over-capitalization in the guise of keeping men at work in the mills. He sees idle, hungry people and sees that the tariff will feed them.

These are facts; the rest theories. Moreover, the theories upset vested rights. Plymouth, Ludlow and Northampton waste no time in considering justice when they should be promoting business. The evils of the open saloon in the country town strike Coolidge as economic waste, so he is a strong prohibitionist. He will enforce the law at all costs of men and treasure. To his knowledge have come scores of instances wherein the immigration laws do cruel injustice to individuals, separating families because national quotas are filled, and the cruelty of it touches his tender heart, for Coolidge is essentially a tender-hearted man, so that problem, a concrete problem, a country-town problem, touches him. All this must be set *(Continued on page 46)*

Coolidge in the White House is precisely what he was in Massasoit Street—the country-town statesman

GOLF comes in SHORT PANTS



"The Pro groans with agony. Everything you have ever done in all your life is all wrong"

"WELL, I'll be jiggered!" Mr. Stubbs exclaimed. "Every day this country gets more an' more like an insane asylum. Here's a man tryin' to prove that four hundred million dollars will be spent on golf this year."

"A conservative estimate," commented Uncle Henry. "Even if the statistics on gum chewin' an' crossword puzzles can be accepted as accurate, golf is easily the leadin' American industry after 'Abie's Irish Rose.' More people work at it than any other unskilled trade. Stand on a corner in the early mornin' hours, as toil's silent army fares forth to the labors of the day, an' you'll see twice as many putters as pickaxes. For one man that wears overalls nowadays, there are a hundred that wear knickerbockers.

"Life's a funny thing, 'Lonzo. A boy can't wait to get into long pants an' a man can't wait to get out of 'em. Carpet beaters an' snow shovelers will slave an' save to rise above their menial drudgeries, yet no sooner is a competence gained than they spend whole days in sand traps, cursin' themselves for ever havin' learned to count. The average man will deny himself the joy of peas rather than pursue 'em across a plate, yet he will devote countless hours to herdin' a ball into its appointed cup.

"No question about the game havin' a tremendous appeal, for, aside from everything else, it caters to one of the fundamental passions of the race. What do men an' women love to watch? What indeed if not any work of excavation! Wherever men are diggin' up the earth, you're sure to find a crowd. We pride ourselves on an appreciation of art, yet no Old Master has half the drawin' power of a hole in the ground. Golf ministers to this elemental cravin' by givin' everyone an opportunity to dig his own hole. A mashie, in a trained hand, is every whit as good as a spade.

Uncle Henry says, "Crowds gather wherever men are diggin' up the earth. Golf ministers to this cravin'—everyone can dig his own hole"

"When public opinion forces certain humanizin' changes in golf, even more people may be depended upon to take it up. As it is now, golf is about the only trade that doesn't recognize the principle of time an' a half for overtime, nor does it have the eight-hour day. Almost every course still presents the shameful spectacle of men workin' away in bunkers long after the whistle has blown in every other department of manual drudgery, nor is Sunday regarded as a day of rest.

"Let me look at those figures for a moment? Um-m-m. Jes' as I thought. Far too low. For instance, I see no allowance at all for the important item of breakage. Speakin' offhand, I should say that fully one million bottles are dropped on locker-room floors durin' the wet months. Why, a sponge is as much a part of golf equipment to-day as oil of juniper.

"Neither do I see any amount set down here for recoverin' golf clubs that have been thrown away. At least four or five times a season, every normal player raises his ravaged face to the implacable heavens, cries 'Never again!' in an anguished tone, an' hurls his bag as far as strength permits. If there's a lake on the course, retrievin' is quite an expensive matter, an' ravines are almost as bad.

"An' while $25,000,000 is a fair estimate of the value of golf property in the United States, excludin' locker contents, no consideration whatever is given to the annual turn-over. They can talk all they please about the turnover in manufactures an' merchandise, but it's nothin compared to the turnover in golf. Why, 'Lonzo, every first-class course in the country is turned over at least once a year.

"Along about June, two or three long-legged, double-jointed boys commence makin' 80's, an' straightway the cry goes up for a sportier course. As a majority always rules in a democracy, the four or five hundred other members are voted down, a painless dentist is put in charge of the six or seven necessary assessments, an' the greens committee take their wives east on a hunt for the best golf architect.

The Scotch Have Been Maligned

"THERE'S a business for you! A golf architect, 'Lonzo, is the one man in the world able to capitalize a liver complaint, for, as ought to be obvious even to you, devisin' bunkers, sand traps an' hazards isn't somethin' that can be done by one in good health an' fair spirits. If you come down to work in the mornin', feelin' as if you'd like to give all mankind the seven-year itch an' then tie their hands, you'd drive trade away, but *that* state of mind is what gets business for a golf architect.

"The greater his biliousness the higher his price. Some golf architects, able to prove dyspepsia an' enlarged spleen in addition to cirrhosis, command as high as $5,000 a week. No question that they earn their money. A good one, with disposition thoroughly curdled an' careful to avoid castor oil, can take a perfectly flat pasture, without even a heel print in it, an' fix the darned thing so that the average player never sees the light of day from the first tee to the last. Why, I've been on courses where I never dreamed of startin' out without a miner's lamp.

"However, those dark hours down in bunkers an' gullies are fine things for the development of character. When it comes my time to go before heaven's examinin' board, there are many crimes to which I'll have to plead guilty. Once I voted for Bryan, at another time I spoke disrespectfully of Judge Gary at a Rotary club luncheon, an' often in fits of absent-mindedness I've shaken hands without askin' people to pardon my glove. In spite of it all, however, I can look Saint Peter square in the eye an' say, 'No matter how deep the trap, how remote the bunker, I always counted every stroke, that is, almost every one.'

"No, 'Lonzo, four hundred million isn't much when you consider all the expenses. I know they say that golf is a Scotch game, but I've never been able to believe it. Even grantin' that lost balls in Scotland never run above one tenth of one

(*Continued on page 45*)

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR

Snow and sleet send many scooting southward; but millions are learning how to call winter's blustery bluff by following their favorite sports—indoors

By GRANTLAND RICE

"Come on indoors—the swimming is fine!" says Aileen Riggin

IT SO happens in this peculiar world that not everyone can leap southward for the sun in winter and frolic over turf and sand.

It may seem, when one watches the procession headed for Florida and California, that everyone is going; but there are still several dozens left who manage to subsist on an indoor menu of one sort or another.

In fact, it may surprise quite a few to learn how much indoor sport has been developed in the last few years, the variety of attractions and the enormous interest created for both contestants and the crowds that watch them.

On the night when Nurmi ran his first races in this country at Madison Square Garden against Joie Ray and Willie Ritola one might have thought that Dempsey was meeting Wills for the championship of the world. The Garden was packed. The streets outside were blocked off, with thousands struggling to get in; and the applications for tickets ran above 40,000, something like four times the Garden's capacity.

And as Nurmi overtook and then passed both Ray and Ritola over two different routes with his ghostlike stride the resultant din surpassed anything that even a lusty ring battle had ever evoked.

The three sports which have drawn the greatest indoor crowds are boxing, track and basketball. Of the three, basketball alone is played almost entirely indoors; and through the Middle West, East and South it is so popular that indoor accommodations for a good game are usually taxed to the last foot of space.

The great basketball state of the Union is Indiana. Other states may challenge this statement, but certainly a greater percentage of the Indiana population goes in for basketball than any rival state can boast of. The number of basketball teams in Indiana runs high into the thousands. No game has swung forward at a faster clip, East, West or South.

For basketball is a 100-per-cent-American game. It calls for speed and action every second of play, with intense excitement to the finish. It was originated in Springfield, Mass., over thirty years ago and in that first game there were more than a hundred on each side. Since that first wild scramble, where there could be little skill in passing tactics, the number has been cut to five. This change has developed not only one of the fastest and most scientific of all games, but also an indoor sport that demands the finest possible physical condition.

The entry, male or female, who isn't in good physical shape can travel no distance in this game that is a riot of action almost every moment, with team play a vital element.

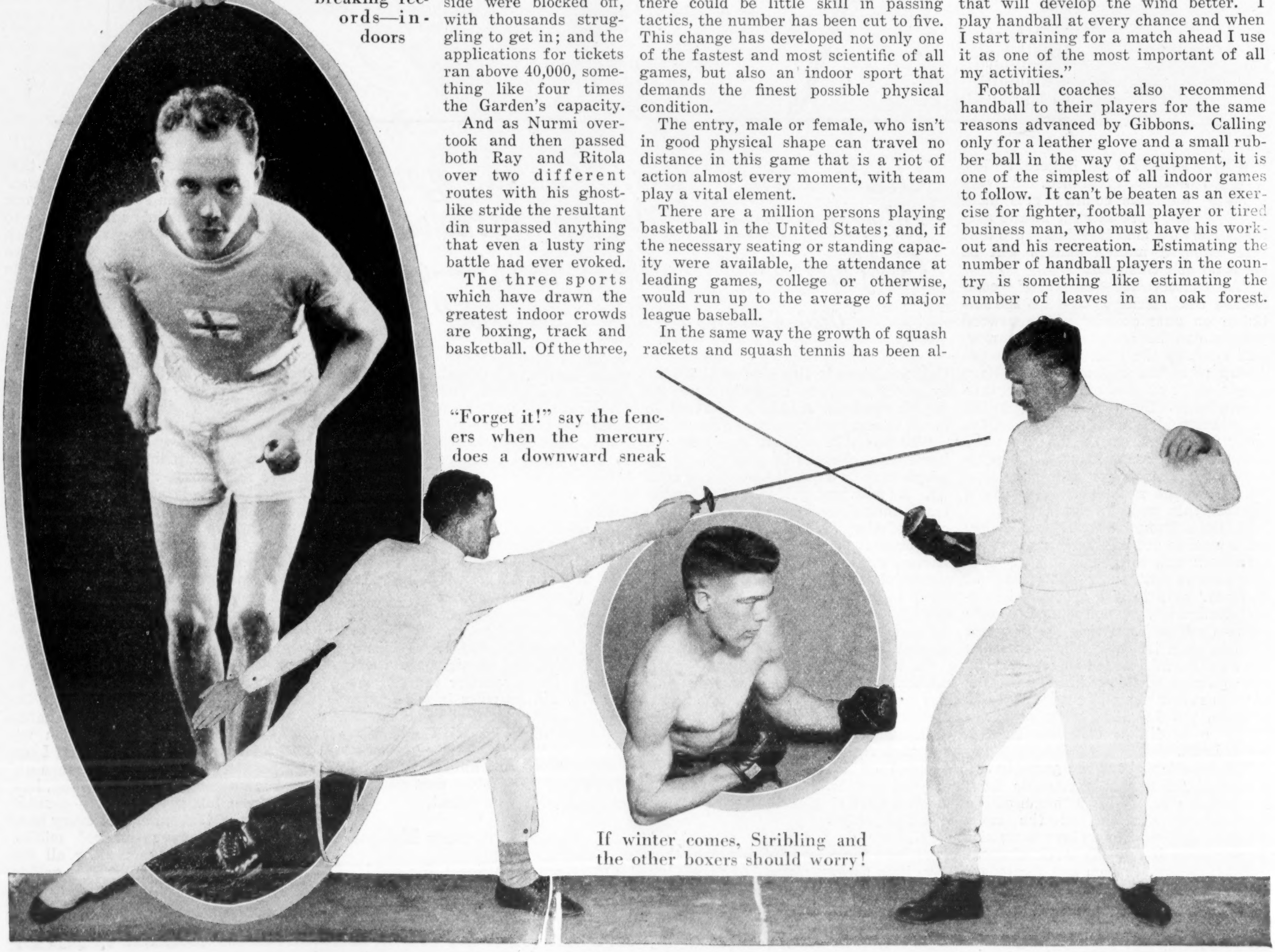
There are a million persons playing basketball in the United States; and, if the necessary seating or standing capacity were available, the attendance at leading games, college or otherwise, would run up to the average of major league baseball.

In the same way the growth of squash rackets and squash tennis has been almost as great. These two games, considerably alike, have found great favor with college athletes out of college who need exercise and who have found these two sports sufficient to meet all competitive requirements.

Squash tennis is the faster, harder game; and it is, therefore, more popular among the younger clan. There are now many thousands of squash courts scattered over the country, where the estimated number of players runs well beyond the quarter-million mark; and squash courts are now being built in modern apartments. Both squash rackets and squash tennis call for good physical condition and both are excellent body-builders.

There is no finer conditioner—indoors—than handball. "I consider handball the best all-around training sport I have ever known," Tom Gibbons, famous heavyweight, said recently in discussing his work for a coming contest. "Handball calls for speed of hand and foot and for a quick eye, and there is no game that will develop the wind better. I play handball at every chance and when I start training for a match ahead I use it as one of the most important of all my activities."

Football coaches also recommend handball to their players for the same reasons advanced by Gibbons. Calling only for a leather glove and a small rubber ball in the way of equipment, it is one of the simplest of all indoor games to follow. It can't be beaten as an exercise for fighter, football player or tired business man, who must have his workout and his recreation. Estimating the number of handball players in the country is something like estimating the number of leaves in an oak forest.

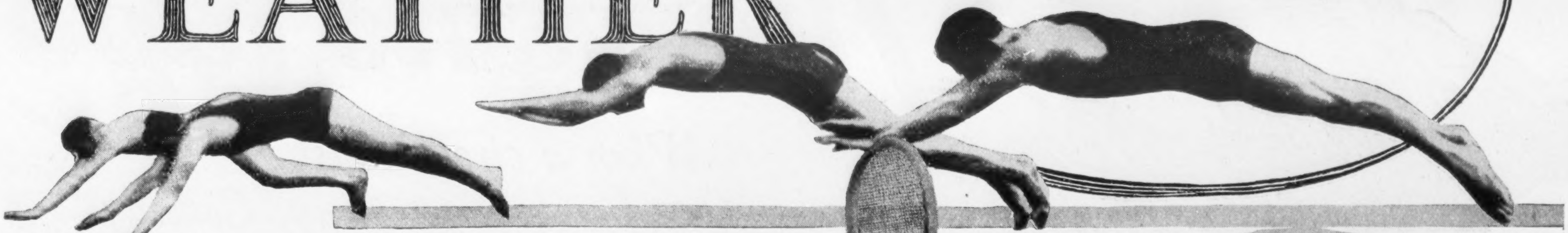


Nurmi kept on breaking records—indoors

"Forget it!" say the fencers when the mercury does a downward sneak

If winter comes, Stribling and the other boxers should worry!

WEATHER



Those who attempt to get courts on short notice will understand why.

Two of the great outdoor games that seek indoor shelter through the winter and early spring are tennis and track.

There was keen interest in the latter sport before Nurmi, the amazing Finn, arrived; but since the Flying Ghost began to break records over various covered runways general interest has advanced enormously. When Nurmi was announced on the schedule the sell-out was only a matter of a day or two.

On top of Nurmi's appearance the Millrose games lured Frigerio from Italy and Goulding from British Columbia to test their prowess at the heel and toe. A walking match would not seem to be one of the most thrilling of all sports, and ordinarily it isn't; but when two champions travel over 8,000 miles to walk two miles in a match test the growth of interest in walking is evident.

Indoor track meets around New York, Chicago and Boston have attracted greater crowds this season and have called out a greater number of contestants than any season ever known. There have been over a thousand entries in individual preparatory school meets as further proof that competitive sport is not entirely a matter of sun and sky and turf.

One of the fastest of all the indoor sports is jai alai, brought over from Spain and Cuba to the Florida east coast. Here is a game of action and skill that equals tennis.

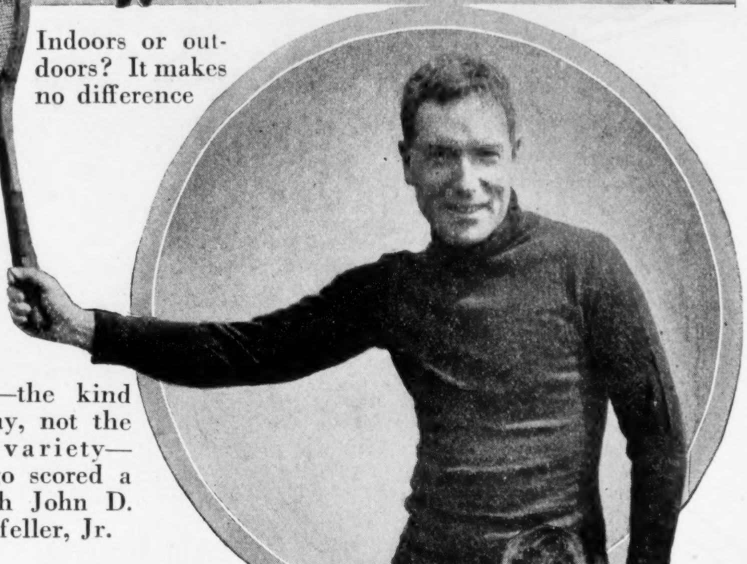
The contestants are equipped with a curved basket effect attached to the right hand and wrist, and from this basket a small hard ball is thrown and handled with such bewildering dexterity that one wonders why the game has not known a greater growth. There are scoops and pick-ups, almost impossible recoveries and wild leaps into the air; and often the players throw themselves along the floor to reach the ball. Jai alai is akin to squash and handball, but it calls for a much longer period of training. It is played in a long court with high walls along three sides where the returns to the main wall must frequently be made from a distance of sixty or seventy feet. The ball is projected from the basket at terrific speed, and failure to make a return costs a point.

Boxing has its outdoor season, but when they are properly matched Dempsey, Walker, Gibbons, Stribling, Berlenbach, Wills, Renault, Tunny and others who are headliners can be depended upon to jam Madison Square Garden or any other indoor center.

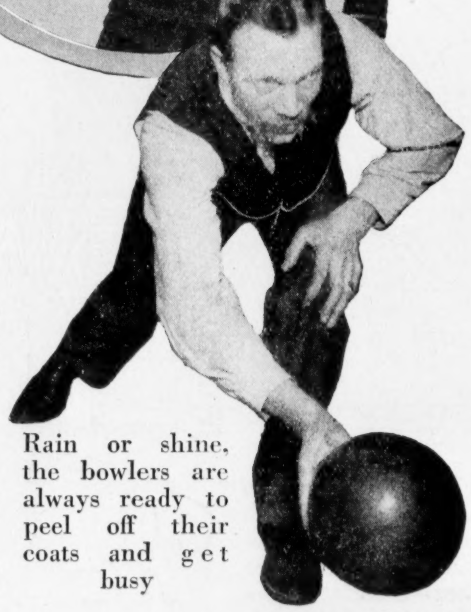
One interesting development under the covered roof has been the way a number of outdoor games have found shelter—and devoted followers—at the first march of winter. Indoor polo belongs in this group with tennis, track and boxing.

Golf, tennis, baseball, football, polo, track and field, swimming and boxing, have all been made compact enough for indoor purposes when the need comes to drag them in out of the rain and snow. With this addition to the regular indoor diet it isn't surprising that in one way or another something over fifteen million people this last year have been able to find health and amusement under a roofed enclosure on track, tan bark or floor.

Indoors or outdoors? It makes no difference

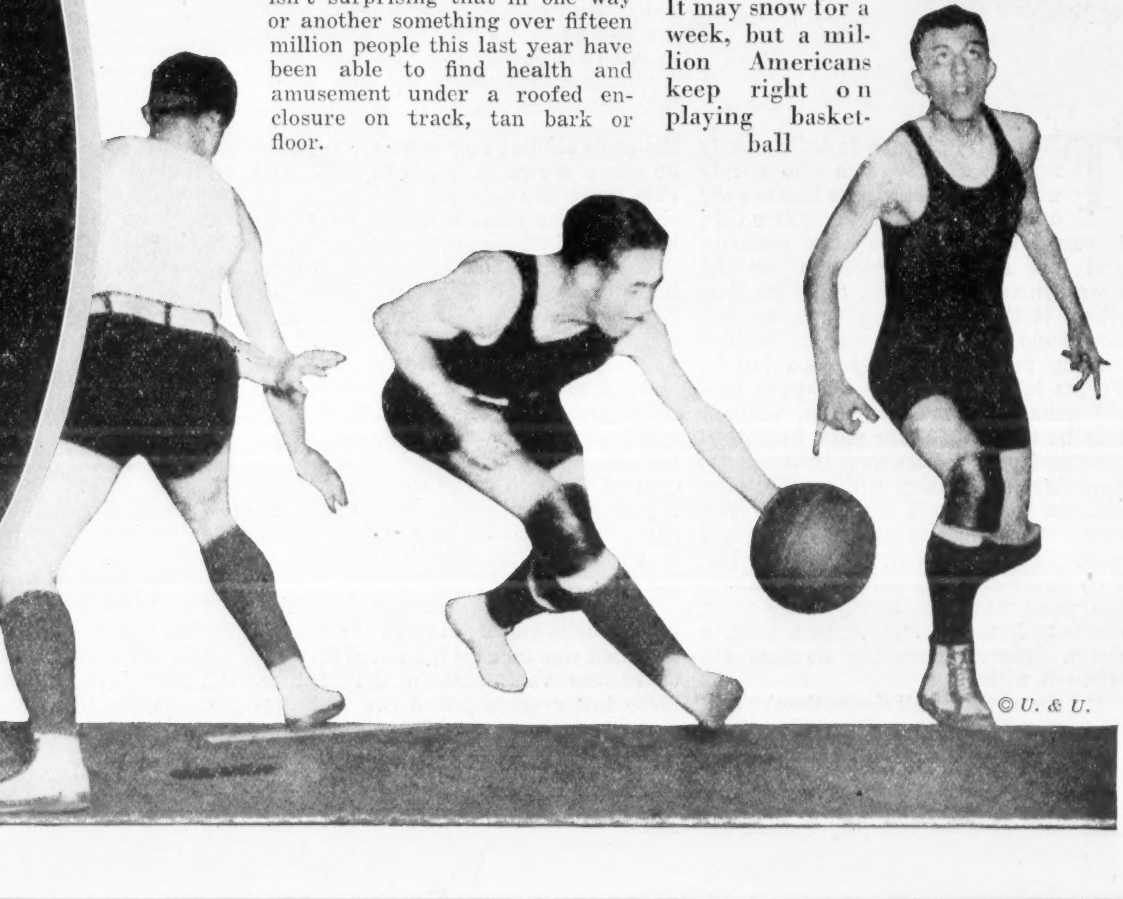


Squash—the kind you play, not the edible variety—long ago scored a hit with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Rain or shine, the bowlers are always ready to peel off their coats and get busy

French ladies are playing basketball nowadays, and, judging from this picture, they play it for all it's worth



It may snow for a week, but a million Americans keep right on playing basketball

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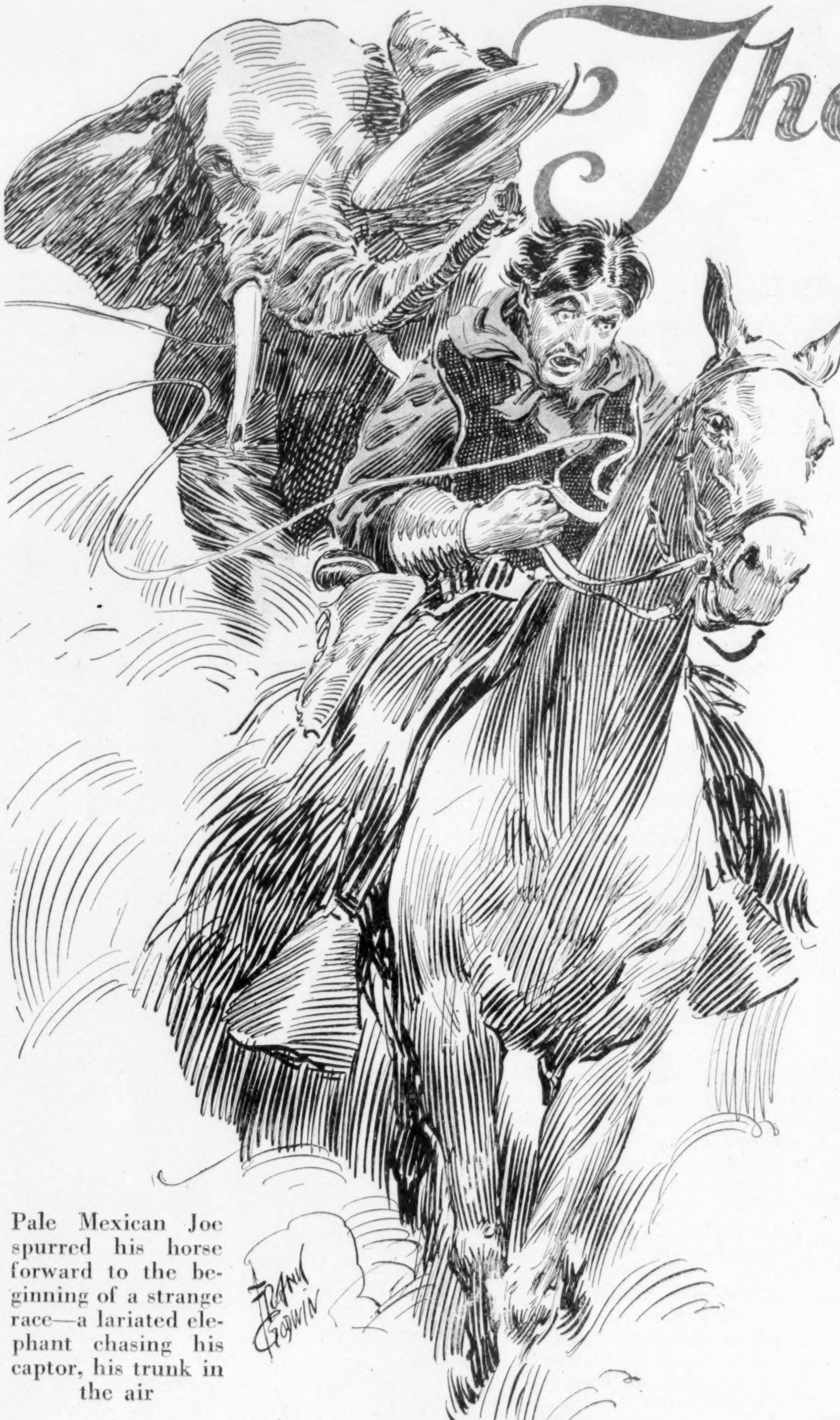
There's no Cage

When a circus beast makes his get-away, Comedy usually trots along with him

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



Pale Mexican Joe spurred his horse forward to the beginning of a strange race—a lariated elephant chasing his captor, his trunk in the air

THIS little effusion is built mainly for the timid person who simply won't go to the circus because the animals might escape. After this, however, there may be more pleasure and less fear in a visit to the big show—in fact, there may come the time when, if the clowns aren't funny, one may hope for a lion to get out so that it may furnish a really good laugh! For, to tell the truth, the escape of jungle animals around the show, while it may be thrilling, is far more humorous than serious. It's been twenty-two years now since I ran away with my first circus. In that time I know of only two cases where an escaped lion or tiger seriously injured a human being. But I do know of many an instance where the poor, homeless beast, away from the only haven it knew, ran a mighty rough course before the humans got through with it!

On one of the small shows they're still doctoring Old Ben, a Numidian lion, for nervousness and indigestion, which they say was brought about by Ben's being subjected to a trifle too much excitement. It made him fidgety, he's not the same old lion any more—every time he sees a crowd he wants to hide. Old Ben made the mistake of leaving the cage that for years had been his happy home, and he may never get over it.

The escape happened in a small town in New York State last summer; Old Ben had found the door of his cage open, inadvertently left that way by a cage cleaner called suddenly to another task. A menagerie man, wandering the circus grounds just before matinée time, spied something tawny moving along the sidewalling of the animal tent, recognized Old Ben, and then, with a waving of arms, sought to corral him under a wagon, where he might be placed in a shifting den and carried back to his cage.

He was succeeding in excellent fashion until four townsmen, seeing the menagerie man was unafraid, hurried forward to become volunteers in the capture. More townspeople joined the first contingent, followed by the ever-present kid and his adventurous gang, armed with everything from stones to green apples. Whereupon the menagerie man asked the crowd as gently as possible would it please leave him 'n' his lion alone. To which the crowd paid no attention, and gathered in greater numbers as the matinée throngs began to reach the lot.

By this time it had become a matter not of rescuing the crowd from the lion but the lion from the crowd. Old Ben was doing a marathon, scooting from one end of the lot to the other, diving under wagons and scrambling out the other side, while the crowd scattered, sought positions of safety, then formed anew, thronging in the paths of the menagerie crew, which, assembled now in its entirety, was striving to move more swiftly than the voluntary pursuers. To no purpose. Someone turned in a riot call, and then a fire alarm, both of which were answered with alacrity, and the chase was on.

Across lots went Old Ben, mane flying, tail between his legs, while circus men yelled for order and the crowd yelled for a lion. Perhaps the showmen didn't appreciate it, but this throng had never before been given the pleasure of chasing a real Numidian king of beasts, and it seemingly intended to make the most of it. There was no danger. Every time Ben saw someone coming near him he moved in the other direction, and the crowd became bolder. Ben took to the open road, and the crowd, estimated at between five and ten thousand persons, went after him, women, children, automobiles, fire department and police patrol.

It was the strangest chase in circus history; the crowd, flooding through yards, jamming streets, even stopping traffic, would follow pell-mell until the lion would halt for breath and begin to circle; then the crowd would move as suddenly the other way, while automobiles tangled, drivers swore at each other, fire department swung about—and then it had to be done all over again, because at this moment the lion had decided upon an entirely different course. Five times the circus men corralled Old Ben, only to fail in his capture because the excited throng came so close that it interfered with the work and started the escaped beast on a new effort at safety.

It was not until the harassed beast took up a position in a blind area between two houses that the circus men were able to hold him there by stretching a canvas across one end, and finally return him to his dear old home. After which the crowd streamed to the circus lot, went into the menagerie, looked at the gasping Old Ben, and moved on in to enjoy the performance! The only one that had suffered was the lion himself.

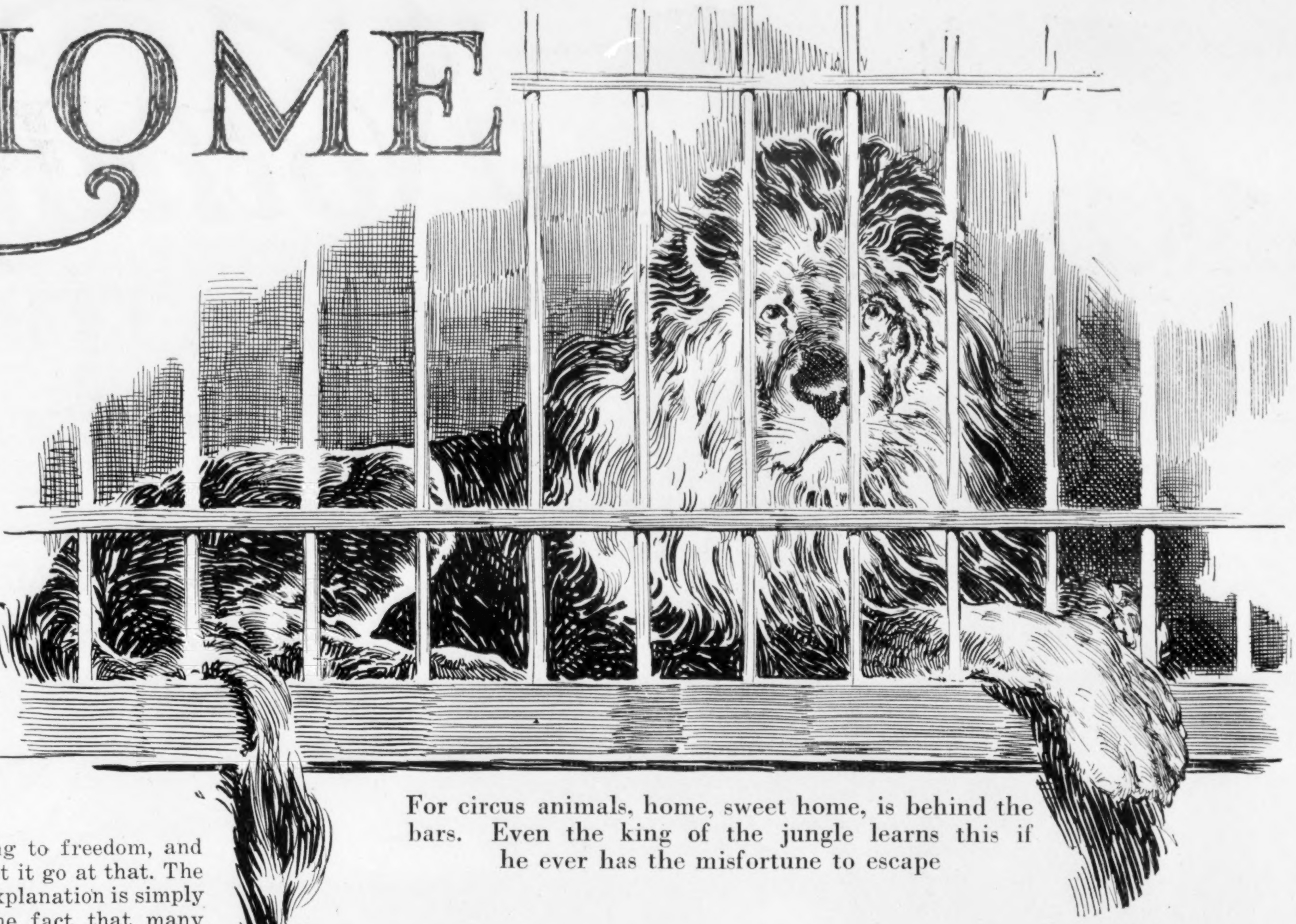
After which may be mentioned the paradox of it all. One act was missing from the show that afternoon—that of Rajah, the onlay-y-y-y, living-g-g-g, breathing-g-g-g untamable lion in existence, who twice daily almost killed his trainer as that intrepid being, with revolver spitting flame and courage paramount, made his escape from the den of this fearsome monster. All for the reason that old Ben, otherwise Rajah, the onlay-y-y-y, living-g-g-g, breathing-g-g-g, etc., was too blamed tired from having been chased by a mob to do his routine. He merely lay in his cage and panted. A lion's life is a tough one sometimes!

How to Capture an Animal

INCIDENTALLY, you may have noticed that Old Ben was captured by placing a piece of canvas across one end of his retreat. In that there is a strange piece of animal psychology—nor do circus men attempt to explain it. Attempt to tangle an escaped animal by rolling him in a huge piece of canvas and he'll tear it to ribbons. But merely stretch a piece of canvas sidewalling quietly about him, opening into a shifting den or shipping cage, or a cage which has been lowered from its wheels, and the escaped beast will make no effort to go through that cloth. He seems to regard it as invulnerable, accepts his capture as a mature fact, and quietly trots into his cage! The same is true with the apparently meager netting which is stretched over the steel performing arenas in which the circus animals do their acts. It would yield at one rip of the claw—if that rip ever happened. But it doesn't. The animals believe that netting to be as strong as the steel about them, and never bother it.

Once upon a time an animal trainer determined to find out whether it was because they really believed that to be a guard against escape or whether the top of the arena was too high for them to go over. So, in a vaudeville theatre in New York, he left the netting off the top. Then he yelled for the stage crew to ring down the curtain. The curtain came down and the crew went out. Four curious lions and two equally curious tigers had immediately skipped over the

like HOME



For circus animals, home, sweet home, is behind the bars. Even the king of the jungle learns this if he ever has the misfortune to escape

top and were busily investigating the stage. After an hour or so the show went on again—also the netting on top of the arena.

But, strange as it may seem, the usual animal is not looking for escape. He doesn't want to get out—and in half the instances of freed animals the cause lies in the beast being jolted out of the cage, or being liberated through the den being smashed in an accident, or overturning, or of actually falling out! Many an escaped cat is as surprised at his escape as the showmen. The door was open, and he was pacing, perhaps in expectation of food, and, not watchful of his step, he had wandered through the opening and tumbled to freedom! And of course there is an explanation, especially for the cat animals.

If you have ever owned a house cat and have moved from one house to another, you perhaps have noticed that tabby wasn't pleased. Sometimes she has even gone back to the old domicile, there to remain until rescued for the third and even the fourth time. It is a cat trait which runs through the whole feline tribe—tabby, jaguar, leopard, lion, tiger and all the rest. Unlike dogs, which like things, cats care nothing for things or persons, but like places. Hence the cat animal of the menagerie doesn't care to roam. It is inevitable, especially on the very small circuses, where the equipment is poor, and where often wagons are not blessed with the safety devices such as pertain on the biggest show—the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, where there has not been an escape in ten years—that a moment of thoughtlessness or a sudden call to other endeavors should result in the latch being uncaught on a cage door. But in seventy-five per cent of the cases where this happens, especially with felines, the lions or tigers or leopards merely gaze in bored fashion at the opening to freedom, and let it go at that. The explanation is simply the fact that many of them were born to cagedom; others have been in cagedom for years. Therefore, why should they leave the dear old fireside for something of which they know nothing?

In fact, there are only two animals, to my knowledge, that either work for freedom or watch for it with anything pertaining to design and planned escape. They are the two least harmful animals of all, the bear and the monkey.

With the bear it is evidently his curiosity—there is no animal mind that is more insatiable in its desire to learn everything that is going on in the world, and why. The bear, awaiting his cue at the "back door" or circus entrance, will examine everything in sight, the rigging, the tent stakes, every fluttering bit of paper, the people about him. And when he is put in a cage he goes over every joint and bolt and nut and bar with the air of an expert. If anything is loose, he'll find it. And he'll work for days, with the cunning of a desperate criminal, until at last the time shall come when, in the safety of night, he may sneak forth. And then—

If there is anything that escapes the notice of that bear, it isn't his fault. He's usually captured within two blocks of the circus lot, all for the reason that he is so busy giving everything the once-over that he hasn't time to go far.

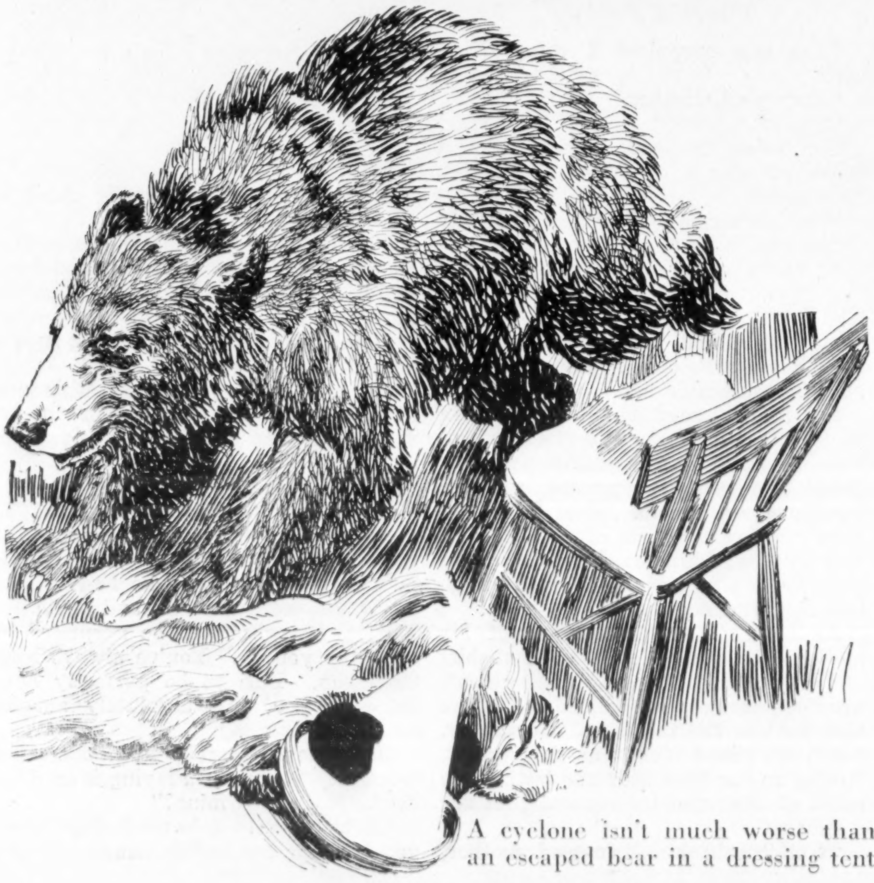
I remember one time when, while I was connected with a Western circus, we imported two polar bears, and with them a full barrel of herring for food. This was buried in a snowbank in winter quarters for refrigeration purposes and, since the circus was in its infancy and possessed no permanent cages in its winter home, the bears were left in their shipping case in the yard. Then one night there came a hurry call from the watchman. The bears had broken the side out of their den, killed a camel that happened to be in the yard, and escaped.

Sleepy menagerie men searched the neighborhood—but not a trace could be found of those polar bears. Farther and farther grew the circle, without result.

Then the superintendent noticed something—a gaping hole and a broken barrel where the herring had rested. About that time he heard something more—a well-defined sound of snoring. He went to the broken cage and, with lantern aloft, stared within. There were the bears, home again, their stomachs bulging, sleeping away the effects of their gluttony!

In fact, with the exception of the monkey, there is no circus animal which, once out of its cage, does not try its best to get back again. Elephants have been lost for days, only to be found quietly quartered in some shed or barn, attracted there by the smell of hay—which they took to be the odor of their regular home, the menagerie. Others have wandered back to the circus lot and to their regular place in the picket line—but in another town! Even lions and tigers and leopards, chased far from the grounds in the effort at recapture, have been known to circle about and return to the only home they know. But not the monkey.

Large or small, ape or mere rhesus, the simian wants to get as far away from the circus as he possibly can. He wants the woods, and he'll even swim rivers to get to them. Hardly a week passes that one of the small monkeys does not get away; he'll dart with incredible swiftness through the small door by which food is transported within—once out he's usually gone—often gone forever, for the escaped monkey dies easily once he is freed from the care of the circus.



A cyclone isn't much worse than an escaped bear in a dressing tent

Old Mom on a Spree

ELEPHANTS are just like lions and tigers and leopards. They know on which side their bread is buttered and where the peanuts are most voluminous. That's in the menagerie, and the menagerie is their home. But if there is anything that an elephant loves it is to roam—to move out of the menagerie some Sunday night and just look things over.

There's nothing malicious about it. There's not even anything dangerous. The elephants simply want to spend the night somewhere else, that's all. One morning, for instance, we all came on the circus grounds, to find practically every wagon spotted at a different place. The superintendent looked at the ground—then hurried to the menagerie.

"Them bulls loose last night?" he asked of the helper.

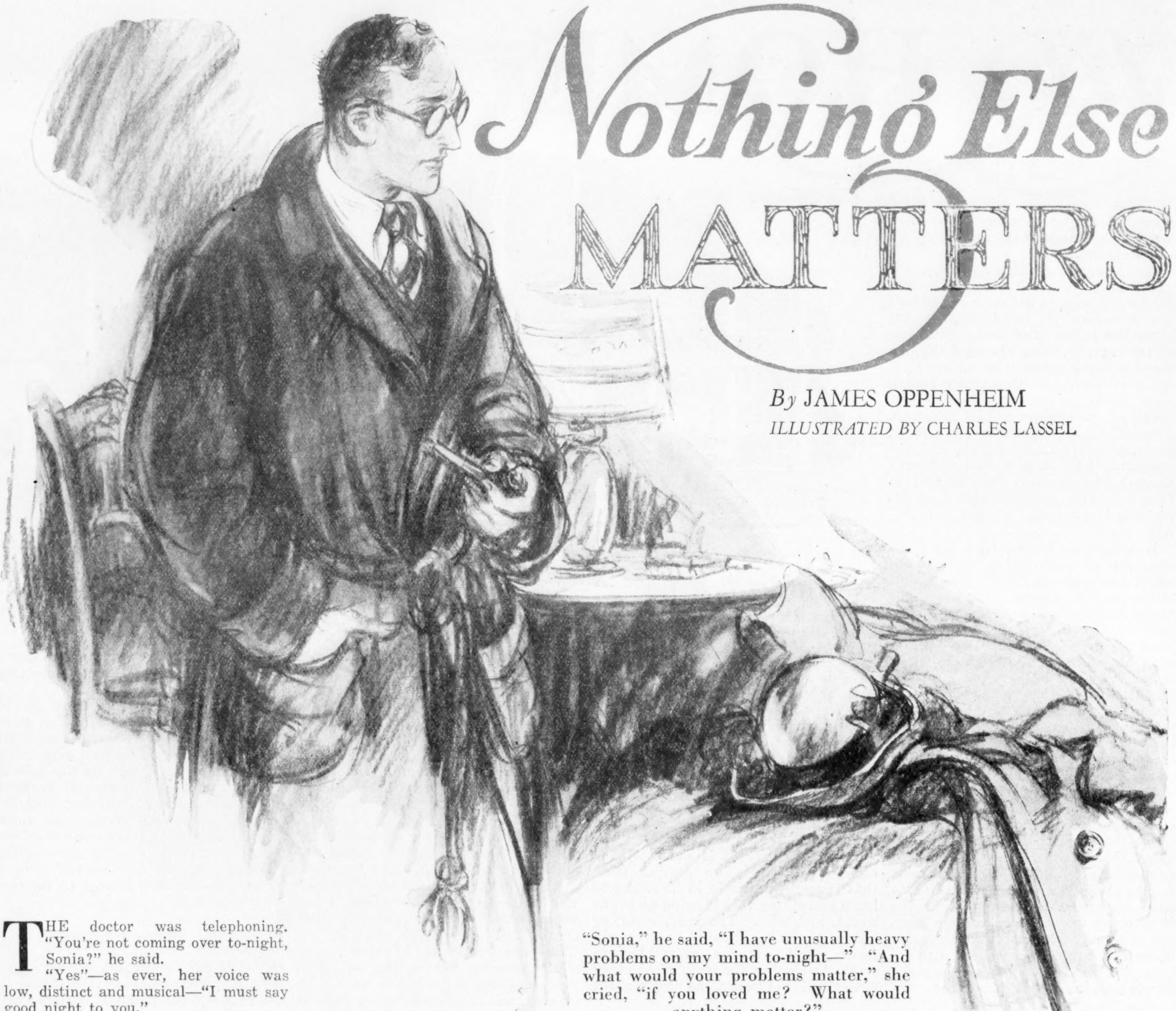
"Not that I know of," came the answer. "They was all at their picket pins this morning, with their hitches on the stakes."

But the prints were unmistakable. There is hardly an elephant in captivity that does not know how to untie a half hitch, by which he is fastened to his stake. And once a herd leader learns to tie one of the things, she—for a herd leader is always an august lady of some seventy seasons—immediately teaches all the rest of her crew. Careful watching proved this to be the case in this instance. Old Mom had taught her gang how to put a half hitch back on a stake, and they all had gone out on a lark, (*Continued on page 39*)

Nothing Else MATTERS

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSEL



"Sonia," he said, "I have unusually heavy problems on my mind to-night—" "And what would your problems matter," she cried, "if you loved me? What would anything matter?"

THE doctor was telephoning. "You're not coming over to-night, Sonia?" he said.

"Yes"—as ever, her voice was low, distinct and musical—"I must say good night to you."

"But it's snowing."

"I don't mind."

"Well," he said, with a touch of weariness, "at nine then. Good-by till then."

There was a pause, which exasperated him. Her voice was scarcely audible. "Am I tiring you?"

"No, dear. At nine. So long."

"Good-by," she said, and hung up.

He reached from his desk chair to the window shade and pulled it up. Through the lamplight of East Broadway fell the snow, drifting and blowing. Passers-by ducked their heads against it or hurried with it. The sill was piled high; the window spotted.

Suddenly Davy spoke from his table in the corner. "Say, Dad."

"Yes, dear."

"Dad."

"Well, go on. What's it all about?" The doctor was annoyed.

"Dad, when are you going to marry her?"

"The new Mother?"

"Yes."

"Soon, Davy. Do your lessons."

Davy's voice suddenly became intense. "I think I hate that woman."

The doctor turned, shocked. He looked gravely at his son. "I'm sorry, Davy. Why do you hate her?"

"I don't know, Dad. She's—sticky."

He was about to reply, when, glancing out the window, he noticed a limousine stopping before the house.

"Gott im Himmel!" he exclaimed, "there's your grandmother. . . ."

Davy was on his feet instantly, and gathered his books and papers.

"Don't you dare tell her, Dad, I'm home. Or say I'm studying. Will you, Dad?"

The doctor grunted.

"You will, Dad, won't you?'

"Anything under heaven, Davy."

Davy shut the door after him, muttering, "Women! women!" and the doctor rose up, and lit his pipe, and stretched himself. He felt morose and rebellious. He was sick of everything, of Sonia, of Davy, of his patients, of the East Side, and of his mother, who was about to pay him a visit.

"I suppose," he thought, pulling down the shade, "she must pry in here, after the family inspected Sonia the night before last."

That was it. Ever since the ordeal of taking his new bride-to-be up to his mother's, on ' Madison Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, where the whole dam' family, in-laws and natural, looked her over, this growing sense of revolt and hatred had been with him.

He opened the door to the sharp knock. His mother took his hand, reached up and kissed him.

"Are you surprised I came, Morris?"

"Very glad, Mother."

"*She* isn't here?"

His voice dragged. There was a sense of shame in spite of himself. "Not yet."

"Oh, she's coming," said his mother.

"Not till nine."

"I won't be here half an hour."

SHE took off her fur wraps, laid them on the couch, and took the deep leather patient's chair. The doctor sat at the desk beside her.

She looked proud and aristocratic in that East Side room. It was a comfortable room, but the wall-paper was faded, the woodwork grimed, and the furniture rather old. Mrs. Rast was keen-eyed, with a look of authority as well as of worldliness; she was smartly dressed in silk, and had bright rings, brooches and necklace.

As always, in the presence of his mother, the doctor felt a little shabby and low-down, and as though he weren't practical enough. He felt at such times that he was the failure of the family, "with his grand ideas," as they put it, "living on the East Side and letting the scum of that quarter squeeze him for a lemon."

"Well," said his keen-eyed mother, "do you know what I really think of this marriage of yours?"

The doctor felt himself weakening. It was as if blow had followed blow and he were about to cave in. "No," he murmured.

"I think it's a shame to bring such a person into the family."

He grew pale. After all, this was his mother. Her blood ran in his veins and her opinion was powerful with him.

"What have you got against her?"

"What," cried his mother, "can you see in her? If she were smart and good-looking and had style, that would be something. Or if she had brains. Or if she were sensible and ordinary. Morris, I oughtn't to be surprised at anything you do. You've always been that way. But, to be perfectly honest with you, this absolutely amazes me."

He managed to rally himself enough to smile. "Aren't you laying it on a bit thick, Mother o' mine?"

"A bit thick! I haven't slept since you brought her to the house. If you have no regard for me, or for the family, at least you ought to have for Davy."

"Davy?" he echoed, and then flushed, remembering Davy's words.

"Davy," she went on relentlessly, "is sixteen. He needs a real mother, a true woman. And what are you bringing him? A slop. A girl who can't wear clothes, much less mend them; a girl who can't eat neatly, much less cook. A person who will fill the place with paints and oils and brushes and canvases; mix everything up—Lord!" She stopped and looked about the room. "It looks enough like a tenement house already; after she gets into it, it will be a pigpen. I know what artists are like," she added.

HE SWALLOWED a bitter lump in his throat. He shifted uneasily. "Well, what else?" he muttered.

She leaned toward him and fixed him with her eyes.

"Morris," she almost pleaded, "if you'd only come to your senses now; if you'd only come out and show the family what's in you. I've always believed in you. I expected such great things. You have more brains than all of them put together. If you'd only do it for Davy's sake."

He sank back wearily and sighed. He knew what was coming. "Yes, yes, Mother," he murmured.

"What do you get out it?" she went on. "You live in poverty, you bring up your boy in the slums, you wear yourself out—for what? For a lot of Jews who get rich and move uptown and leave you here to cook in your own juice. Your Uncle Fred will be glad to give you a start. Move uptown and you'll have the richest Jews in New York, the swellest, for your patients. You'll make a big name and give Davy a chance in life."

She paused. He looked down at his crossed knees.

"Morrie, dear," she pleaded, "give this all up. Give up this silly marriage and these foolish ideas. You're just in the prime of life, and perhaps this is your last chance."

He said nothing. It seemed to him as though a great structure of dreams was collapsing about him.

"What do you say, Morrie?" She leaned toward him.

"I don't know," he sighed, looking away. "I am pretty discouraged, Mother. You may be right. I've been on a treadmill for nearly fifteen years, and it gets nowhere. Nowhere."

She rose, and he rose.

"I must go now. But say you'll do it."

His face was drawn. He looked at her. "I'll think it over."

"You always think," she flashed. "*Act,* this time."

He smiled. "I'm the same old two-and-six. But thanks, Mother, for coming. I'll think about it."

She reached and kissed him. "Please me, this time. I'll be so proud of you."

"I'll see."

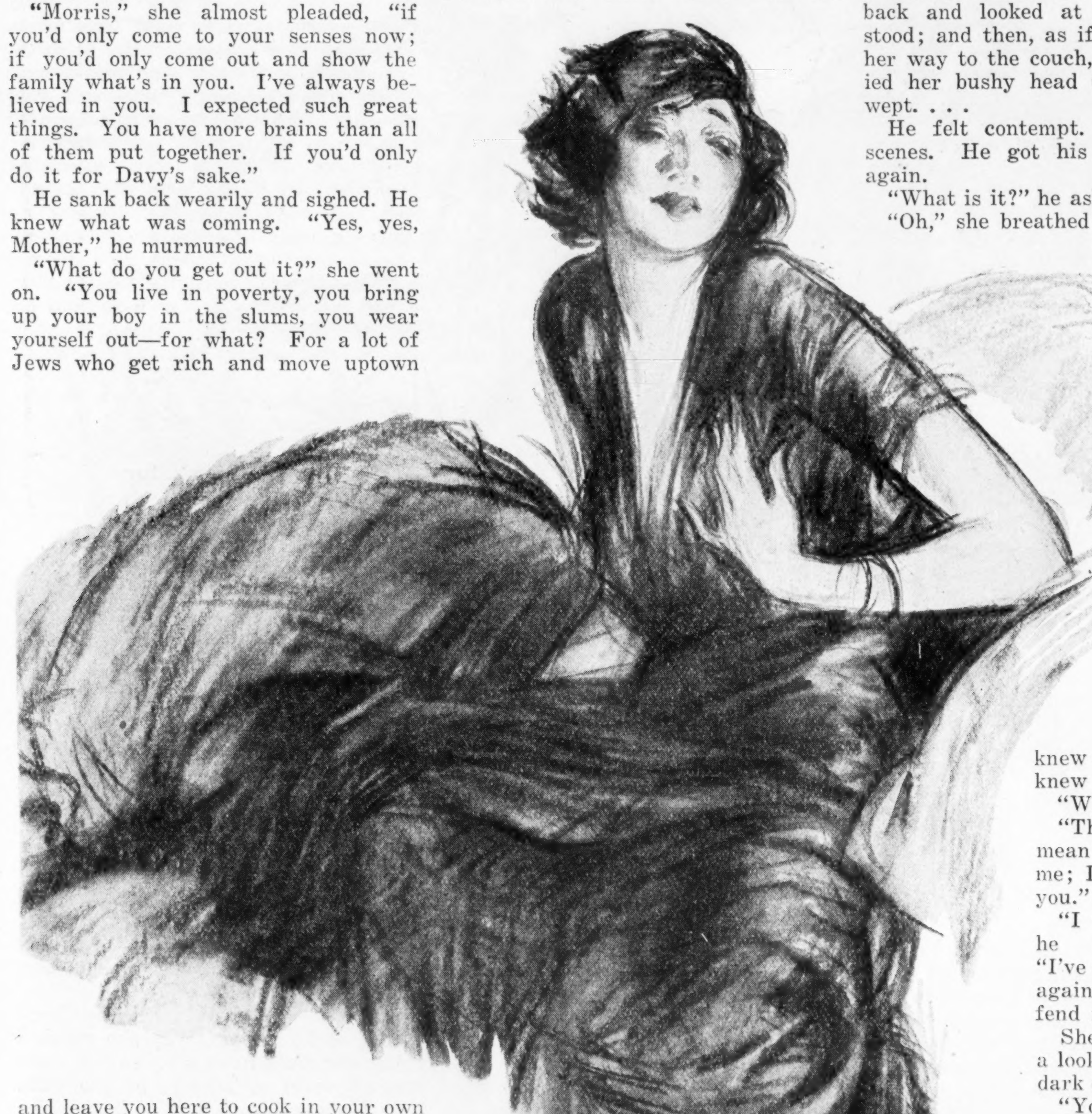
Her voice stiffened a little. "Well, good-by."

They were cold to each other at the door.

"Good-by," he said evasively.

Then she was gone. . . . He shut the door, went back to the desk and sank deep into his chair. . . . "Yes," he thought, "she's right. I'm a failure. I've come to nothing. I'm a poor son, and a bad father."

A feeling of despair went through his chest and settled cold about the heart. Then he remembered: Sonia was coming at nine.



Suddenly it seemed to him that he could not bear to see her. It was as if she were all his weakness and failure and foolishness in one. She was everything his mother and his family hated. She was everything he ought to give up. Certainly she made a poor showing. He winced as he thought of her shyness and awkwardness, her clumsy clothes, her poor belated or muffled remarks, her general appearance before his uptown family of being out of place. "What can you see in her?" his mother asked. Yes, what?

There came a soft, soft knocking on the door. Her knock.

He rose, heavily, and with set face, his heart ice, and let her in. . . .

"Oh, dearest," she breathed, "I'm all snow."

She laid off her coat, and took off her hat. He stood by. Suddenly her arms were tight about his neck. They were firm, warm arms, and her sleeves were short. He felt the pressure of them, gathering him close, and next her lips, which to-night seemed thick, were fastened to his and he was aware of the passion that sought to draw out his very soul. . . .

He did not respond.

"Dearest," she whispered, "dearest."

His voice was colorless. "Yes, Sonia."

She was unnerved at once. She drew back and looked at him. Thus she stood; and then, as if stricken, groped her way to the couch, sank down, buried her bushy head on her arm and wept. . . .

He felt contempt. He wanted no scenes. He got his pipe and lit it again.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh," she breathed between sobs, "I knew it was coming. I knew it was coming."

"What was coming?"

"The end of all. You mean my whole life to me; I mean nothing to you."

"I won't discuss it," he said haughtily. "I've told you time and again and I won't defend myself."

She sat up and flashed a look at him from her dark eyes.

"You know what I say is true. Your family hates me. Even Davy hates me."

He said nothing.

"It's true," she cried, "and you hate me too. But oh," she wailed, "I knew it would be like this. I knew I loved you too much, and you didn't love me."

"Sonia," he said, I have unusually heavy problems on my mind to-night—"

"And what would your problems matter," she cried, "If you loved me? You've said words to me, but if you loved me, what would anything matter? I would do anything in the world for you. If you were on the other side of the earth, and called to me, I'd drop everything; I'd walk all the way; I'd starve, beg, steal, anything to come to you. No," she mourned, "it's all over. It's ended. We shall never see each other again."

And she sank down again, her head buried in her arm, and her body heaving. . . .

He strode up and down, frozen and miserable. Minutes passed.

Then he paused and spoke. "Sonia," he said, "you're making a mountain of a molehill. This is a mood. I'm up to my neck to-night, and I simply can't feel what you want me to. Let's wait till to-morrow. Let's sleep on it."

She was quiet then. As she rose, her face was beautiful in its sorrow. Her eyes, tear-stained, looked dark and deep, and as though the sorrow of all women shone in them. With quiet dignity and ineffable sadness she stood before him.

"I can stand the truth, Morris," she said—her voice a strain of somber music. "This is the last time you shall see me. You are free. Good-by."

She put on her coat and hat and moved toward the door.

He stood rooted, his heart beginning to throb thickly. She turned, as though to come to him. Instead, her eyes caught his, in a final despairing look, and she opened the door, and closed it quietly behind her. . . .

"Damn!" he burst out. Then he lit his pipe again, and puffed furiously. He didn't know, at the moment, whether he was sad or glad. Nor did he have time to discover. The telephone on his desk began to ring insistently.

INSTANTLY the doctor in himself reappeared. His personal side was buried. The quick, expert, professional temper rose like a mighty backbone of strength. "Yes," he said sharply.

"Dr. Rast?" came a throaty voice.

"This is Dr. Rast."

"Could you come over to Eldridge Street to-night?"

"Who is it?"

"Abram Sholem fainted. We gave him something to eat; he was starving. But he's pretty sick."

"Who is this talking?"

"This is Mr. Lenowitz; I rent him his room."

"I'll be right over," said the doctor.

He had on hat and coat in a few moments, picked up his bag, and opened the back door.

"Davy," he called.

Davy was at the other end of the hall, studying in the dining-room.

"Yes, Dad."

"Don't wait up, dear. I'm called out."

"All right, Dad. Good night."

"Good night, Davy."

Then he was out. The snow was swirling. It blew in his face, and down his upturned coat collar, and he had to bow his head and beat his way against the wind. People whisked past him, a car rumbled by, the policeman at the corner gave him a "Bad night, Doctor," and suddenly he walked with great free strides and felt sound and whole.

"This is a bit of all right," he thought. "I'm free, and myself. Yes, I'm going to cut out of all this, and be independent, and show them a thing or two."

As for Sonia: "She'll get over it. It never would have worked. She's not my kind. I've got too much uptown in me; I'm too practical and sane. She'd drain my life out. Yes, Davy was right. Sticky—she's sticky."

So went his thoughts. He came to Eldridge Street, and walked along till he found the number. It was a great tenement house,

(*Continued on page 34*)

SARGON, King of Kings

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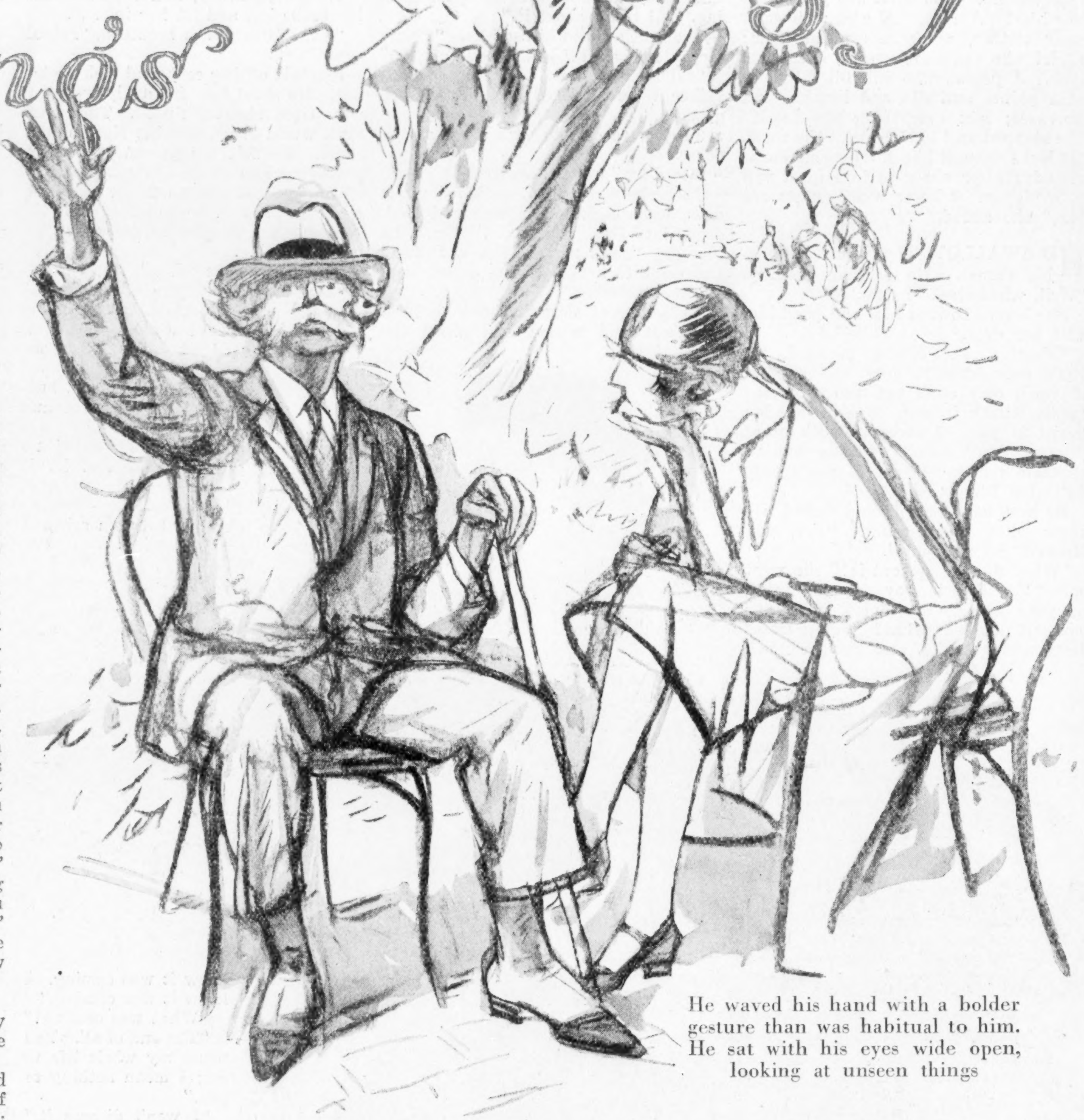
By
H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN



He waved his hand with a bolder gesture than was habitual to him. He sat with his eyes wide open, looking at unseen things

Chapter V

"THE scales," said Mr. Preemby, "have fallen from my eyes."

He had chosen a seat upon the common which commanded an extensive view of the town, the town crowned by the green cupolas of the Opera House and lying as though the houses had been shot out of a cart down the long incline to the Pantiles. Beyond were the wide distances of the Kentish hill country, blue and remote.

Christina Alberta waited for more.

"This experience," said Mr. Preemby, speaking with an occasional H'rrmp—"all these experiences—difficult to relate. Naturally I think you are of a skeptical disposition—taking after your dear mother. She was very skeptical. Of psychic phenomena in particular. She said it was Nonsense. And when your dear mother said a thing was Nonsense, then it was Nonsense. It only made things disagreeable if you argued it was anything else. As for myself—always the open mind. No dogma either way. I just refrained."

"But, Daddy, have you been having psychic experiences? How could you have psychic experiences down here?"

"Let me tell you the story in due order. I want you to see it as I saw it—in due order."

"How did it begin?"

Mr. Preemby held up a propitiatory hand. "Please! In my own way," he said.

Christina Alberta bit her lips and scrutinized the tranquil resolution of his profile. There was no hurrying him: he had to tell his tale as he had prepared it.

"I do not think," said Mr. Preemby, "that mine is a very credulous sort of mind. It is true I am not given to argument. I do not *say* very much. But I think and observe. I think and observe and I have a kind of gift for judging people. I do not think I am a very easy man to deceive.

"And it is to be noted that I started the whole affair. It began at my suggestion. I do not know what put it into my head, but I do know that it was me started the whole thing going.

"You know, after your departure our little band at the Petunia Boarding House was reduced to just six persons, not counting the young gentleman from Cambridge who was, as Miss Rewster says, a Bird of Passage. Naturally the six of us felt rather drawn together. There were the two Miss Solbés, both very intelligent young ladies, and there were Mr. Hockleby and Mrs. Hockleby and Miss Hockleby and there was me. We were drawn together at lunch after you had gone off—it was a little showery and we had a fire in the drawing-room, and Miss Solbé, the one with the glasses, tried to show me one of her Patiences. We got into quite an interesting argument about whether it was possible to *will* which card would turn up next. I have always inclined to the view that for certain people, people with the necessary gift, it was possible to do so, but Mr. Hockleby showed himself extremely skeptical in the matter. He said that if there was a card on the top of the pack ready to turn up, and if one willed that a different card should turn up, then that meant that one had really by sheer will force to remanufacture two of the cards in the pack, make them over again, each into the other, make them blank, reprint them and everything. But I tried to explain to him that this is not philosophically sound because of predestination. If you were predestined to will that such a card should be on the top of the pack, then that card was also predestined to be there. He argued—"

"But is it necessary to tell me all this, Daddy, before we get to your psychic experience?"

"It is just to illustrate the fact that Mr. Hockleby was an extremely skeptical person."

"Was that young man from Cambridge present at the discussion?"

"No-oh. No. He was not. He had probably gone down to the Garage to see if his Spare Part had come. He was always going down to the Garage to see about his Spare Part."

Mr. Preemby H'rrmped and began a new section of his narrative.

"IT WAS in the evening after dinner," he said, "that things really began. I went into the smoking-room—to smoke—and afterwards I went into the drawing-room, and when I went into the drawing-room I had no more thought of occult phenomena, Christina Alberta, than I had of flying over the moon. But as I came into the drawing-room I saw Miss Solbé looking at her Patience cards which she had just put out, and the way she was holding her hands on the table reminded me of the way I had read that people put their hands together on the table when they were trying experiments in table turning. And almost without thinking I said: 'Why, Miss Solbé, the way you are holding your hands is just the way they do when they are going to do table turning!' I said it just like that.

"Mr. Hockleby was reading his paper at the time—the 'Times,' I think, but it may have been the 'Morning Post'—but he put it down when he heard me say that and he looked over his glasses at me and said, 'You don't believe in that sort of thing, Mr. Preemby, surely?'

"His wife was sitting with her back to me, and from the way she spoke I think she must have been eating some sort of sweet or lozenge at the time. '*I* do,' she said. 'We did it at home dozens of times before I was married.'

"And I don't know what put it into my head, Christina Alberta: it seemed almost as though it was something behind myself that did it, or it may have been a sort of antagonism I have always felt about that man Hockleby, but anyhow I said, 'I'd really like to try some of this table turning.'

"The younger Miss Solbé; she's really quite a charming young lady when you get to know her, and it seems she has been reading a little occult literature lately—"

"How old is she, Daddy?" asked Christina Alberta, regarding him with a look of novel suspicion.

"I don't think she can be very much more than thirty-two or three. Thirty-four at the outside. And really quite well-read, quite well-read. Well, anyhow, she said she would like to try it. And Miss Hockleby, evidently she had been brought up on strictly skeptical lines by her father, she was curious too. So, to cut a long story short, we tried it. Only Mr. Hockleby objected and Mrs. Hockleby overruled that. She was the only one among us who had ever seen anything of the sort before, and so it was she who arranged things and told us what to do. We chose a very solid table, the one that usually has the big aspidistra on it, and while we were turning out the lights—"

"But why did you do that, Daddy?"

"One always does that," said Mr. Preemby. "It makes the atmosphere more favorable. We lit a candle which Miss Margaret Rewster got for us and turned out all the electric lights, and while we were doing this, in came young Mr. Charles Fenton and said . . . *What* did he say? A peculiar expression. Ah, yes! 'Gollys,' he said, 'what's up?' "

"Was that the young man with the motor bicycle?"

"Yes. The young man from Cambridge. We explained what we were doing and asked him to join us. He declared he knew nothing of psychic phenomena, had never experimented with it at all and seemed very doubtful about taking part in the trial. 'I don't think there's anything in it,' he said. 'We shall just waste our time.' Indeed, I remember now that he did go out intending to visit a music hall, and then he came back and said it was raining. It's very important to note that he was not at all eager to join us and that he was quite uninformed about occult things because, you see, as I will tell you, we found out presently that he was a person of exceptional psychic gifts, much greater psychic gifts than anyone else among us.

"Well, we arranged ourselves about the table in the usual manner, thumbs and little fingers touching, and for a time nothing seemed to happen at all. We found Miss Emily Rewster was peeping in through the slightly open door, and perhaps that may have had an unfavorable influence. I suppose she wondered what we were doing and why we had asked her sister for a candle. Then Mr. Fenton got very restive and grumbled to himself and said it was the silliest way of passing an evening he had ever tried. It was a little difficult to persuade him to keep silence and persevere. '*All* right,' said he, with a kind of resentment. 'Have it your own way.' And then suddenly came two violent raps, raps like little pistol shots, not immediately under the table it was, but as if it was in the air a foot or so under the table. And then the table began to move. Slowly at first, shifting along the floor, and then quite strongly twisting and pushing up against our hands. It was very weird and impressive, Christina Alberta, very weird and impressive indeed. It rose nearly two feet, I should think, and then Mr. Hockleby broke the circle and it fell rather heavily, I fancy, and the leg hit his shin. He uttered an exclamation and stooped to rub his leg and in the indistinct light he hit his head on the edge of the table. It seemed almost a judgment on his skepticism, I thought. We turned up one or two of the lights to attend to him. 'I don't like this,' said Mr. Fenton. 'This is a bit too rum for me.'

"I asked him to try just once more.

" 'I don't like this table riding up like this,' he said. 'It's such a bad example for the chairs. Suppose some of them start playing cup and ball with us! You might get a nasty toss from a buck-jumping chair. And besides, it's a lot too like a Channel crossing for my taste.'

"I think we were all a good deal excited by what had happened and all the others, even Mr. Hockleby, were eager to continue.

" 'Next time I shall *press* down,' he said. I think he was a little suspicious that either his wife or me had something to do with the phenomena. Evidently spiritualism was a long-standing dispute between him and his wife. His wife said she had seen tables move before but none so actively as this one had done.

"DOWN we sat again. We had hardly waited a minute before the table began rocking about in the most extraordinary fashion and then absolutely flew up, so violently that the elder Miss Solbé was thrown back over that ottoman that is there and I was bumped under my chin. At the same time there was a perfect volley of cracks, like somebody cracking his fingers but ever so much louder. It was quite a comfort to have the lights up again and see Mr. Hockleby holding the table down firmly in its proper place. 'Damn you,' he said—quite loudly. 'Damn you. Keep down.' Miss Hockleby and her father picked up Miss Solbé, who was on the floor in a sort of hysterical fit of laughter with her feet waving about.

" 'I don't like this,' said Mr. Fenton again. 'It goes through one like an electric shock.'

"He spoke quite simply.

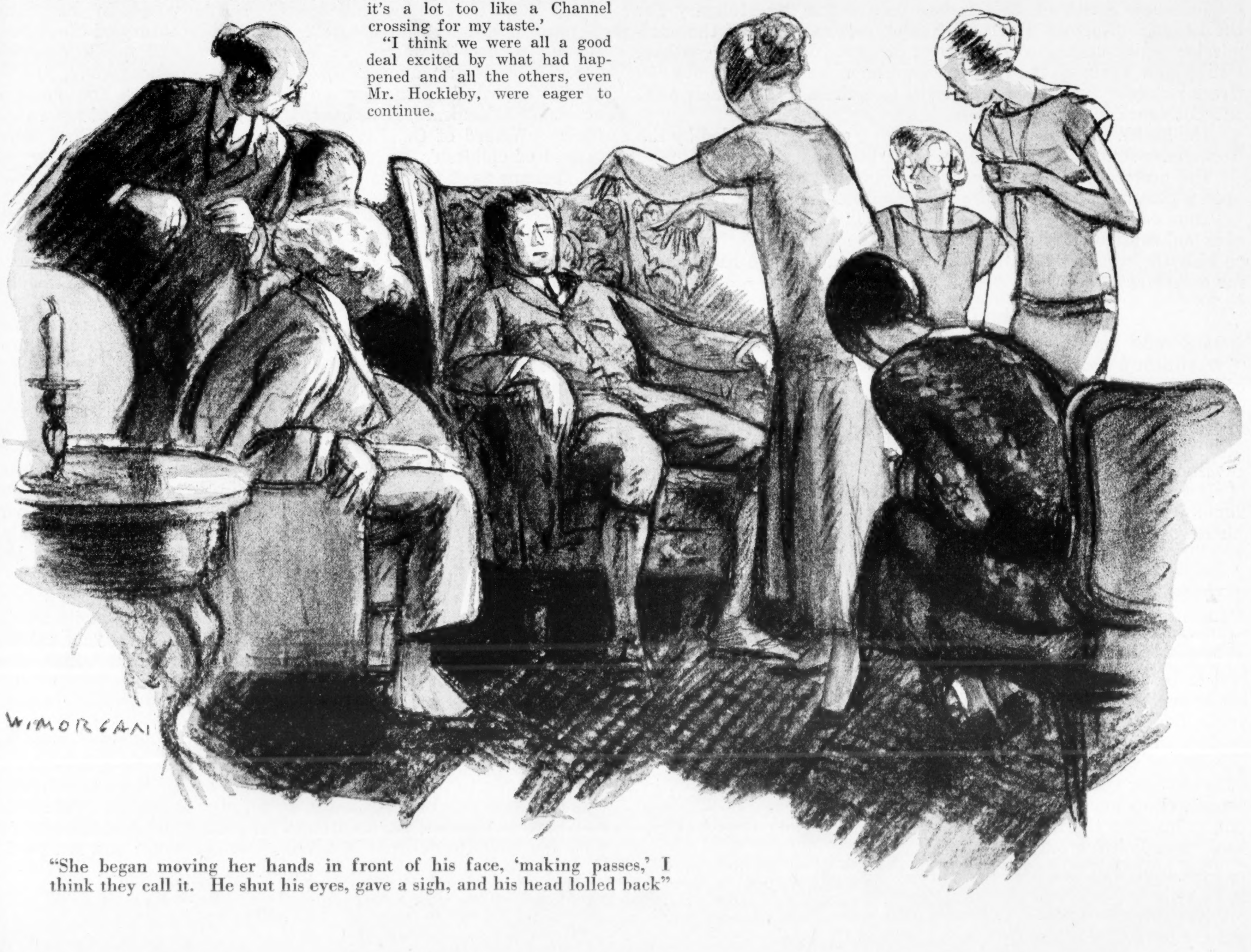
"The only one of us who had had any experience with occult phenomena was Mrs. Hockleby, and she had not done anything of the sort since her marriage to Mr. Hockleby, five or six years before, because of his skepticism. She said now that it was very evident that some very strong and resolute spirit was present and was trying to communicate with us, and she explained a simple and safe method of getting into communication. We were to reform the circle round the table and we were to call over the alphabet, and when we came to the letter the spirit wanted there would be a rap and so we should be able to arrive at something definite. There is a sort of code quite well understood, it seems, in the spirit world, in which you convey 'No' by one rap and 'Yes' by two and so on.

"We set to work at this," said Mr. Preemby. "We asked if the spirit would like to spell out anything, and it answered with two very loud raps, and then Mr. Hockleby read out the letters; A, B, C, and so on. When it got to S the spirit gave a rap so loud it made me jump."

"And what did you spell out, Daddy?"

"A name quite unknown to me then; SARGON and then KING OF KINGS. We asked: was the spirit that was communicating with us Sargon? The answer came *No.* Was Sargon present? *Yes.* Then who was our communicant? OUJAH. Who was Oujah? WISE MAN. It was a very slow process spelling out the words in this way, and by the time we had got so far we were all very tired. Mr. Fenton in particular was very tired. He yawned and seemed greatly exhausted, and said at last he felt so weary and muzzy that he *must* go to bed. That was really very natural, because, though none of us realized it at the time, he was the actual medium under Oujah's control. He went to bed and we tried to go on without him, but the magic had departed and we could not get so much as a rap. So we sat for a time talking all this over, Mr. Hockleby

(*Continued on page 40*)



"She began moving her hands in front of his face, 'making passes,' I think they call it. He shut his eyes, gave a sigh, and his head lolled back"

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MORE BOOTLEGGING

ON APRIL 1st a distinguished American, George W. Wickersham, will sit down at a table in Geneva. Round the table will be fifteen men from other nations. Together, as a League of Nations committee, they will plunge into the codification of international law. Let it be added at once that Mr. Wickersham serves solely as an individual.

On May 4th other Americans will sit down at a table in Geneva. They will confer with delegates of many nations about the control of the traffic in arms and munitions. They will represent our government, but it must be strictly understood that, although the conference is called by the League, we are there as a non-member.

Lately an American delegation withdrew from the League conference on opium, but only after it had made a powerful impression upon world opinion. The delegates went and came away of their own free will, not at the command of our government.

Jeremiah Smith of Boston has been managing Hungary for the League. Norman Davis of New York was head of the commission which untangled the Memel dispute. Henry Morgenthau, also of New York, led the League commission which saved 1,000,000 Greek refugees. All these Americans took these jobs on their own, without sanction from Congress.

The health work of the League is being generously aided by the Rockefeller foundation—a private American endowment.

The protocol for disarmament and outlawry of war was based upon a plan made by an American committee—unofficial, of course.

Thus our "bootlegging participation" in the affairs of Europe goes on, without too harshly rasping the nerves of those who cherish the myth of isolation and the dogma that we should live for ourselves alone.

Justice Should Begin at Home

SOME folks say Governor Donahey of Ohio is soft-hearted in his treatment of criminals. He has been severely criticized for some of his pardons. The other week, his eighteen-year-old son Hal was arrested for speeding. The boy pleaded guilty and spent three days in jail without so much as a phone call from his father.

"I can't interfere with such a plain case of justice," said the governor.

It takes a pretty big man to pick justice with such a steady hand. Governor Donahey knows what we all should know—that justice ought to begin at home.

Immigration and the Breed

THE United States is not freely open to immigration. That point has been settled. What still remains to be decided is the best basis upon which to admit or exclude those who ask admittance.

The present law is a makeshift, defensible only because there had to be some kind of law and there was not time to fix up a better one. Prof. Roswell H. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, has an idea which is worth considering.

Let us admit, he says, only those immigrants who will be actually an asset to America. Let us require them to be at least a little cleverer than the average American. This can be determined fairly well by admission tests. The result will be, says Prof. Johnson, to improve the American breed just as a farmer improves his herd "by admitting only superior stock."

The proposal is, perhaps, not so bizarre as it seems, for the Johnson tests would merely take the place of certain others—danger, hardship, love of liberty, hunger for land, yearning for adventure—which weeded out the feeble and unfit from among the pioneers in North America and which are responsible for the nation's soundest and healthiest qualities.

The next Congress might do worse than give a few minutes to the professor's suggestion.

That "Rebellion of Childhood"

A BEAUTIFUL phrase graced the resolution voted against the Child Labor Amendment when the Georgia Legislature said that federal action "would . . . give irrevocable support to a *rebellion* of *childhood* which menaces our civilization." (The italics—need we say?—are ours.)

Oh, our appalling children! How horrid their menace to Papa's pocketbook and to the profits of the struggling manufacturer! But we are safe after all. The grown-ups themselves have staged a rebellion of sorts. They have trampled down the amendment in enough states to make certain that it cannot be ratified this year, or next, or perhaps ever.

But the possibility remains. Article V of the Constitution sets no limit on the time within which three fourths of the states may give their approval. In the prohibition amendment Congress itself fixed a limit of seven years. An effort was made in vain to put such a limit on the Child Labor Amendment.

It is possible for the rejecting states to change their minds. This was done in the case of the reconstruction amendment. Thirteen states turned it down. But the carpet baggers went into the South and made ten southern states reverse their action.

Carpet baggers have not yet appeared in the ranks of rebellious childhood. But the children's amendment is not dead, and it may never be. Its opponents had better make good on their propaganda and clean up the child labor laws state by state. If they don't the rebellion will break out again and perhaps force federal action.

And They Weren't All Trashy

DO PEOPLE own and read books? Do the people in your community care about literature? The Public Library of Cincinnati set out to get the facts. It learned that 2,622 families owned 318,513 books—an average of 122 books to the family. "The Sheik" appeared on the list only once. There were few modern novels. Shakespeare, Browning, Burns, were typical of grown-up books. Wizard of Oz, Elsie Dinsmore and the Rover Boys were typical of children's books.

Perhaps most folks do think seriously of books.

Maybe It is Just Words

THAT sometimes amusing weekly, "The New Republic," recently put in print an article under the snappy title "What Ails American Youth?" and then asked this question: "Is it possible to augment the objectivity and the versatility of the response of the individual mind to life by cultivating the range, the plasticity, the inveteracy and the intensity of the consciousness which the individual fastens on his own behavior?"

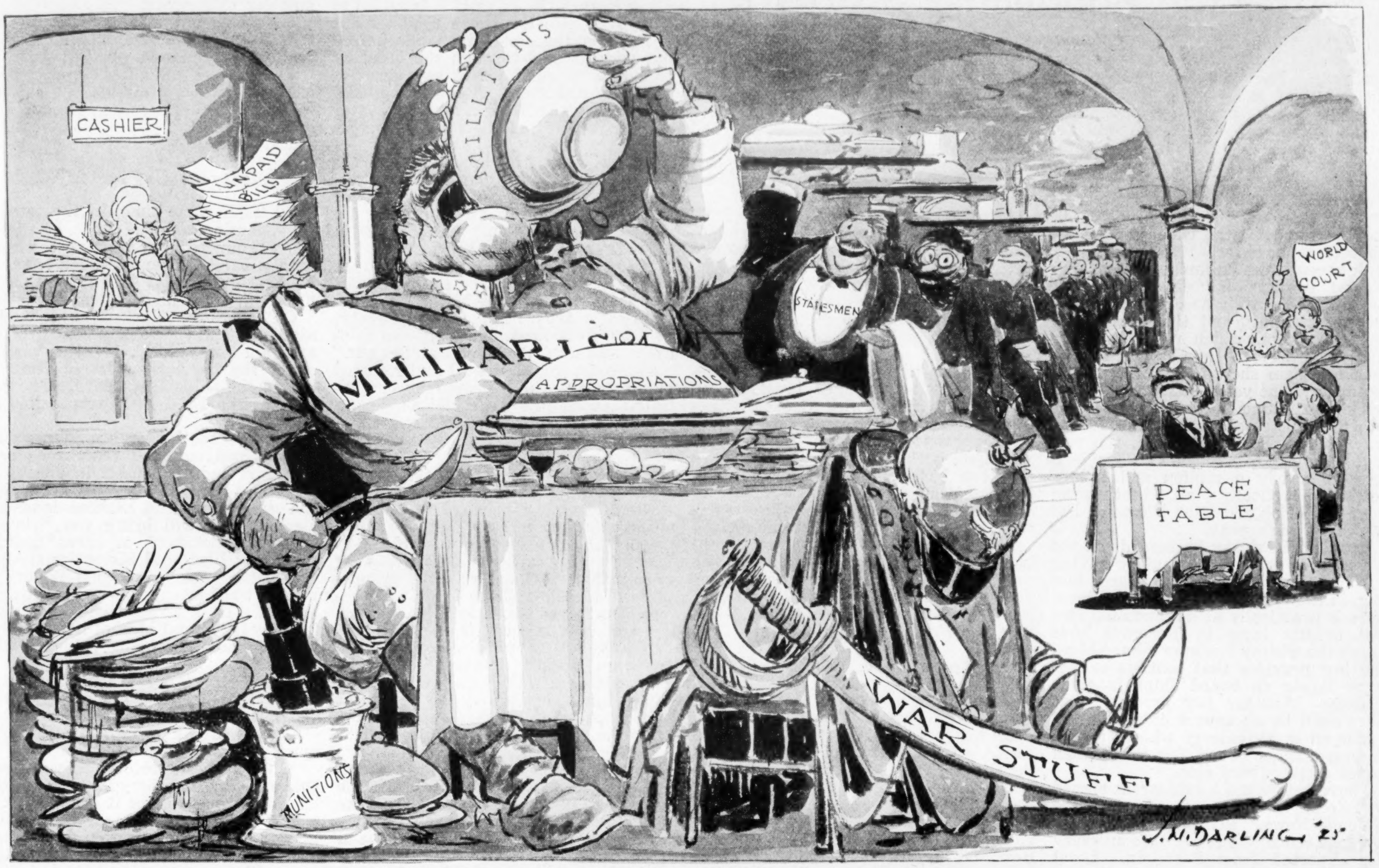
The question which we are asking is this: Can it be that what ails America is just Words?

When the Flying Wedge Shouts in the Sky

ONE drizzly March evening a sportsman's wife ran to him: "John! There are foreigners all around the house and they've been drinking!" John went to a window. "My dear," said he, "that's only the spring going north." *Awonk, aweeonk, awonk, awonk!* Brass voices in chorus—a gaggle of geese, forced low by the weather and drawn to the town's blurred lights.

You see them passing over in the daytime, breasting the upper winds, a regular *V* with a wise old, tough old gander at its apex. Had you known them only from books you might doubt your guess, for the long black necks need not show and the big wings fan leisurely. Don't geese fly at express speed? In a pinch they surely do. But now they are on the sky trek to the wastes around Hudson Bay, nothing can touch them so high, and they're taking it easy.

Possibly the eldest ones wonder, these Marches, that guns do not trouble their stops to feed and rest. It used to be heads-up-or-die both ways, to the breeding grounds and back. Even then, their wits took such care of them that now, with the Migratory Bird Law, they have an excellent chance to last for centuries. And the second time you hear that clamor it *is* music, it *is* spring; and it's good to believe that our grandchildren's children will hear it.

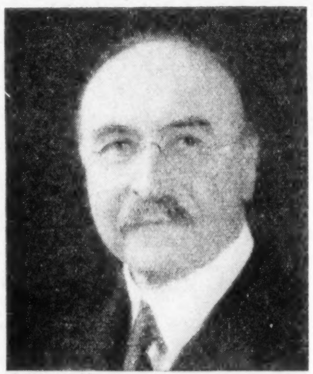


Confound it! Can't those waiters see anybody else in the restaurant?

WHAT IS THE PROMISE OF SCIENCE?

By Leo H. Baekeland

Former President of the American Chemical Society



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THE most powerful revolutionary force in the world at this moment is not communism. It is science. In the space of a quarter of a century science has created a world quite different from the one into which our parents were born. Make a list of even the more common mechanical inventions since 1900 and you will not find it hard to realize the literal truth of this statement. The result is that the great majority of us have been dragged into a civilization for which we are not prepared. And this situation brings about one of humanity's greatest dangers, just as it also contains our brightest hopes for the future. Out of it came a great war and threats of far more dreadful wars to come. Out of it may also come a better and happier race.

It is quite true, as anyone acquainted with the later development of the means of destruction knows, that science has made war decidedly more terrible than it used to be. In future conflicts no one will be able to find a place where he will feel safe.

But the remedy does not lie in stopping the use of chemistry in warfare. Chemistry has been used for military purposes since the earliest ages. Whether it was in the shape of the stinkpots or gunpowder of the Chinese against sword, bow and arrow, or the modern machine gun against poison gas, the soldiers subjected to it first indignantly protested, and then used the same or even more drastic weapons in return.

The remedy for war is less ignorance, less hypocrisy, less prejudice, less hatred, less greed and less lying on the one hand, and more decency, good will and accurate information on the other. Science is merely another name for knowledge joined with intelligence. No man's judgment—no matter whether he is a prime minister, a general, an admiral, a president, a politician or an editor—rises above his information. Scientists are against war because they know better than most people what war means. Science has had such an enormous influence on the organization of our cities, our industries, our agriculture—in short, our whole modern way of living—that, as with a delicate watch, a single broken cog will stop everything. War is the very opposite of everything for which the true scientist stands.

The greater task to which the chemist wishes to apply himself is not that of smothering people in their beds, or blowing them to pieces, but, on the contrary, of rendering this world a more comfortable place to live in and of making its inhabitants happier and nobler.

Leaving aside the immense strides which chemistry is daily making in our industries, one of the fields of incomparably greater importance is opening out to-day—that of biochemistry, or the chemistry of living matter. What dreams may we not indulge in if some of the possibilities in this line of research are realized, and we find ourselves, by controlling the chemical activities of certain ductless glands, able to make a man good or bad, strong or feeble, intelligent or stupid, peevish or happy, courageous or cowardly, generous or greedy? Who knows but the biochemist will gradually become a factor in the elimination of our houses of correction, our poorhouses, and our lunatic asylums? Who knows but he will revolutionize our schools and point the way to the development of a race of supermen?

These, and other achievements almost as dazzling, are possible if the scientists are allowed to carry on their labors in peace, and are not interrupted by the crimes and blunders of men of political power who are generations behind the times.

Pasteur, the great French chemist, showed that fermentation, putrefaction and contagion were the work of bacteria, and so laid the foundation for the elimination of such diseases as yellow fever, malaria and typhoid and for an undreamed-of reduction in the death rate.

If I live twenty years longer I expect to see discoveries made in the field of biochemistry which will surpass even Pasteur's epoch-making revelations.

After the Bootlegger—What?

Continued from page 6

one year. The best they had done in the way of consuming Scotch was $40,000 worth in one year. That $5,000,000 worth of Scotch was for America. In quantity it aggregated about 10,000,000 gallons. Add this to the Canadian 681,000 gallons and you have 10,681,000 gallons, which is only a small fraction of the 136,000,000 gallons of domestic whisky that we used to consume.

But even in the Bahamas the tendency toward dryness is being felt. The British treaty with America in regard to rum running, and that long forty miles to shore, which makes bootlegging a harder job than it was before, have begun to show their effect in the Bahamas. The year 1923 was the high mark of revenue in the islands. The total revenue stood at £842,000. In the year ending March 31, 1924, the revenue dropped to £562,000. This is a drop of nearly a million and a half dollars—practically all bootlegging money. Scotch from the Bahamas has passed its high peak.

The Scotch whisky business is on the down grade in Bermuda, after having enriched the colony for two years. Just now, in the spring of 1925, the business there is practically at a standstill. Two new drastic laws in Bermuda have struck the whisky business a hard blow. One law provides that tourists cannot carry liquor on board ships in their baggage. Another law provides that there shall be an export duty of $2.40 a case on every case of whisky placed on board ships bound for the United States or anywhere else.

I have before me a cablegram signed by Purcell, the famous editor of the "Colonist-News," saying: "The colony now gets ten shillings per case on every case exported from Bermuda. Local dealers have large stocks, but Parliament refuses to lower the duty to meet competition."

Bermudian whisky just now is practically not moving. The years 1921 and 1922 were the high-water mark whisky years in Bermuda. Tourists saw ships being loaded with whisky for the dry United States. But in 1922, runs the colonial annual report, "there was a considerable decrease in the *import* duties on rum and spirits." The Parliament tried to bring the whisky revenue up to the 1920 and 1921 records by putting on the export tax of ten shillings a case. The gentlemen who whistled down at the docks as they happily loaded their ships for the American Rum Row lost some of their merriment.

That year, in spite of the incoming and the outgoing duties on whisky, the whisky revenue of Bermuda fell off £70,000.

By that ten-shilling export duty we can measure in a way how much Bermudian whisky got into the United States. The tax indicates 8,422 cases. This amounted to less than 25,000 gallons of whisky headed toward Rum Row from Bermuda. In that year there was a decrease of $115,000 in the value of whisky exported from Bermuda.

Cuba has helped, of course, to dampen the United States. She jumped to the rescue of wet Americans in 1920 when she doubled her imports of spirituous drinks by taking in through her customs office 450,000 gallons. That isn't much for folks who had a record of over 136,000,000 gallons a year. But it was a driblet that dampened Palm Beach and Miami and other parts of Florida and perhaps parts of lower Texas and caused Florida visitors to declare that the whole United States was reeking wet. But Cuba expected too much from American drinkers. Never since that first year of 1920 has Cuba again in one year imported that much spirituous liquor. During the five years of prohibition Cuba has imported about 1,900,000 gallons of whisky. If every last drop of it had been smuggled to the United States it would amount to less than one half of one per cent of our previous consumption of whisky. It is less than one tenth of the alcohol that we use in our automobile radiators.

And now that the forty-mile limit has been established for Rum Row, and the coast-guard destroyers and launches that have orders to shoot are really on the job, it's almost certain that the bootleg demand for whisky from Cuba will fall off.

What's hit the Scotch whisky business? The answer is the determination of Warren G. Harding to enforce prohibition and the diplomacy of Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, together with some other new and striking changes in enforcement regulations. No single stroke against bootlegging and smuggling has been so effective as the one blow Hughes delivered when he arranged, in the spring of 1924, a treaty with Great Britain allowing America to search all British vessels suspected of carrying liquor anywhere within a distance from shore that can be traversed in one hour by the vessel suspected of endeavoring to commit the offense. Under this treaty, when a transfer of cargo is made, the "one hour" distance is to be measured by the speed of the vessel to which the cargo is transferred. Similar treaties have been negotiated with Denmark, Sweden, Panama, Holland, Italy, Norway and France.

The Game is Too Tough

"RUM ROWS" on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts used to lie three miles offshore. Sunday tourists of California or New York could run along the Golden State or the Atlantic Highlands road and see the outline of the vessels against the sky. In cheap small launches or even in rowboats the smugglers of whisky could go out to Rum Row and secure their wares. But the treaty changed all that. The prohibition unit, with its 1,800 enforcement officers, ceases to stand alone in fighting smuggling. The Customs Service, the Coast Guard and even the State Department became interested in enforcing the one-hour rule. Even destroyers, which had been built for the navy, were drawn into the fight under Coast Guard control. As soon as the Hughes treaty was signed it became the duty of the enforcing officials to make the first move against Rum Row. On October 4, 1924, an incident occurred which was as definite as the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter. On that day a high-speed Seabright skiff came dashing up on the sand at Long Branch, N. J., as if it intended to soar over onto the beach road. As it ground on the sand one man jumped out and plunged through the breakers to shore. A coast guard saw cases of whisky in the skiff. This was the boldest daylight bootlegging he had ever seen. He arrested the man who came out of the surf.

"All right! All right!" gasped the excited man, "but take me to a telephone in a hurry." The coast guard obliged, and within two minutes the prisoner had the Coast Guard office in New York on the telephone.

"Send out a cutter and seize the Fred B.," he said. "She lies southeast of the Scotland lightship. We came in to shore from her side with twenty-five cases of whisky in forty-two minutes. She was twenty-eight miles out."

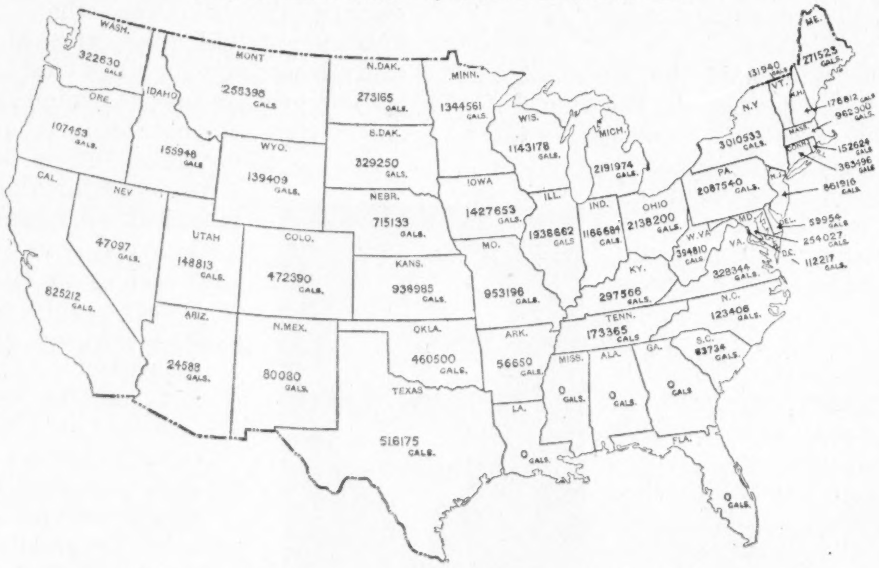
The coast guard gasped and released his "prisoner," who proved by credentials that he was a prohibition agent. Within twelve hours the Fred B., a great trawler 120 feet long carrying 4,900 cases of Scotch whisky, was a prisoner with her crew of seventeen at a pier in New York City.

Rum Row had discovered that twenty miles was not a safe distance from shore. The speed boats were too fast. The Rum Row captains knew that they were selling to men who had double-engined 40-mile-an-hour boats. Wherefore Rum moved out forty miles. There, in diminished numbers, it stands to-day.

"Going out to make a buy" is no longer a simple matter. Secretary Hughes took a wallop at Scotch smuggling, but the United States Coast Guard has taken another. It has been set to work by the government at catching smugglers. That, I understand, was another of President Harding's ideas. This sounds simple, but consider: The prohibition unit has $10,000,000 a year to work with; this has given it 1,800 field agents in addition to clerks and others. The Coast Guard, with 7,000 men, 120 launches and 12 destroyers, with $10,000,000 to spend on catching sea smugglers, joins in with the prohibition forces, in this year 1925.

Thus prohibition money has been doubled and the force of field men almost quadrupled, with the Coast Guard on the job. Bootleggers, with their new forty-mile run to shore, never before have had such opposition. I have talked with them repeatedly along the Jersey Coast, and invariably they say that the game is getting to be "too tough."

Prepared from map supplied by Dr. Morris Doran of the Industrial Alcohol Division of the U. S. Prohibition Unit



OUR automobiles are heavy drinkers. There are only five states in the Union where anti-freeze mixtures, based largely on alcohol, are not needed sometime during the year. Some of the warm states have cold mountain districts. Dr. Morris Doran, noted Washington chemist, has prepared this map showing that our 15,000,000 autos require over 28,000,000 gallons of alcohol in their thirsty radiators every year.

"They chase you and shoot at you," a famous runner told me in the village of Rumson, N. J.

"Look here!" He opened his vest and shirt; he was wearing a bathing suit for underwear.

"See how my wife sews on my buttons." He showed me dangling buttons on his vest and coat.

"I can jerk off all these buttons in one pull and be in my bathing suit and in the water, swimming, in less than one minute. It's getting to be a tough game."

Plenty of Use for Alcohol

AT THE same time, in the town of Atlantic Highlands, one of the famous "runners" was walking the street with a bandaged and swollen head. A machine-gun bullet had gone through his jaw, though he had escaped capture.

On only the darkest and wildest nights and in the fastest boats, costing as high as $12,000, do the runners along the northern Atlantic Coast go out to the ships these days. The capture of the Fred B. is responsible for it all.

The rye bootlegger has been practically wiped out, and the Scotch bootlegger is finding himself in difficulties. But there remains one other bootlegger, the gentleman who handles industrial alcohol. He will bring you "gin" or "rye" or "bourbon" or even "Scotch," but in all likelihood his entire stock in trade, the basis of all his liquors no matter what he calls them, is industrial alcohol. It is on this gentleman who handles industrial alcohol that the prohibition guns are being turned in this year 1925.

A congressman two years ago publicly asked Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner of the United States: "How will you spend the $10,000,000 appropriations you are asking for?"

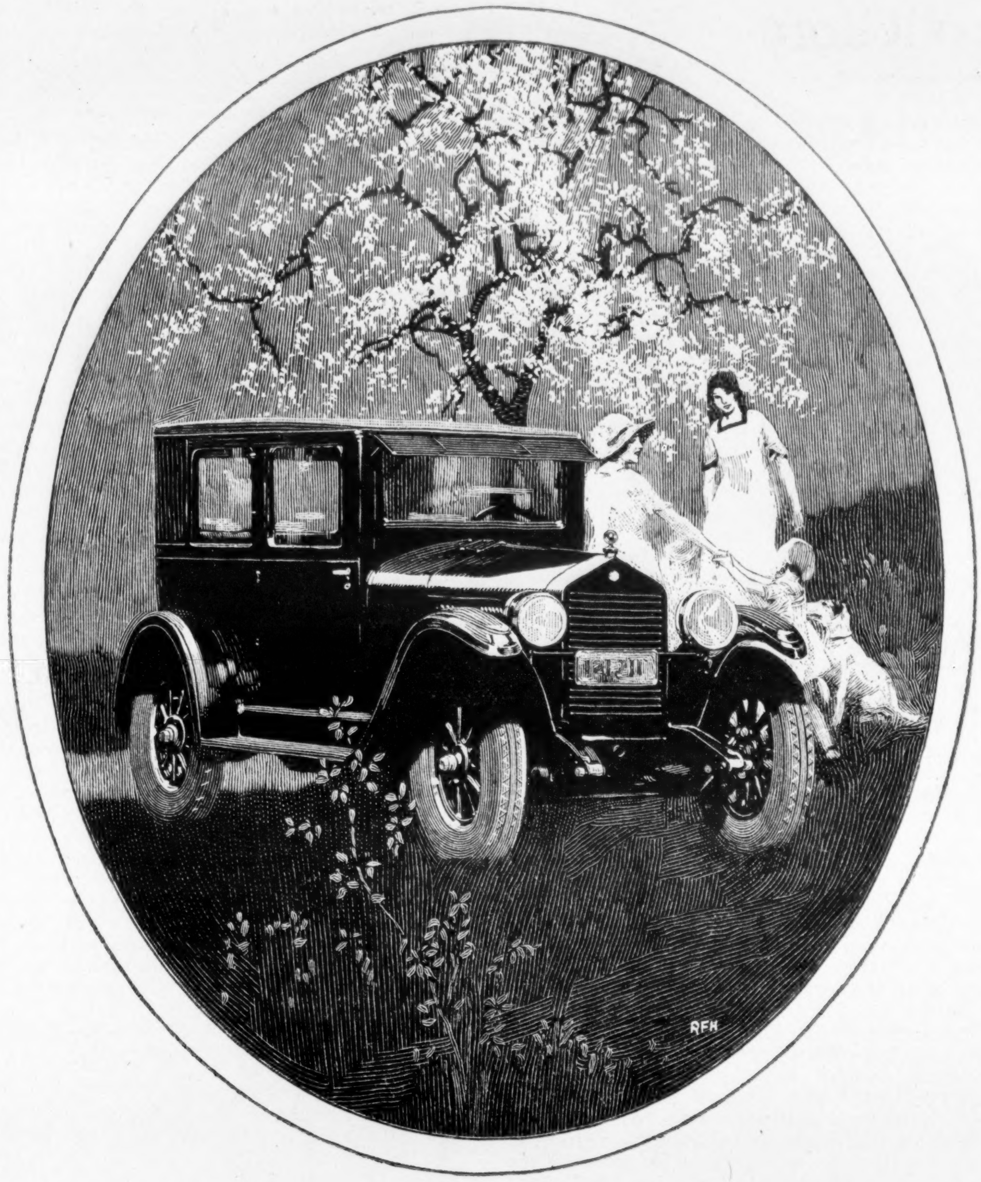
"Our greatest problem just now," was the answer, "is smuggling. We will have to spend most of it on that."

Last year another congressman publicly put a similar question to the same official. "How will you spend this money?"

"The smuggling problem is being settled with the help of treaties and the Coast Guard," he answered. "This year we shall spend most of our efforts in controlling industrial alcohol," he replied.

So that's the direction in which the prohibition guns are to be turned this year. There is plenty of industrial alcohol made. If it were all used for drinking purposes, it could keep America fairly wet. The 120,000,000 gallons made in one year approaches in quantity and double or treble in potency the 136,000,000 gallons of bonded whisky we drank every year. The production of industrial alcohol has been growing. After prohibition came in there was a sudden jump in the importation of molasses, from which most of the alcohol is made. The 71,000,000 gallons importation of 1915 jumped to 100,000,000 gallons in 1920. In 1923 it reached its peak, 183,500,000 gallons, and last year it fell over 10,000,000 gallons to 173,350,000. Some of this molasses is used for making cattle feed as well as industrial alcohol. But the industrial-alcohol business is not falling off; only a change is coming over it, with no harm to the great industry itself. There is no doubt that early in the prohibition era much industrial alcohol was drunk. In 1920 there were only thirty-seven plants in the United States making alcohol. Like the "wholesale druggists," industrial-alcohol plants sprang up like mushrooms. By 1923 the number of plants had risen to seventy-six, but the number of these plants was cut down to sixty-eight last year. It is amazing to note the peaks in the year 1923 of so many industries that had to do with the illegitimate use or distribution of alcohol. The prohibition unit has a strong ally in fighting the misuse of industrial alcohol. The "Alcohol Trades Advisory Committee," made up of eleven representatives of the great industrial alcohol-using trades, is constantly working with Dr. Morris Doran of the prohibition laboratory in Washington, to develop and control the use of industrial alcohol. No wonder the first years of prohibition were wet. During the first year of

(*Continued on page 47*)



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These qualities make it the most wanted and largest selling car of its class in the world.

It is the finest Essex ever built. It is the smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built. It is the best looking, most comfortably riding Essex ever built. And the price, because of volume, is the lowest at which Essex ever sold.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with less than Essex offers when its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Hudson-Essex, Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Closed Cars in the World

Pipes o' Glory

Continued from page 8

enemies, Norman bade fair to make up for the last generation's deficiencies in loyalty, for in three years of the German War he had become a battalion commander, achieved a Military Cross and a Distinguished Service Order. His baronetage was an Irish creation of 1622, so that he needed no titles or honors to implement it. A couple of nice wounds invalided him out, so that in 1918 he was attached to a military mission, given a red band on his cap and sent to America. In 1919 he returned with his wife, Pernella Prideaux, of Kentucky, whom he had met at Churchill Downs, which is the mecca of every good Irishman who goes to America, for there you see the Kentucky Derby. When news came back to Ireland that Grant had married an American heiress there were not a few heartburnings and a good many sneers. For since the German War, to quote a Negro chantey, "a good man's hard to find." Such is the personal end. Every Irishman wedding abroad is a loss to an Irishwoman. Also American wives take part in Irish politics, and, mostly unwise and being well-off, the damage they do is deep and various. So much for politics. There is an esthetic objection, it being held that every American heiress speaks nasally and has a "pop" in the background who has made his "pile" in "canned goods." Such is the abysmal ignorance of the Irish she aborigine of the upper classes!

BUT Pernella Grant herself was an answer to all their objections. The Irishwomen sportingly said that the better opponent won. The new bride of the Grants was not a beautiful woman, such as are seen on the cinema. Nor was her figure startling in perfection. She had a sweet-lined, healthy body and a lovely, friendly face. Her hair was black and dressed in an old fashion. A great knob of it at the back of her head. Her eyes were large and gray. Her mouth was no small mouth, but such perfect teeth had seldom been seen in the damp Irish land. She had a soft Southern intonation. In fine, her presence was more felt than admired. She was not a fine woman, which is Irish for a female of Phidian presence. But she was so lovable that everyone took her to his heart. One could imagine her singing "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny," or "My Ol' Kentucky Home," with dignity, which is not an easy thing to do.

Her social standing was vouched for immediately by the fact that her father had a big stud farm in Kentucky. Right away she was received with enthusiasm. When it came to a question of politics, and she said her husband's politics were her politics, all was settled. For the present Grant's record in the German War vouched for his feelings in the matter.

If Pernella Grant had not potent beauty her husband, Norman Grant, was nearly as handsome a man as Ireland has ever produced. He was a nice, handleable size and a decent weight. His features were beautifully cut, nose and mouth as in old sculptures of Apollo, and he had the Irish brown eyes, deep and clear like some rare jewel. His hair was of a red that is more often seen in women than in men, and it rippled back from his forehead in waves. His voice was clear and deep, with no tricks to it. Had he elected a theatrical career, he would undoubtedly have become a matinée idol, as the phrase is. With all his military glory and standing in Ireland, with his wealth, his wife, his good looks, yet there was something unsatisfied about the man. He was no woman's darling, but at the same time he was not a favorite with men. There was no sense of fellowship about him. One always wondered what he was up to, what he wanted with you, what he wanted out of you. Everybody admired him, had nothing to say against him, but didn't care for him at all. This, in Ireland, is queer.

Queerer still was this, that in Ulster, where new folk are not welcomed by peer or peasant, Pernella Grant became at once a universal favorite. It was not that she was a merry girl, for she was a low-voiced, grave-spoken woman. It was not that she made friends with men, for anyone could see that she considered Norman Grant the mirror of manliness and the vessel of masculine beauty. But one felt coming from her such friendliness and beauty of heart that put dour Ulster to shame. If one were in trouble one could tell that girl, you would say. It was a very queer thought that Ulster had existed for thousands of years without her in it, so much at home did she seem, so much a part of purple mountain and purling stream and sad, dignified dowan tree and sweet wild hyacinth.

IT SEEMED to Pernella a miracle how much at home she was in this now sweet, now harsh, eternally moody country. She was never tired of the wonder of the heather, the heather that seen from afar is a great mountain's purple cloak, and near is the sweetest, bravest flower that blows. The mountains like Gullionmore and Little Cooley were aloof, mysterious, dignified and at times had veils of cloud above them, as though some strange rite of gods was being celebrated on their peaks, too great for men to see. In the golden sunset their slopes were like some goddess' shoulder, a sweet, gracious line. The trees of Ulster were close to her—the ancient oak trees with their leaves, the dark green of ivy, the friendly ash and the proud, austere mountain ash, the hazel trees heavy with fruit. And here and there in Ulster were streams by the edge of which the iris flaunted, and where were swans. And when primrose and bluebell fled the golden buttercup and soft wild rose came to take their places. Even the rain was kindly. It swept down in fleecy mists from the mountains, washing the hedgerows and painting the green trees. At evening tide the sun lingered on Killevy Lake, a golden lake amid purple mountains, and the trout leaped in the clear evening air, and the moon rose in a clear sharp sickle or in golden majesty, or there was just the friendly dusk in a blue cloak, in a soft, voluminous, blue Irish cloak.

Everything in Abbeygrant was kin to her: the granite walls of the old mansion; the red brick of the garden; the heavy furniture of an earlier day; the immensity of silver; the open fires of peat and bogwood; the candles in the silver sticks; the old monastery without with its Celtic cross; its little graves in the woods where were buried the kindly brown brotherhood; the cloisters where now grew the bluebell and the tall grass. She could close her eyes and hear the monks sing complin. Out of ancient days for her rang the small ancient bell.

But chiefest of all things she loved in Abbeygrant was the tradition of the piper and the small limping drummer. Other Grant women had loved them, loved them because they had piped their beloved to their last rest, loved them because they conferred a patent of nobility which no King-at-Arms can confer, Lyon, Garter or Ulster, a distinction that the wealth of neither Zaharoff nor Rockefeller could buy, but Pernella loved them for themselves. Their duty, their loyalty, she thought wonderful. She could see the mountainy battle where the Grants fell, the leaping, murderous rapparees, their pikes gleaming, their eyes gleaming, the high Irish battle scream coming from their throats, and the company of Grants kneeling shoulder to shoulder, firing their muskets, a white cloud of smoke through which flashed small red tongues of fire, the crash of the old explosion, above it the tap of the drum and the wild skirling of the pipes, until last of all their company the piper and his little boy went down.

She could see them coming up the greensward of Abbeygrant in the moonlight, the blood-blinded piper and the lamed boy. She could hear the wild lament ring out among the cloisters:

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing and kind her caressing,
But now they are fled, they are fled far away.

While the fighting men slept, after the battle whose brunt they had borne so gloriously, yet the piper and the boy still carried on their ancient loyalty. When to the heaven of his forefathers, where there is hurling and story telling and dancing and drinking at the close of day, there came the news of the great death of a Grant the piper remembered his ancient office. And with an "Up, laddie!" to the drummer he would tuck the bag under his arm and on his shoulder spread out the ribboned reeds, and fingering his chanter, while the boy hung around his neck the antique drum—ah, Pernella understood their loyalty so well!—they marched out of the world of shadows into the soft Ulster night, and the country folk and the folk of Abbeygrant were told that once more a hero had gone to his heritage:

I've seen the forest adorned with the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and a' wede away.

WHEN one looks at this England of some years ago one is inclined to feel a little sorry for it. Irish poets stalked like Hamlets through Trafalgar Square, their high Celtic wailing drowning the sweet linnetlike notes of the English bards; Irish soldiers grabbing off marshals' batons and Knight Commanderships of the Monkey and the Goat, as the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George is known among the irreverent; Irish statesmen stating in loud tones—nothing particular, just stating. They demanded Irish freedom so long and so fiercely that they ended by believing that they wanted it themselves.

Nothing in history is quite as heartrending as the return of Irish exiles to their free land. And England sat back quietly and breathed. It was like getting rid of a brilliant turbulent guest.

In Ireland before the German War the exploitation of England was the main career. You got elected to Parliament; you became an undersecretary of this, that or the other office; if you were a soldier you governed a dominion, cape colony or what not. You started an odds-on favorite for His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council. But now things were altered. You had your own army; your own parliament. The trouble was that for a brilliant, warlike and statecrafty nation there was not enough army, parliament and offices to go around. So naturally the obvious thing was to start others. You had a government *de facto.* There had to be a government *de jure.* There was also an added starter, a government *in futuro.* These were all three starters in the Irish stakes, the Dominion, Republican and Soviet governments, the Dominion State favorite, nicely weighted and lying on the rails, the Republican nag not too far behind and content to fight out a finish, and the Soviet entry just out for exercise and experience—as yet.

Now, the success of a revolution is a delicate thing to bring about. You may have your revolution, bring down your government and yet the revolution be a failure. A revolt is always born in the gutter, though it be conceived in castles. When it is over you must get sponsors for it, dress it up to catch the eye of the world. It is not sufficient to put at its head "Mr. Jones," the pale student-like genius who carried it to fruition. The public will

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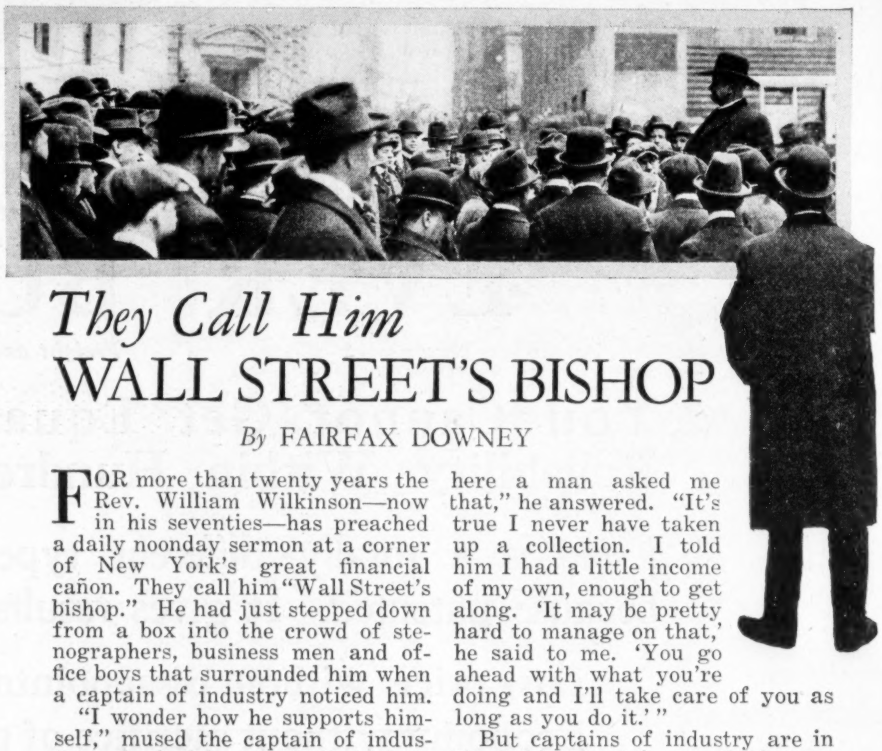


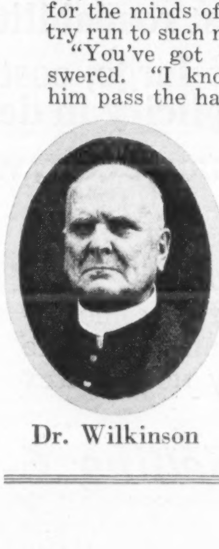
They Call Him
WALL STREET'S BISHOP

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

FOR more than twenty years the Rev. William Wilkinson—now in his seventies—has preached a daily noonday sermon at a corner of New York's great financial cañon. They call him "Wall Street's bishop." He had just stepped down from a box into the crowd of stenographers, business men and office boys that surrounded him when a captain of industry noticed him.

"I wonder how he supports himself," mused the captain of industry, who had heard of the bishop; for the minds of captains of industry run to such matters.

"You've got *me,*" a friend answered. "I know I've never seen him pass the hat or take up a collection. The best way I know of to find out is to ask him."



Dr. Wilkinson

So they did, for captains of industry are not backward.

The kindly old minister, whose homely Christian talks have done so much good, smiled at the question.

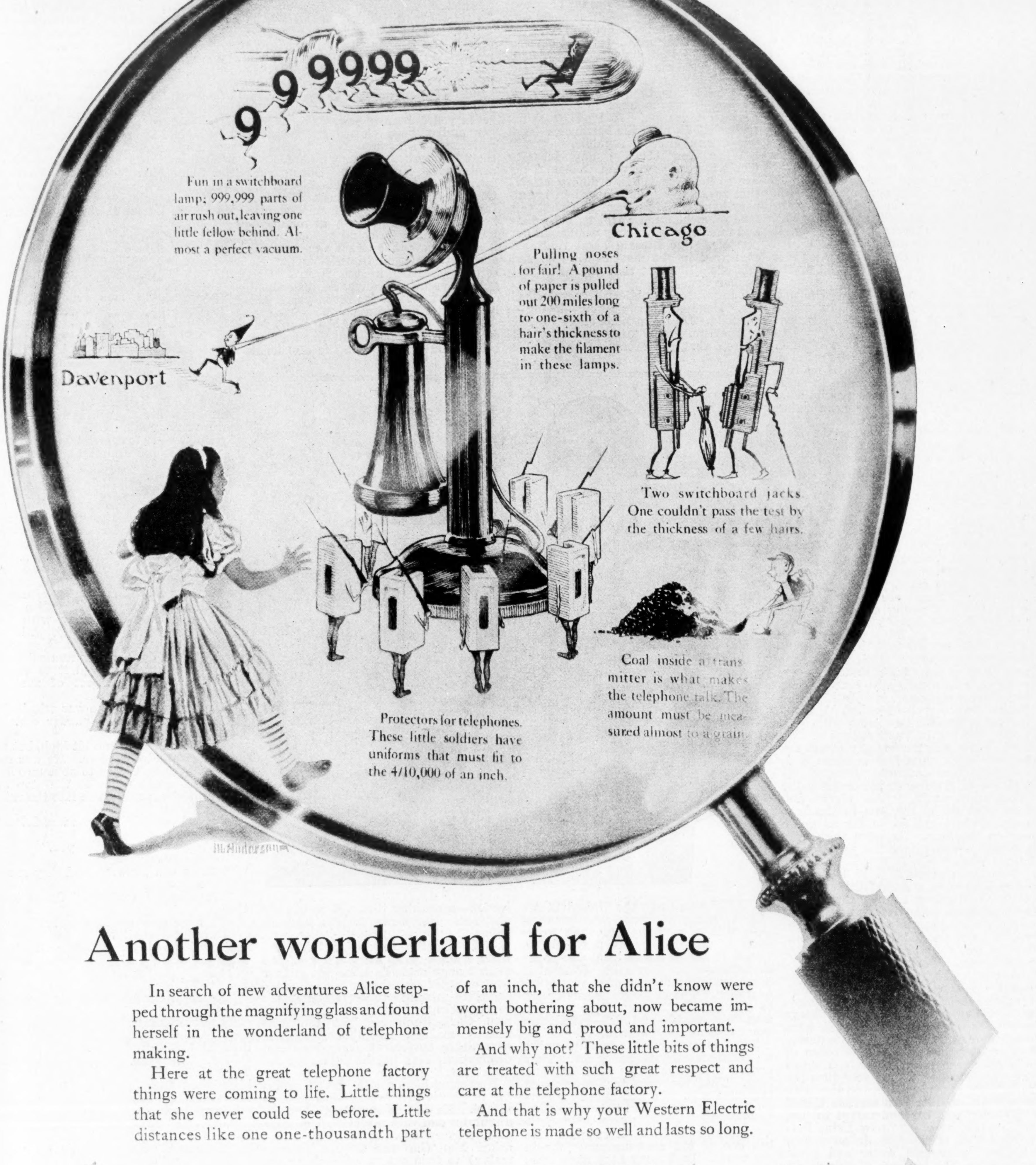
"Years ago when I first came here a man asked me that," he answered. "It's true I never have taken up a collection. I told him I had a little income of my own, enough to get along. 'It may be pretty hard to manage on that,' he said to me. 'You go ahead with what you're doing and I'll take care of you as long as you do it.'"

But captains of industry are in the habit of getting to the bottom of things. "Who was it?" they grinned.

"I'm bound not to tell you that." the Bishop of Wall Street replied. "But I will say that you can see his office from here."

Now from the corner of Wall and Nassau streets you can see many offices, including the office of the late J. P. Morgan, who was the firm friend of Dr. Wilkinson's. The bishop, however, is recorded as a missioner on salary from Trinity Church.

Be the origin of his support what it may, it is richly deserved. And the Bishop of Wall Street carries on to-day the work he began with this resolve: "If Wall Street won't go where the Gospel is preached, I will take the Gospel to the Street."


9 99999
Fun in a switchboard lamp; 999,999 parts of air rush out, leaving one little fellow behind. Almost a perfect vacuum.
Chicago
Pulling noses for fair! A pound of paper is pulled out 200 miles long to one-sixth of a hair's thickness to make the filament in these lamps.
Davenport
Two switchboard jacks. One couldn't pass the test by the thickness of a few hairs.
Coal inside a transmitter is what makes the telephone talk. The amount must be measured almost to a grain.
Protectors for telephones. These little soldiers have uniforms that must fit to the 4/10,000 of an inch.
M. Anderson

Another wonderland for Alice

In search of new adventures Alice stepped through the magnifying glass and found herself in the wonderland of telephone making.

Here at the great telephone factory things were coming to life. Little things that she never could see before. Little distances like one one-thousandth part of an inch, that she didn't know were worth bothering about, now became immensely big and proud and important.

And why not? These little bits of things are treated with such great respect and care at the telephone factory.

And that is why your Western Electric telephone is made so well and lasts so long.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Pipes o' Glory

Continued from page 28

only ask who the blazes is Mr. Jones? And new states haven't got time to explain anything. So you go get Lord Brokeranhell, whom all the world knows. If Lord Brokeranhell will do a little fighting so much the better. So Lord Brokeranhell and his pals take over the revolution, and Mr. Jones gets the air and learns the inevitable lesson that revolution is a mocker and comes to the sad conclusion that His Majesty the King is a nicer sort of person than Lord Brokeranhell. There is always a Lord Brokeranhell or a Sir Henry Bust around the corner looking for a good racing "job," or a deal in bootlegging, or a nice itinerant revolution. Sometimes, however, the revolutionists get hold of a man who, besides being inpeccable in family, is also sound in finance and has a keen brain and foresighted ambition. These men use the revolution instead of the revolution using them.

When Sir Norman MacLeod Grant, baronet, of Abbeygrant, found that the natural course of his ambitions was damned, to wit, England, he turned to see what could be done with Ireland. He was shrewd enough to see that even Ulster in the long run offered no further scope than, say, Bermuda. Southern Ireland had immense possibilities. In the event of modern science forging ahead, Ireland was naturally the aviation port of Europe for the New World. Already shrewd birds were calculating on buying ground for hangars in Galway City. In the event of Europe going red, Ireland was one jaw of the nutcracker that would nip John Bull. Progress and prosper with a New Ireland, or stay in the rut of centuries, living the life of a landed proprietor on the border, which was going out of fashion. How long landed proprietors were to exist even in a legally governed country was a problem. And even if they were to exist, was it a career for a young ambitious man? "Lucky Grant" decided it was not.

HE WAS not the first to secede from ancient loyalty. Others of higher rank than he had decided that glory and prosperity in a new-born Ireland were better than glory and exile in England. People tire so soon of exiles. He was acclaimed into the new order with open arms. He felt he knew enough of Ireland to see that the country would not be satisfied with a less measure than complete independence. Besides, he was one of the few of his order in the Republican ranks. The plums and honors would be for him in the long run. He did not go as far as going out on the hills. He gave the forces aid and comfort and the propaganda of his name.

Pernella was glad. Her knowledge of politics was a superficial one. In America she had always thought of Ireland, Greece and Italy as being the three most romantic units of the Old World. Greeks and Italians were not kin to her, but Irish were. There is nothing as intoxicating as a cause, and on the face of it there was no cause like the Irish. Place a gaunt, intellectual Irishman beside a ruddy, stocky Englander, and the ordinary man will wonder that the Irish were ever the subject race, for the outsider will not see the wisdom and sense of fair play beneath the beefy English exterior, and he will not recognize the fanaticism and morbidness in the Irish eyes. An outsider is a terrible thing!

As they met her and talked to her, these prophets of the new Erin, Pernella felt as if she were in an atmosphere of pure cold water and great gallantry. The projects of this revolt to medievalism entranced her. It was the vision of a Rossetti. In the new nation everyone would be noble. They would wear the ancient Gaelic costume, the kilt for men, the Grecian robe for women. Everybody would take the pledge against intoxicants. They would speak Erse, that was moribund or dead, but could be revived. There was considerable discussion as to whether smoking would be allowed, but it being discovered that tobacco could be grown in Ireland smoking was graciously conceded. But modern dancing was severely frowned upon. Its lewd embracing was to be supplemented by four-hand reels, which were graceful and energetic. Horses were to run races, but there was to be no bookmaking. Improving works were to be read on Celtic civilization. A land of saints and scholars, went the battle cry. Such was the intellectual republic.

When you christen any insanity ideals it goes down with women. They are so hard-headed in ordinary affairs that they become unbalanced in imaginary hypothesis. To Pernella Grant this land of monks and harpists, both male and female, was not only wonderful but possible. She became heart and soul engrossed in the movement. She met this one. She met that one. She met Pedhar Grady.

The young republican general liked her. None could help liking—loving—Pernella. He felt a little sorry for her enthusiasm, for he knew perfectly well himself that the dream of the Gaelic state was a bit far off from what the reality would be. So did her husband. The only persons better off, after the turmoil and assassinations of a revolution, are you and your pals, because if you are wise foreseeing people you have cinched jobs. General Grady knew this. So did Norman Grant.

But Pernella was living in a strange dream, and Pedhar Grady had a great respect for dreams. He had no intention that she should be disturbed. He had no particular liking for her husband. He knew the type too well. When you have been a guerrilla warrior for seven years, been in jail, been on hunger strike, been chased by military, policemen, shadowed by informers, there is very little of human nature you don't know. He knew that this new admiration of Grant's for his father, the Commandant Archie Grant who had fallen with Cronje, was insincere. He knew that Grant was only in the movement for what he could get out of it. He also knew that Grant was in deep, deeper than Grant himself knew. He scented disaster in the future. One gets to scenting things, as an animal scents them, when for seven years you have been a hunted man.

He was often up at Abbeygrant for dinner, for Norman Grant was keen on being good friends with the divisional officer. Sometimes a young Catholic priest in black clothes and Roman collar would walk in, or a nurse in blue cloak and hood would drive up, and each of these would be Pedhar Grady. Quietly men would post themselves around Abbeygrant armed with rifles to protect their chief. And within Pedhar would go through dinner, telling in a matter-of-fact way incidents in his campaigns: of how he had escaped from Dartmouth prison dressed in the clothes of the warder he had bound and gagged, of his capture of the Auxiliaries' ammunition wagon in Drogheda, of his attempted raid on Dublin Castle, and how he had swum the Liffey on Christmas night. And Pernella would play after dinner and sing the rebel song of the Shan Van Vocht, the Poor Old Woman that has been the rallying song of Irish revolutionists for centuries. Here's the United Irishman version:

> Oh, Boney's on the shore,
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht;
> Oh, Boney's on the shore,
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht;
> Oh, Boney's on the shore.
> You can hear his cannon roar,
> We'll be freemen once more,
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht.
>
> Oh, Boney's on the strand,
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht;
> Oh, Boney's on the strand,
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht.
> Oh, Boney's on the strand,
> With a sword in either hand;
> He's a royal rebel man;
>   Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And as he listened to the soft contralto, saw her sincere face, her sweet sincere face, Pedhar Grady decided that if tragedy were to descend on this house, he would do his utmost to protect and shield her.

BUT he didn't get the opportunity. It happened, as in revolutions all things happen, much too quickly. Grant had listened to the Dominion men, while up to the neck in the opposition plans. The Dominion men sprung a new one. The colonies and England are hanging by a thread, they said, and if we stick by this Dominion government, now throwing our weight with the other commonwealths, now with the mother country, we, Ireland, will undoubtedly govern the empire. It sounded good. It was downright practical politics, and Grant preferred it to vague visions and the prospect of further fighting.

"Are you with us?" he was asked.

"I am," said Grant, "under certain conditions."

His conditions came a bit high, but at last they were acceded to. He was returning home to Cooley to announce his change of heart when at the stop at Drogheda three men came into the railway carriage.

"Colonel Grant?" Yes, he was Colonel Grant.

"Th' officer wants to see you."

"What officer?"

"I think you know." And they came closer to him.

"I'm afraid I can't go," Grant told them.

"Then we must arrest you, so!"

"By what authority?"

They showed him their authority. They were three large automatic pistols of the type known as "Peter the Painter."

"All right, then. Bring me to your officer."

They took him by car to a small cottage on the banks of the Boyne, and brought him into the presence of Th' Officer. There was nothing idealistic in Th' Officer. Th' Officer was a squat, high-jawed man in the middle forties. He looked up at Grant. There was an oil lamp burning on a red tablecloth. There was a pile of papers kept in place by a heavy .45 revolver.

"Are you Sir Norman Grant?"

"I am," said Grant.

Outside the Boyne rolled gently to the Irish Sea. The moon shone goldenly on the Irish plains. The chestnut trees rustled in the Irish wind. The kine slept in the fields. Not even an owl hooted. It was like some ill-staged play. There was nothing convincing about the whole performance. Even the names were fictional. Nothing was real but the hard gray eyes of Th' Officer.

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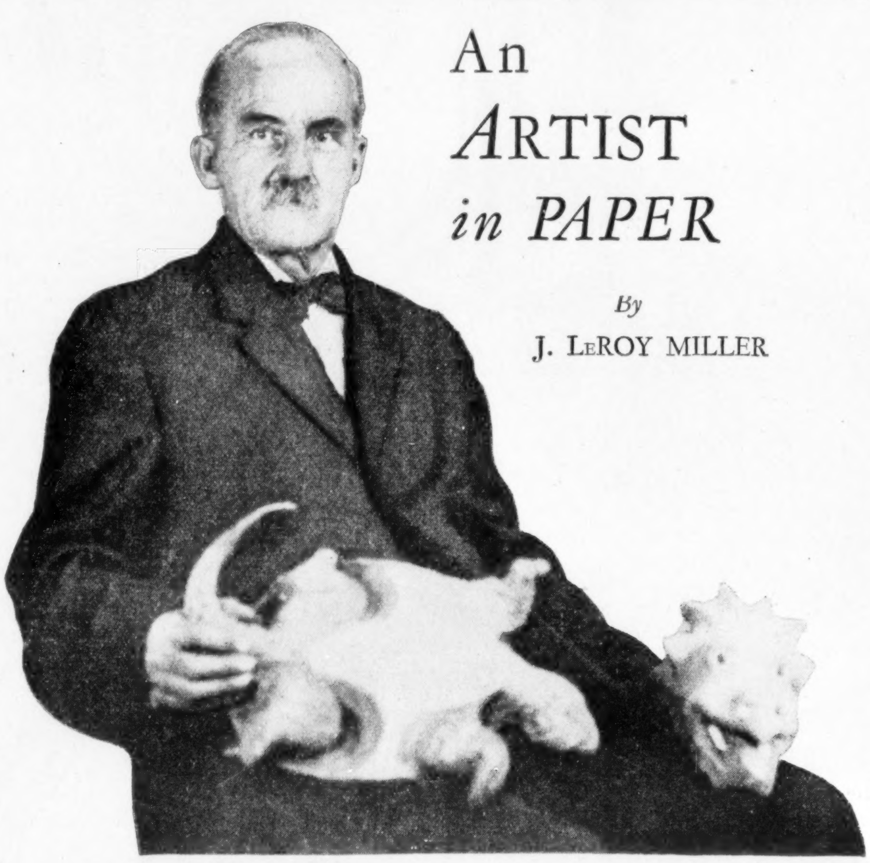


An *ARTIST* *in PAPER*

By

J. LeROY MILLER

A FEW years ago the United States Government was experimenting with a new type of shell to be used in the defense of the Panama Canal. It needed an unshrinkable paper covering for the detonator. Without it there would be danger of a premature explosion. The ordnance experts went to Tacony, Pa. There they found a man who could—and did—give them exactly what they wanted.

Some college students were planning a commencement-week stunt. They needed a huge dragon—fully 150 feet long. They too went to Tacony; and the same man who had aided the government produced what they were looking for.

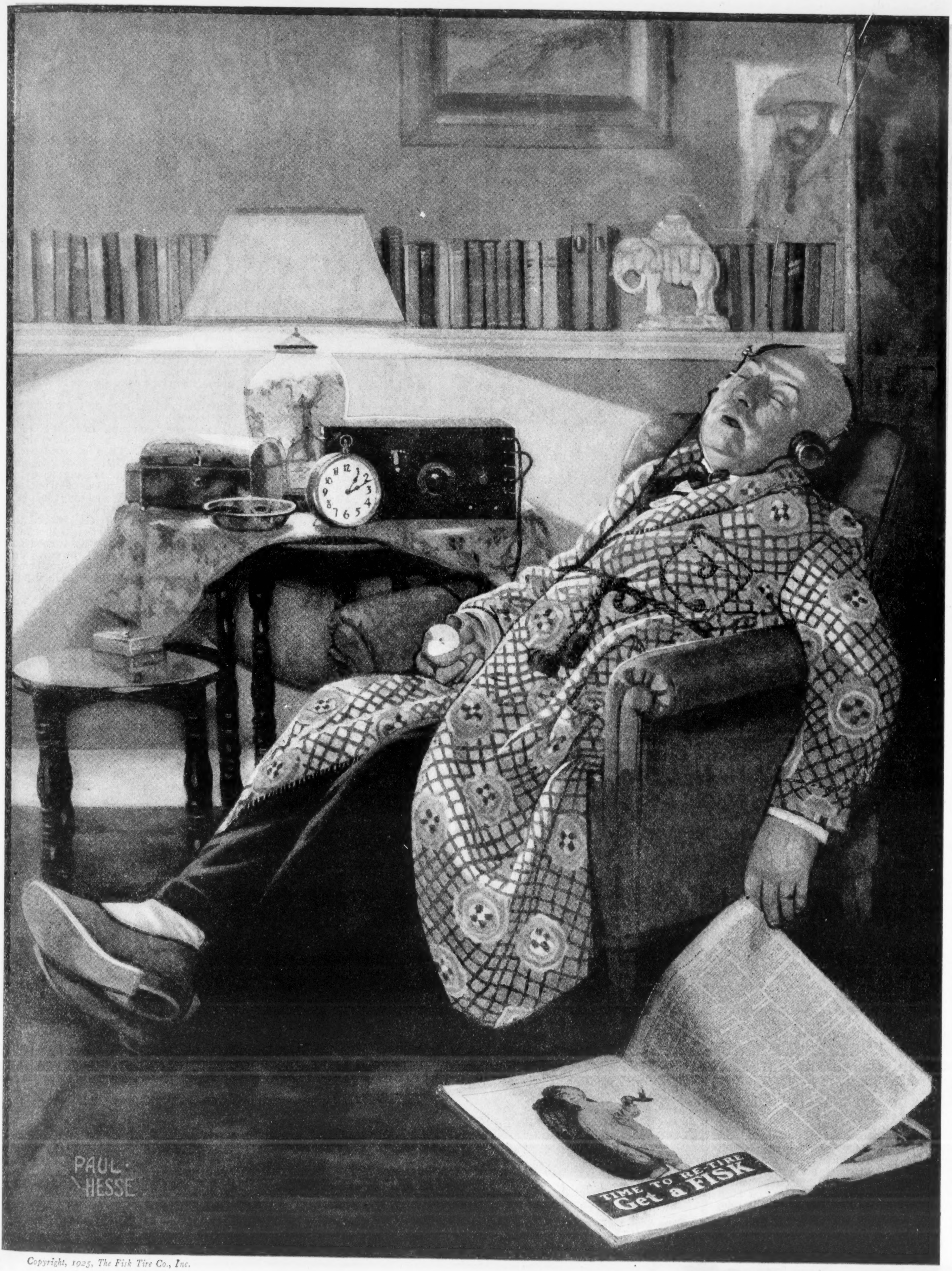
That man is F. S. Herrmann. He has one of the most unusual jobs in the world. In Tacony they have some difficulty in labeling his profession. Usually they say: "He's the fellow who makes the paper dogs."

For he makes dogs too. He makes a lot of things. For example: a museum wants a reproduction of some animal or bird or reptile. Herrmann sets to work and makes it. A circus decides to add some ungainly beast to its collection—something that will amuse the children. Herrmann evolves just the thing.

Half a dozen companies have had their trade-marked dogs and cats and other things made by him. He is kept busy designing cocoa bean pods (for the chocolate manufacturers), miniature reproductions of the busts of famous men, Gargantuan feet for the corn remedy makers, medallions, mottoes, advertising devices of every kind and description; even human skulls for the magicians.

Herrmann is an artist. He's a sculptor in paper. He works with papier-mâché. He can do more with it than a sculptor can with marble. A quarter of a century ago a publishing house asked him (he was then a lacquer maker) to turn out an advertising device for a book it was placing on sale. He devised a camel with an Arab driver—a common enough thing to-day, but a decided novelty in those early days.

That camel worked a miracle. The entire edition of the book was rapidly sold. And F. S. Herrmann of Tacony, Pa., had found a new profession.


PAUL HESSE
TIME TO RE-TIRE
Get a FISK

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Captain Jed's Golden Rule

Continued from page 11

bade Joe wait at the entrance while he secured a signal rocket. Then high above the brick houses, even above the tower itself, scooted the fiery dart with its message of hope to the tossing ship outside the bar.

"There!" muttered Jedidiah. "They ought to see that."

As the rocket broke into a hundred stars, faded, the men set off at a dog trot down one of the shell-bordered paths, with the wind at their backs and their boots crunching the wet sand. It was not far to the cove on the lagoon where a boathouse lay like a black shadow; nor did it take them long to effect an entrance.

Moored to the narrow platform lay the power dory, a thirty-footer of a type famous on the Grand Banks. She was decked over forward, with a reliable engine in the tiny cabin; while the after end revealed a roomy cockpit and high freeboard. Crawfish Joe, grumbling under his breath, set the running lights as Jedidiah, on his hands and knees, crawled into the small cabin to make sure the motor was in proper shape.

After a couple of efforts at the crank the boathouse echoed to the dull rumble of cylinders firing evenly. Joe let go the forward line, and the keeper fended off the stern from the piling as he backed the boat into the lagoon. Here, under the windward shore, the water lay black, calm, its surface only broken by the spreading circles of raindrops; but from around the point came the roar of surf, the whine of the gale.

Not a light interrupted the darkness of the bluff to port or the marsh to starboard or the narrow, winding channel which led between sand bars to the inlet. Not a light except the moon on Seminole tower, which hung aloof betwixt clouds and earth. Giving Joe the wheel for the time being, Jedidiah hauled forth two life preservers. One he tossed to his friend, the other he tied about his own waist. Then, while the lobster man was adjusting the cork belt, he settled down to the job of navigating the dory through the darkness. Owing to the high tide, no great difficulty presented itself in handling her. Captain Jedidiah knew every sand spit, every twist and eddy of that inlet; he felt confident of his ability to seek out and take advantage of the best possible path to the distressed vessel. But whether a thirty-footer might be guided through the seas now breaking across both inner and outer bar—ah, that was another matter!

PRESENTLY the dory swung into a wider channel, her prow rising to the swell coming around the point. The next moment they were exposed to the full force of the wind. The water rose in angry ridges, charging the boat, hissing aft. Short, quick seas lifted her or broke alongside, drenching the occupants with spray. Jedidiah's jaw set, his blue eyes narrowing. This was only the beginning, the advance guard of what lay waiting on the actual bar. The lobster man had secured a bailer and sat bracing himself on the stern seat, ready to scoop the water from the cockpit. Gradually the waves grew in size, their crests froth-laden, their troughs black valleys. A dark line to the south revealed the long sand spit extending eastward; while directly abeam blazed Seminole Reef light. These landmarks, indefinite as they were, served the keeper. Now and again he would glance at them, veering his course slightly. After a time he slowed down the engine.

Something had happened to the inlet ahead. The seas no longer marched toward him like orderly squads of soldiers, but built up in every conceivable direction, crashing into themselves, overlapping, flinging white arms high into the air. It was the rip of the tide, the deadly point where the current battled with the wind. He grazed the channel buoy.

In that instant Jedidiah felt the sickening fear of a man going "over the top." There was still time to dash back to safety behind the dunes; but once the dory had stuck her nose into the maelstrom, all thought of return must be abandoned. After all, he knew nothing of the ship beyond the reef. Probably Crawfish Joe was right; probably her draft would prohibit bringing her in, in which case they would have risked their lives for nothing. No! Surely her captain, no matter how inefficient, could read charts. He would not seek a lee shore unless he saw at least a fighting chance of making port.

PERHAPS it was a wise Providence that directed those on the steamer to choose this moment to send up another rocket. How close the stream of fire seemed! Jedidiah forgot the tide rip, forgot the frailness of his craft in a blinding flash of memory. He was again on the Mary-Anne, watching a friendless beach. Out of the past came the thoughts which had tortured him then. How he had cursed the fools clustered about the bonfire! How he had damned them for cowards! Even now the men on that ship were watching and waiting, praying that the answer to their signal stood for salvation. For the sake of the Mary-Anne, he could not disappoint them. His path lay straight ahead through the churning white breakers. Suddenly the sea lost its terror. After all, his heart was already below the waves, inhabiting a lonely and forgotten wreck. What mattered it if his body went there too? Glancing aft, he saw Crawfish Joe, barely discernible, bailing for dear life.

"Hang on!" shouted the lighthouse keeper. "We're going into it!"

They did. For a space the dory hung balanced on a huge swell, then she shot down with a wall of water charging her and other toppling walls hemming her in. Before she could rise, foam boiled over her bow, swept aft to cascade into the cockpit. Bravely she flung herself clear, climbing to an insecure pinnacle where she teetered, her propeller thrashing wildly. Again she descended, only to struggle up the black hill beyond. Jedidiah, crouching behind the wheel, dashed the water from his eyes in time to take a bearing. In every direction boiled the rip. The rain, driven horizontally, half blinded him; the wind tore at his soaked oilskins. Nobody understood better than the ex-master of the Mary-Anne what would happen should the engine stop, but he had confidence in that machinery so well protected from the seas.

Joe clung to the gunnel, bailing madly. Joe was a one-idea man. It is entirely probable that he wasted no thoughts on anything but the water sloshing about the bilge.

Presently the waves became longer, their tops sharp, breaking; but the dory took them with less strain. The sand spit to the southward faded as Seminole Light drew astern. It was then that Jedidiah caught sight of the vessel's lights—mere pin points only visible at intervals. And it was then that he yelled back to his companion, "We're over the worst of it!"

Crawfish Joe desisted long enough to grumble, "*Over* nothin'! *Through* you mean!" Whereupon he returned to his bailing with unabated energy.

They had a bad moment on the outer bar when the dory, rolling sharply, took a sea into the cockpit via the starboard rail; a worse one when Mr. Baldwin fell on his face and cursed so heartily he forgot to bail. But eventually they plunged over the last breaker and sank peacefully to a smooth valley between comparatively placid hills. From this point navigation became simple. Joe rested his aching back, and Jedidiah permitted himself the comfort of standing up to stretch.

Now they were close to the ship. Her outline grew distinct. She lay, head to the wind, taking the waves bravely, a small yacht not more than seventy feet over all.

As the dory rounded up astern, somebody cheered. Dark figures clinging to the rail waved their arms. But the lighthouse keeper found himself facing a problem hitherto overlooked. How to get aboard?" Hardly a chance if they ran alongside, with the yacht headed up in the wind. Then, noticing the overhanging stern, he drew a long breath. There was only one way—which meant the sacrifice of the dory. He spoke sharply.

"Joe, I'm going to run under the overhang. Move for'ard here. Get ready to jump the minute I slow her down."

WATCHING his opportunity, Jedidiah swung the prow of the dory toward the vessel, eased her over a big swell and drove straight for the stern. They'd either make it or be smashed up with their dory. One second they were driving on with the yacht far above them, the next a wave lifted them abruptly until they hung on a level with the rail. Then they jumped for it, Crawfish Joe leading. Eager hands caught their clothes, dragging them to safety even as a grinding crash shook the vessel. They looked down to see the staunch little boat slipping below the surface, her engine dying hard, her frame a mass of wreckage from the blow delivered by the overhang.

Captain Jedidiah Steele entered the pilot house of the Corinthe in the wake of a portly individual who turned out to be James Stoddard, owner. Joe brought up the rear. A blue-uniformed man held the wheel, but Stoddard paid no attention to him.

"Thank God you made it," he was saying. "Don't worry about your boat; I'll settle for that. All we want is to get out of this!"

Jedidiah spoke directly to the captain, "Are you the master of this craft?"

"Yes."

"What's she draw?"

"Five feet."

The lighthouse keeper could scarcely hold his temper. "Then why in time are you tryin' to cross Seminole bar? Can't you read a chart? There ain't more'n five-foot-six in the channel at high water."

The captain exhibited a white face. "I know that. But we've got to make it or go on the beach. We're short of gas."

"How long'll it last you?"

"An hour maybe. Sprung a leak and lost two hundred gallons."

Stoddard was mopping his face; his rather flabby jaw trembled. "Don't stand there idle, man! Good Lord, I'll pay you anything—*anything!* My wife and children—they're aboard."

Jedidiah favored the yacht owner with a stare. "I'd a dum sight rather waste a minute thinkin' than waste the lives of every mother's son of you. Whyn't you anchor and ride it out? There's a good holdin' bottom here."

The captain made a gesture. "Coral reef got our big anchor. Little one won't hold."

"So you want me to take a chance, eh?"

"A thousand dollars!" Stoddard muttered.

Something inside of Jedidiah snapped. "Look here, do you reckon you can bribe this craft over the bar? It'll take water—not money! I don't want your thousand; all I want is you to understand you're liable to fetch up on a reef."

"Use your own judgment. Get us in—somehow." Stoddard's voice broke. "My wife—"

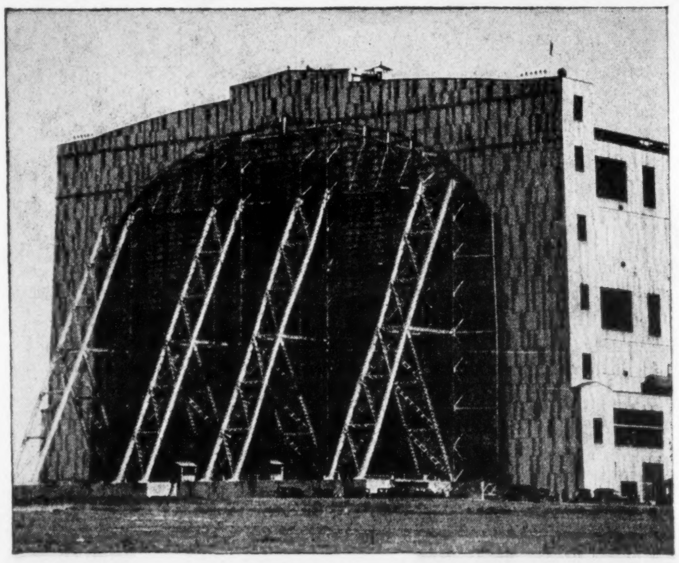
Steele looked at the captain. "You hear what he says. Give me the wheel—and stand by the telegraph. Got a searchlight?"

"It's out of commission, sir."

"Umph!" grunted Jedidiah. "Might have known! Joe, go for'ard and use your eyes. Holler when you pick up

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Biggest Door in the WORLD



IT'S only a shed door, but every time it's opened the operation consumes half an hour and costs $120. The job can't be done for less, because this is one of the two biggest doors in the world. It weighs more than 2,000 tons and is higher than Niagara Falls.

You've recognized it now, perhaps, as one of the two doors to our navy's dirigible shed at Lakehurst, N. J., home of the "Shenandoah" and "Los Angeles." When one of these doors is opened, the whole structure of cement bases and steel girders and sheet-iron bulwarks which you see in the photograph slides aside on trucks and rails like a Juggernaut car. Since even a Samson could not qualify as doorman on this job, an electric power plant does the pushing and pulling.

The great doors are so solid that the shed could be torn away and they would stand as firmly as ever. Each mammoth leaf is 136 feet in width and 177 feet high. Yet they're talking now of building bigger ones! Q. WOOD.

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Keystone Standard Watch, 10 size. Thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss gold-filled case, in white or green. Other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices.

Again and again people say "How can such a watch be made to sell for 25 dollars - - - - -?"

IT is the natural question to ask—for to all appearances the watch might just as well cost four times as much.

The $25 price is possible because of the determination of The Keystone Watch Case Company to put out a watch at this price and their unusual facilities for doing so. This Company, established in 1853, is well known to jewelers all over this country—in fact, their products are known all over the world. Their reputation has always been of the highest—their Jas. Boss case is famous in the jewelry trade.

Several years ago, they decided that there would be a large demand for a really good, well designed, accurate $25 watch. Their technical men got to work. The result was The Keystone Standard Watch.

It is a thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss fourteen karat gold-filled case referred to above. It can be had in either white or green gold. The dial is metal with raised numerals.

Whether you are buying a watch for yourself, or as a gift, be sure to ask your jeweler to show you the Keystone Standard, for that is the watch you will select.

Meanwhile write for descriptive booklet.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere.
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THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

Captain Jed's Golden Rule

Continued from page 32

that first can. I'll bear to starboard; there's a deep slew under the beach. All right, let 'er go."

The yacht trembled, gathered speed, while the lighthouse keeper, head thrust through a window, watched his moment to swing her about. It came after a time, and he executed the maneuver skillfully. Down upon the inlet they bore. Hardly ten minutes elapsed before Joe's voice rose, "Can buoy, a p'int to port. Hold 'er as she is!"

Nobody but Steele himself would have dared pass a buoy on the wrong side. But, then, nobody else knew so well the extent of erosion in the channel.

A white comber, racing the Corinthe, broke at her bow, yawing her dangerously and sending the occupants of the pilot house tumbling against the starboard superstructure. Jedidiah, grim of face, spun the wheel. As she righted herself, he withdrew his head from the window long enough to snap, "Get on your life belts, you may need 'em."

DRIVEN by her powerful engines and by the seas which towered over her stern one moment, only to melt miraculously beneath it the next, the yacht fairly flew. The shore lay hidden beyond the surf, a crouching menace. Seminole Light floated nearer, nearer. Somewhere below the sand bars crept upward, invisible enemies content to bide their time. Again Joe shouted from his vantage point on the bow.

"Black can to starboard. Put 'er up!"

Jedidiah sent the wheel flying. The current must have carried him a bit farther south than he intended. Black buoys—particularly in a channel like this—are left to port. But the Corinthe seemed to be unmanageable. Rolling like a log, she lurched forward as if bent upon ripping her bottom to pieces in the white smother of the reef.

Jedidiah, however, had judged right—or luck was with him. The next instant the wave which had borne the vessel on its crest dropped her stern. She hesitated, turned groggily, and, grazing the black can, regained the channel. Now they were over the outer bar. Ahead was the tide rip, where lurked the inner shoals. Should Jedidiah be fortunate enough to approach the point on the crest of a sea, he knew he would be safe. On the other hand, should the Corinthe settle in the trough, she would strike hard sand, even though she were in mid-channel.

Suddenly the keeper ordered, "Stop your engines. Stop 'em!"

They were in the trough. Not fifty feet away boiled the ragged waves of the bar. The captain jerked the engine-room telegraph. There was an instantaneous cessation of vibration, a strange stillness of the hull, while the wind whined past and the roar of the seas deafened one. The Corinthe's momentum, unchecked as yet, carried her on, but not rapidly.

Would that next wave pick them up in time; or would it fail, leaving them to crash on the sand before it surged beneath the vessel's stern?

Ah, she was rising! The slight heave grew more acute; her bow slanted down.

"Now! Now!" yelled Jedidiah.

The captain sent the telegraph handle across the dial with a click. Almost before he had completed the motion the propellers turned. The yacht seemed to leap from a standstill to full speed, owing to the action of the following sea. Higher she rose as the hill of water crept under her. Higher—the crest of the wave churned forward. They were on the bar, traversing it. All that was necessary for their safety was to maintain their position for a moment on the wave.

Something happened; those in the wheelhouse could feel the abrupt back pull. The sea had passed, leaving the vessel powerless on a sinking medium. Despite her engines, despite the skill of her pilot, the Corinthe dropped from security into the trough.

And then came a mighty thud, dull, paralyzing. The superstructure trembled, the deck shivered, the whole ship shuddered from the shock.

"We've hit!" screamed Stoddard and lurched for the cabin door.

It was Jedidiah who sent him spinning against the settee, and it was Jedidiah who turned a set face to the captain.

"Keep her full speed ahead. There's a chance—"

Now the water was sucking by, cutting the Corinthe deeper into the sand. Would that next sea never come? Had they descended into a limitless valley? Moments passed—like years to those in the wheelhouse. Eventually a heavy swell crept up the freeboard almost to the deck. She was sticking! Even the rising water could not budge her. Soon the waves would break over her stern, crushing her superstructure like cardboard, flooding ventilators, engine room, cabins. Then without warning the vessel groaned, rose beneath them. Her propellers regained traction, aided by the black hill under her stern. Like a frightened thing she sped forward, on, over the inside edge of the bar to the deep cut beyond!

As Crawfish Joe limped aft and into the pilot house Jedidiah put his lips to the speaking tube, "Hey, you engineer, are we takin' water?"

"No, sir," came a voice. "Nothing to speak of. Strained an inboard box; that's all."

The keeper expelled a long breath. When they rounded the point into the lagoon he announced gruffly, "Anchor anywhere here; your light tackle'll hold now. . . . Mr. Stoddard, I want fifteen hundred dollars for that dory. That's what she cost."

When, a few moments later, Stoddard handed over the check he said, "I've tried to square things with your friend. You're quite sure there's no way I can thank you?"

"Don't thank me!" blazed Jedidiah. "Thank God and the Mary-Anne."

Nothing Else Matters

Continued from page 21

with heavy fire escapes, and shops in the basement. He entered the vestibule, pushed open the door, and made his way up the stairs.

He knocked at the rear door, three flights up. A little wizened man opened to him, and he saw in the near distance a woman's head, and the faces of several children, all peering at him.

"Ach, gute Doktor," said the man, "I'm afraid Abram Sholem is very sick."

"Yes," cried one of the children, advancing and talking excitedly, "he fell down and we splashed water at him."

The woman said, "Shut up, Heinie, don't bother the doctor." Then she added: "It's terrible, och, it's terrible, Doctor. That boy is proud. We do what we can. But he says nothing when he is hungry. All day he is writing."

The doctor was now in the midst of them, in the little living-room with its blazing yellow gas light.

"Stay here," said the doctor with a sudden authority that calmed them. "Show me his room, Mr. Lenowitz, and all of you—no noise. Quiet."

He entered the little room, and shut the door behind him. It was a courtyard room. From its window one could see windows up and down on three sides, and looking steeply up, a patch of sky.

The room held mainly a cot, a little table and a chair. On the walls were pinned pictures cut from newspapers and a few cheap reprints. The table was covered with papers.

The doctor reached to the gas jet over the table and turned up the light. Abram Sholem, on the cot, spoke weakly, "Is it Dr. Rast?"

"Yes, Abram."

The doctor drew the chair to the cot and sat down. Abram was not attractive. He had a lean, wolfish face, marked with acne, and eyes that disappeared into pinheads behind thick glasses. His lips were thick, his cheeks stubbly, his brown hair disordered. His voice was guttural, and he gestured incessantly with his hands as he talked.

"Well, you came," said Abram, "but it wasn't necessary."

"Why not?"

Abram laughed.

"I feel sick to my stomach. You see, I didn't have anything to eat for a couple of days, and was getting dizzy. I fainted. Then old Lenowitz gave me some fish and it stuck in my crop. That's about all."

THE doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, tapped him on the ribs, and then lit his pipe.

"Hot milk, Abram, to-night, and a good breakfast to-morrow. Otherwise, O. K. Only—I'd go on a diet of prose and cut out the poetry."

Abram laughed. "But I'm a poet, Doctor."

"So I see. Yet, Abram, poets must eat."

"Well," said Abram, "I can't get a job."

"You don't want one."

Abram laughed. "I suppose not. But, then," he added, "my eyes are so bad, there's not much I can do."

"Hm," said the doctor, "and what did you mean, Abram, when you said to me once you would tell me some day about your eyes?"

Abram squirmed, and laughed softly.

"I might as well tell you," he said. "You see, Doctor, it was this way. When I was old enough to work I saw it would take all my time. Then I couldn't be a poet. My eyes were weak, anyway, and the oculist said if I read at night I might go blind. So after that I only read at night, with a bad light."

"You deliberately spoiled your eyes, then?"

"Yes, deliberately. I had to be a poet. I had to have time. I had to be free. You see, it takes time to be a poet. Sometimes I sit all day and evening at the window here. I listen to the life up and down. I look in the windows. I hear them quarreling, and excited, and happy. I see the children and the women and the men. It's as if all life came into my window. If I look up I see the sky. And I drink it all in, and know my people, and write my songs."

The doctor felt a pang. He looked far off.

"And for this," he mused, "you gave your eyes! And for this you go hungry. Why, Abram?"

Abram spoke low, as if the quick of his being was touched.

"I think it must be the blood."

The Doctor thrilled. "The blood?"

"The old Hebrew blood. It's the deepest thing in the Jew. It's Isaiah and Job and the Psalms. It's the genius that endures the vision. I know I ought to do some work, I know I ought to love some woman, but when poetry calls me, nothing else matters."

"Nothing else matters—" The words awoke some echo in the doctor. His pulses leaped for it. And then suddenly he seemed to see Sonia, in her beautiful sorrow, and the love before which nothing else mattered.

He left a ten-dollar bill with Mr. Lenowitz and was soon speeding through the stormy streets. It was as if, in his soul, great waters which had been dammed back, rolled free again. The moon was on those waters, and a spectral ship blew across the moonwalk.

What a glory to be alive, blown by winds of snow. Yes, this was the Jew: to blind himself and go hungry, that the vision might not die. This was greatness. And in the face of this his mother's world seemed one of betrayal, an apostate world, where the Jew became a hollow mask. Against that sordid shallowness he saw the beauty of Sonia, the flame burning true, the love so great that it laid her heart and soul at his feet, and nothing else mattered. That was the love she gave him.

He scorned himself and laughed at himself. A weakling. Why, his mother didn't know Sonia. Sloppy? She was never sloppy. Her own studio was neat and orderly. She had the instinct for homemaking. She had the beautiful mother in her, the essence of which was love. And sticky? Yes, in a way. Depth, devotion, passion of affection.

His eyes grew blurred. He had hurt her cruelly. He had struck down the most precious gift he had ever received. He had been untrue to himself. He was brutal and egotistic.

Like a young lover, he paused before the quaint house on Madison Street, and looked up at her windows. They were lighted. Then he rang the bell. It was late. He had to ring three times. At last the stout landlady appeared.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This is urgent."

She muttered incoherently, mumbling half asleep, and he hurried past and up the stairs. He knocked at the door.

There was no answer, and his heart was in his mouth. In her despair, what if she had done herself some injury? He turned the knob. The door opened. The room was cold, freezing. And in a far corner, on a heap made of her coat, Sonia lay curled up.

He went to her. "Sonia. . . ."

Her voice was a blank of despair, as cold as the room. "Yes."

"It's I . . . it's Morris . . . I had to come. . . ."

"It won't help," she breathed.

"I was all wrong, Sonia. Oh, forgive me."

"You were right."

"I was wrong," he cried, picking up her hand, which was numb with cold. He knelt beside her, he rubbed her hand, "I was wrong. I must have you. Nothing else matters."

"No," she said. "Davy comes first, your mother comes first."

"They don't. It's you, Sonia. I'm madly in love with you."

"It will pass," she said. "We are not for each other. I was weak. I couldn't help it. I tried to hold you."

"You are beautiful and strong, Sonia. You are my soul. Oh, forgive me, darling."

And he drew her suddenly up, held her head in his hands, and against her struggle, drew her lips to his. . . . Suddenly she relaxed. Then a flame passed through her, and her arms were about his neck, and the tears came. . . .

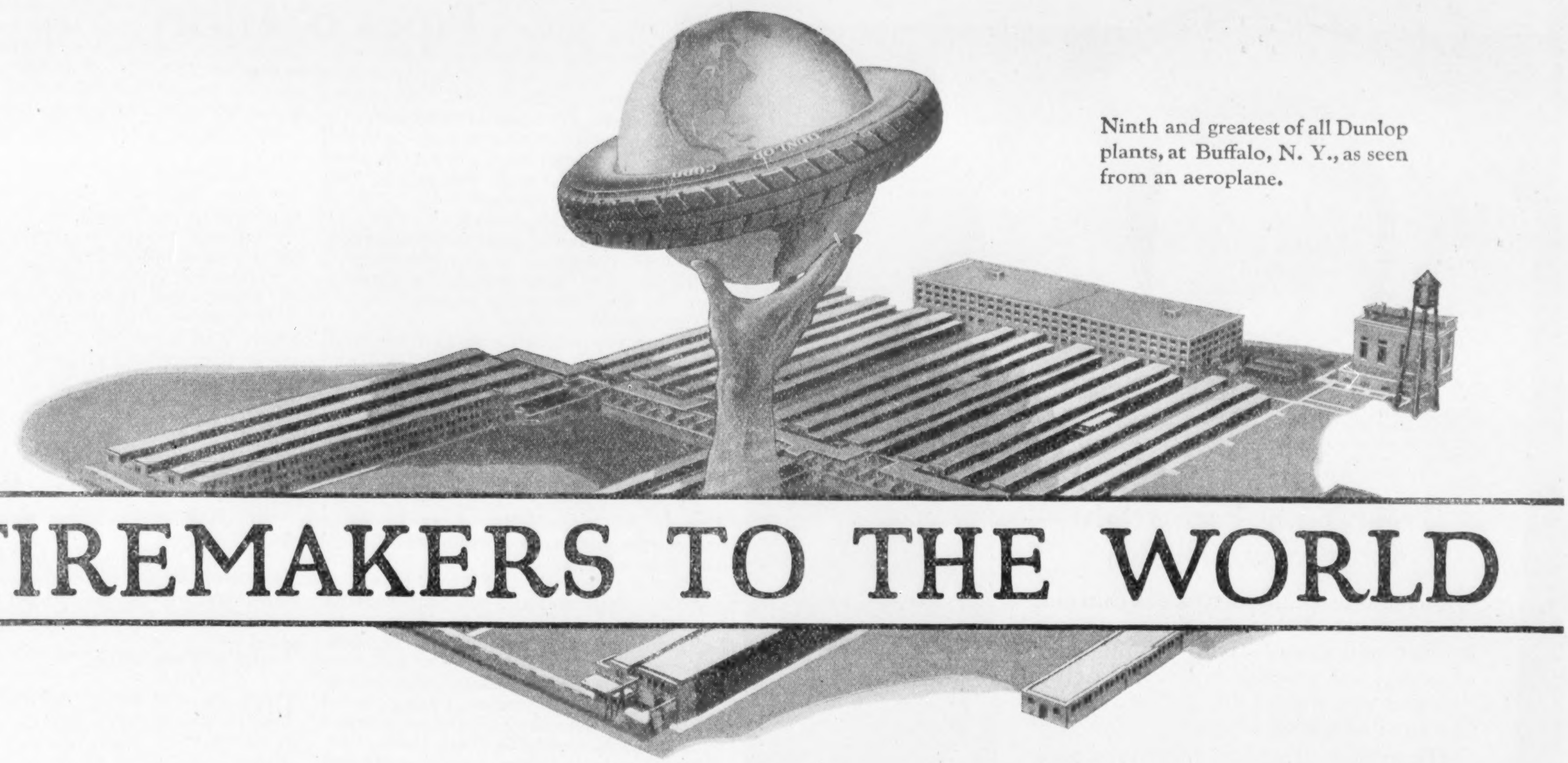
"Oh, God," she cried, "I can't help it. I love you so."

"Thank God, you can't—for I can't either," he said. . . .

And the room grew radiant about them, for now they were one.

"*Play* BALL!"

What do they do besides eat at these spring training camps? How do the big-leaguers spend their time? Grantland Rice, whose sports articles are a regular feature of Collier's, will answer the question next week.



Ninth and greatest of all Dunlop plants, at Buffalo, N. Y., as seen from an aeroplane.

TIREMAKERS TO THE WORLD

IN THE gentle warmth of Old Ireland, in 1888, the *first pneumatic tire*—a Dunlop—was born, and a great industry was founded.

Out of the mists of the Nineties came Dunlop with the *first clincher* and the *first straight-side tires.*

Then in 1916, through the drifting smoke and whirl of war times, came Dunlop with *balloon tires* to cushion the fighting planes of the Allies.

Today, in the farthest corners of the earth, where pagan rites and ancient faiths still stand before the march of the automobile and civilization, even there, the fame of Dunlop Tires is known.

And Dunlop has become *tiremaker to the world* on one principle alone—quality. Buyers and tire merchants, the world over, have come to know that Dunlop is *quality eternal*—one of the great, unchanging good things of life.

This higher Dunlop quality, at no higher cost, has won world preference to a point where

EVERY 2½ SECONDS

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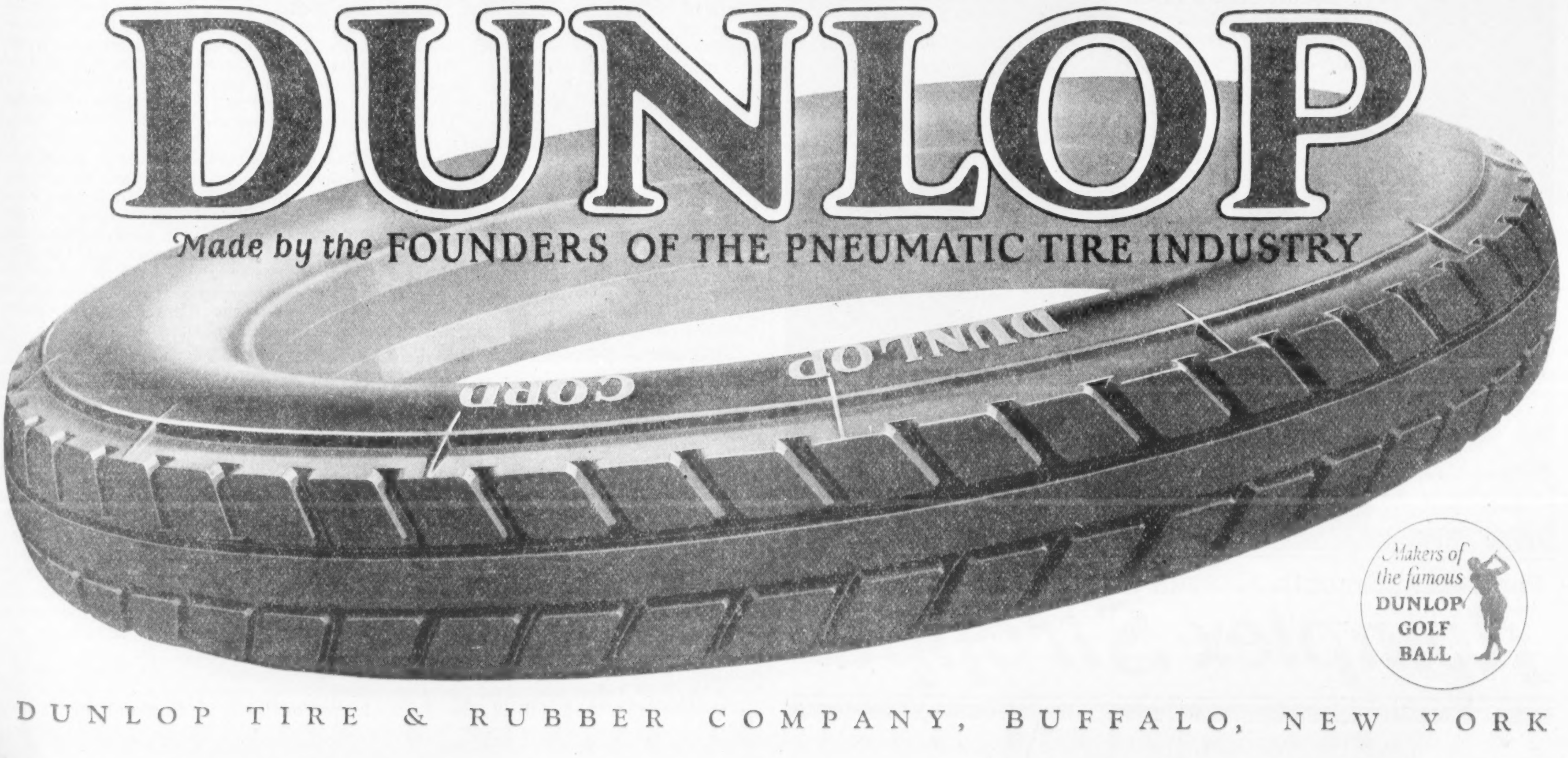

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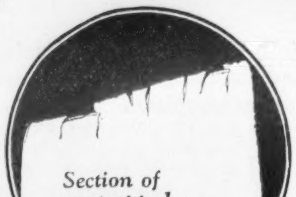
Section of unstropped blade magnified

A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes also affect them. That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade if stropped before using is improved 100%. If stropped regularly it will last indefinitely.

Treat Your Face Right—
Strop Your Blades

THE skin tissue of your face is thin and sensitive. What do you put against it when you shave? Is the cutting edge of your razor smooth and even, or do you use unstropped blades with edges like the illustration above?

A Twinplex Stropper improves new blades 100%. It smooths out their invisible tiny teeth affected by shipping conditions and temperature changes. It puts them in condition to treat your face right.

A Twinplex Stropper will prolong the life of new blades and keep their cutting edges constantly ready for luxurious velvet shaves.

A Twinplex Stropper is simplicity itself. A few simple turns and ten seconds a day will insure permanent shaving comfort—blade economy and a healthy skin.

Treat your face right. Add Twinplex to your shaving kit. You wouldn't sell it for ten times its cost if you couldn't replace it.

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Name your razor and we will send you a new blade stropped on Twinplex. You'll marvel at what Twinplex can do to a *new* blade.

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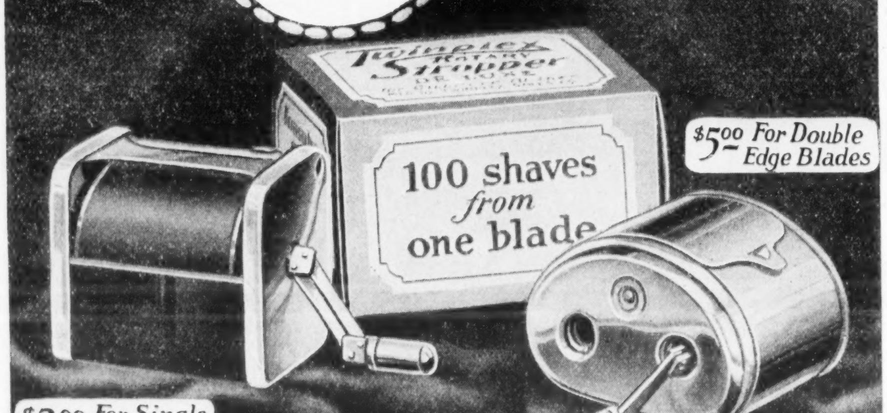
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For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
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Pipes o' Glory

Continued from page 30

"You took an oath of allegiance to the Republic of Brobdingnag on April the 7th. On April 10th you received the appointment of staff colonel on the Brobdingnagian forces."

"Why, yes," said Grant.

"Since you have been in communication with delegates of the Kingdom of Lilliput. You have accepted a nomination for the Lilliputian senate."

Grant said nothing.

"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be executed on you?"

Grant was lurching forward to knock over the lamp and grab the revolver when the men who had arrested him gripped and locked his arms. Then he knew it was all up.

"I don't suppose," Grant said, "that there's any possibility of your giving me a gun and letting me have a go at the four of you."

"Not a chance!" said Th' Officer.

"No? Still and all, you might thank me for the compliment," Grant sneered.

"Take him outside," ordered Th' Officer.

And two days later he was discovered by a couple of children on Boyne banks. He was not the first Grant of Abbeygrant who had met his death there. An elder one had fallen assisting Dutch William in a battle that shall be remembered until the end of time. The elder Grant had been surrounded by men who had fallen by his hand in line of battle. But here a couple of horses grazed and the bees were loud and the swirl of the pike was seen in the river. In him, as was known when the word was told that Sir Norman MacLeod Grant, baronet, of Abbeygrant had been done to death by conspirators, in him were three Peter the Painter bullets, and on his chest written on grocer's brown paper and attached by a safety pin, was his epitaph. "Convicted Traitor," it said, and underneath the end of him was explained, "executed," and all was signed by the meaningless but terrifying phrase, "By Order."

But before the world knew of Norman Grant's end, Pernella knew.

IF PEDHAR GRADY had had his way about the matter, Grant would never have been killed. Though he would have been loath to lose Pernella Grant from the land she loved, and that loved her, yet you can't condone treason. Treason, it would seem, is a great deal more to be feared in a factitious than in an actual state. Grady would have been content with burning Abbeygrant to the ground and chasing its owner to England, where he could do no harm. For, talk of his wrongs as much as he liked, the English would have said: "It's just as well you got away with your life, old son. What abominable swipes those fellows are!" and let it go at that. Grady had daring, brains, patience, but he would never get a field marshal's baton in guerrilla warfare: he had no frightfulness.

He had no regrets for Grant, but for Pernella he was immensely sorry. He knew she worshiped her husband. He knew of Grant's death within a couple of hours of its happening. A courier going north on a motorcycle stopped at divisional headquarters and jerked an eloquent thumb toward Abbeygrant.

"He's gone," said the courier, resting by his motorcycle.

"D'ye tell me so?" said Pedhar. "When?"

"Around nine o'clock."

"Where?"

"At Dro'da."

"'Tis a pity!"

"He was no loss!"

"'Tis not o' him I'm thinking, but o' her."

"Thrue for you, General. She's the heart o' corn. Well, good-by, General!"

Grady thought quietly for ten minutes. Then he sent for a man of his, an old soldier of Highland light infantry, who had been pipe major. The Scot had been born in County Down and, the German War being over and no other on the horizon, had joined the Irish guerrilla forces. He was a burly man.

"Finnegan, have you got your pipes with you."

"I have, General."

"Have you got a tune called the 'Flowers of the Forest'?"

"Though I says it myself, General, there's none plays it better."

"Have you a drummer boy?"

"There's wee Para Garvey."

"I want yez to go down to Abbeygrant and give the tune. The foxy one is after getting plugged, and no loss, but the division is under great compliment to Lady Grant, and it would hearten her up, maybe, if she'd hear the tune."

"I'd pipe through the seven streets of Hell for Lady Grant," said the pipe major.

"D'you think yez can act ghosts?" asks Grady.

"If after being chased by bloody Specials and Free State troops for two years and a month," said the pipe major, "I'm not the dead spit of a ghost—"

"Off wid yez, then!"

THE general officer did not see Pernella Grant for a month afterward. He met her one day when he and his adjutant, dressed as cattle dealers, were walking from Greenore. She was riding along the seashore on a black cob. Grady raised his battered hat. She looked at him coldly a moment and then she reined in.

"I wonder, Pedhar Grady," she said, "that you don't crawl into the ditches with shame when you see me coming." There was a great flush that was more than a flush of anger. But there was fire in her eyes.

"Well, now, Lady Grant—" He was bothered.

"You came up to Sir Norman's house," she accused him. "You ate at his table. Your men sheltered around Abbeygrant when they were being chased like rats. He gave you his name to help your cause. And because he was kind to you, you waylay and assassinate him. And you accused him of treachery. Pedhar Grady, Sir Norman Grant did not know what treachery meant!"

Grady said nothing, but Brannigan, the adjutant, was hot-headed. He had no intention of letting these accusations pass.

"Oh, begob, ma'am, Lady Grant," he said, "I don't know—"

"Oh, you don't," said Pernella coldly. "Well, I do. There are witnesses who never lie. The Grant piper has never played for a traitor or a coward. And the night of Sir Norman's murder"—she looked straight at Grady—"with my own eyes I saw him. With my own ears I heard the 'Flowers of the Forest' skirl through the moonlight."

And, gathering up curb and snaffle, she rode away.

TO ABBEYGRANT now came the strange, unearthly beauty that comes on all things Irish before they die. Never had the old house such a grave sweet outline. The ruined walls of the monastery gave a sense that but yesterday Father Prior and Brother Almoner had gone about their gentle offices. The shoulders of Little Cooley and of Gullionmore rose splendid and purple, like great potentates, in the golden Ulster summer. The skylark all but burst his throat with song and the hives of Abbeygrant hummed like organs, so great was the music of the bees.

Though Abbeygrant was no longer Pernella's—it had passed to a tea planter in Ceylon, a third cousin who had never known Ireland, and never would, he said—yet she stayed on. She had a mystic idea that she must stay and guard it. Often, by herself, she wept quietly that there was no little son of her body to whom would pass on the ancient Ulster trust. All about her people were leaving. Here an old man would come with an Old World courtliness to say good-by. An old lady would leave for Bath in England, where she could think of God in peace. The laboring men would stick their spades in the ground and go. The grooms would pause currycombing the horses and suddenly think: "Amn't I the world's fool to be staying in this God-forsaken land?" And the next heard from him would be an Australian or Canadian letter sending money for his women folks to follow him. A sense of impermanence hung over the countryside.

And though Pernella visioned staying there for year after year, yet she was to go soon. There is wonder in loving Ireland. There is tragedy in being loved by it. The kiss of gods is always a mortal wound, and the lovers of Ireland die on the gallows, in the dungeon or of that ailing which we simply call a wasting away. The gentle rain that gives so much color at sunset, the soft mists that endue with emerald beauty the wide Irish fields have a subtle poison, and he or she who gets it in his system is marked for death. On them at first comes beauty, the beauty that goes with the waving heather, with the slim bogflower. A little coughing, and when the handkerchief comes away one notices one is wounded.

She was such friends with everyone now, with the grim Specials, the jubilant Dominion men, with the harassed Rebels, that all noticed it. Everyone in Ireland avoids saying exactly what it is, or even to seem to notice it, but all were wishful for her to go away—to the south of France or to Switzerland, where "she would pick up in a little while." Soon Pernella herself knew, but she would not go. To see Abbeygrant closed, as she had seen so many other houses closed; the gardens wild; the bees untended in winter time, when frost and starvation would kill them—oh, no! she would not go.

ALL about her now was a tremendous atmosphere of love. Near Abbeygrant was no fighting. All parties seemed to agree to make that sacred ground. Also between Specials and Staters and Rebels there existed a silent conspiracy to tell her everything was all right; the country was grand; in a little while everything would be settled down.

In a little while she could not ride any longer, and in a smaller while it seemed she could not walk, but there was always someone to be with her. And when at last she had to give in and have nurses her visitors would always talk of the grand times she and they would have at the next Dublin horse show, "yourself in the saddle, and the country like a lamb itself, or a shlip of a pig knows no devilment, or a pussy cat and her playin'."

Not only did the county people themselves wish to show kindness. But all that was Ulster and Irish did. So fine a summer none remembered. The flowers lingered, loath to go. The corn and wheat she could see ripening from her window, rippling in the wind, vital, fair, like the tresses of some Scandinavian queen of romance. The bees hung about the creeper on the walls, singing their soft, never monotonous song. The swallows darted about in the twilight. When there was no moon there was the multitude of stars. And one day at the full of the September moon the west wind came.

"The summer is over," sensed Pernella.

There came upon her the desire to see Gullionmore in the sunset and she asked her nurse to raise her so she could see it. There it lay proud and purple in the soft golden light. There was the shoulder of it, sweet and gentle and strong. By some queer illusion she felt she could put her hand on its shoulder.

"It's so near," she said aloud.

"'Tis four miles away, m'lady."

"'Tis not four feet," whispered Pernella.

And suddenly she was very limp in the nurse's hands. . . .

So splendid the night, what with the last full moon of summer, that Pedhar Grady could not understand that anyone could be dead this night of glory. And then, after a little thought, he could. A stormy, a raining night would be so difficult for a gentle new soul to find its way about. . . . He was sitting in the private room of Molly Shea's "Stook of Barley," the little drinking house a furlong and a half down the road from the gates of Abbeygrant. Before him stood the pipe major and the drummer boy.

"I've never heard," said Pedhar Grady, "that the Grant piper—if ever there was such a thing, which I don't believe—played for a Lady Grant. But if ever a Grant deserved piping 'twas herself."

"You spoke true, General," said the pipe major.

"Well, off wid yez, then," said Pedhar Grady.

HE SAT there in private state after they had gone, wondering to himself about the eternal mystery. A man or woman would be one minute full of strength or grace, his brain working, his voice speaking softly, warm with friendship, and the next minute he would be a wax image, dumb as a fish, unresponsive to all friendly in the world. Where had it gone? It was a subject that was beginning to interest him a lot, for he had that indefinable feeling of luck about to go away. Any of these days his number might go up. 'Twas a mystery, so. He looked at his dog, the red Irish setter with the beautiful brown eyes. If he were to take out his automatic and bang into the dog, in a second it would be a broken lump. And where would that intelligence and affection have gone? 'Twas queer. Inconsequentially it came into his mind that he oughtn't to have the dog at all. Some day they'd track him through the dog.

"I ought to get rid of ye," he said, "but, sure, I haven't the heart to let ye go."

The dog looked up and moaned a little.

"What's on ye, anyhow?" said Pedhar Grady.

Through the window through which the moonlight came, came the roll of a muffled drum. It was as though it were right under the sill. An instant later came the shrill dirge of pipe music, the high, clear grace notes against the hum of the drone:

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing and kind her caressing,
But now they are fled, they are fled far away.

"Bedad," said Pedhar Grady, "I never heard better piping. I didn't know he had it in him." The dog sniffed around, whining in panic. "Will

(*Continued on page 38*)

EDWARD N. HURLEY,

wartime head of the Shipping Board and member of the World War Debt Funding Commission, has a plan for collecting France's debt to us. It's a new idea—and as old as common sense is old. And it's American. The outline of Mr. Hurley's plan will be published

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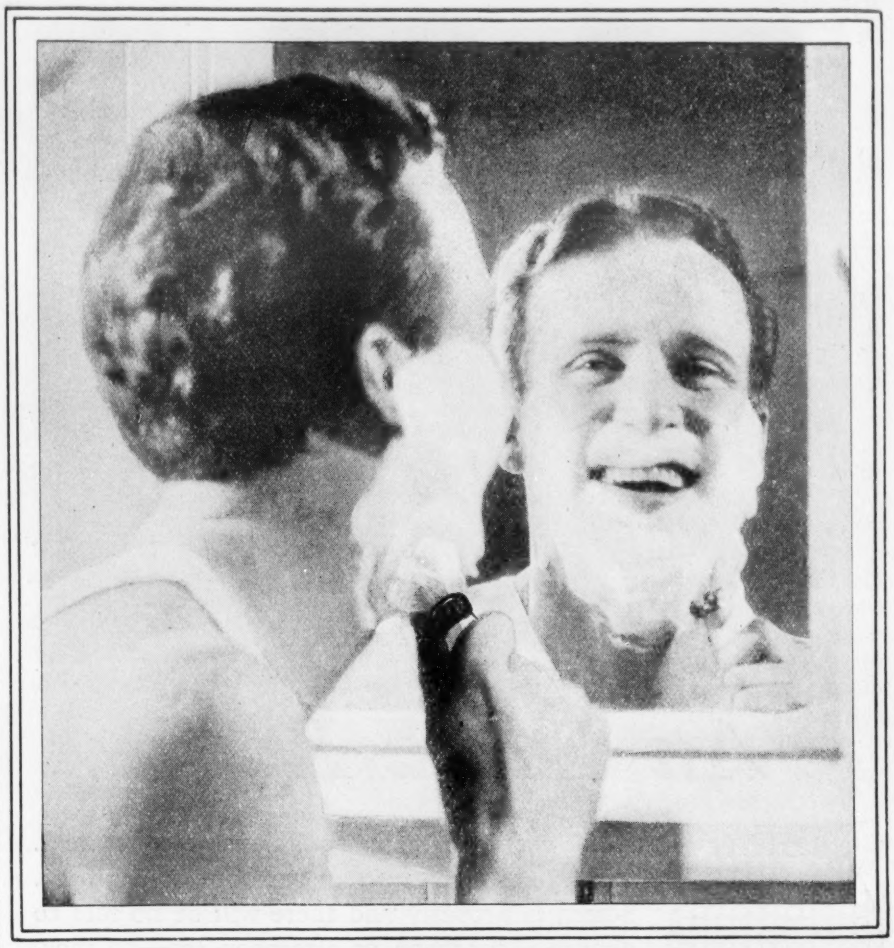

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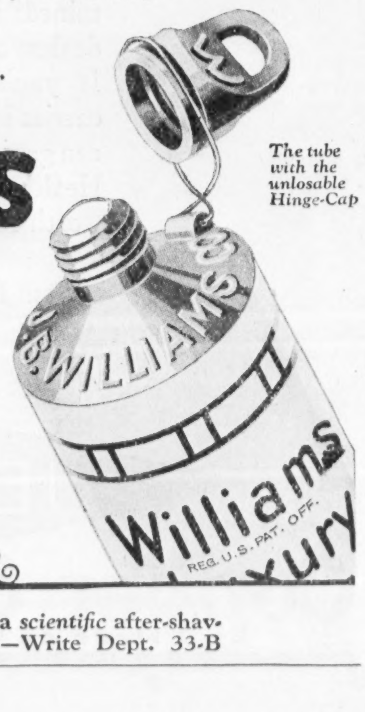

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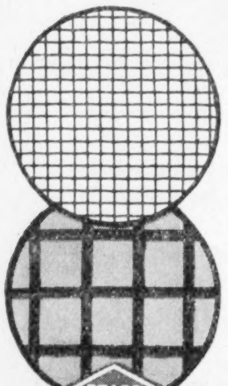

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Pipes o' Glory

Continued from page 37

you hold your whist," he called. "Sure, you've no ear for music." But the dog would not be still.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay.

Grady thought of the heavy pipe major, and could see him in his imagination. Once the reeds were stretched across his shoulder, the lumbering figure became martial and full of fire and dignity, the arrogant strutting walk, the high head of him. And little Para Garvey, freckle-faced, snub-nosed. He remembered how at fourteen, in the Ballyvoyle, the child had handled a rifle bigger than himself with the coolness of an old guardsman. He was only a child, but a lion in the streets.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before parting day.

The pipes shrilled. The dog cried. And suddenly the door opened and the pipe major entered.

"What the devil—" said Pedhar Grady.

" 'Tis how someone else was there before us, General," said the pipe major. " 'Tis not ourselves alone had the idea. I was no sooner there, me and the wee fella', than we saw another piper and a drummer."

"Would it be the Specials or the Staters?" Grady wondered.

"I don't know," said the pipe major, "because I got out as soon as I saw them, for I didn't want there to be any trouble, General, and herself there in her last sleep."

"I wish it had been us," said Pedhar Grady, "for 'tis many's the kind thing she did for us, both before and after the accident."

O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?

"I'll say this," said the pipe major, "that I've never heard better piping, abroad or at home. I've never heard more souple fingers tickle a chanter. She's getting a grand skirl, the poor lady. I'd give money," said the pipe major, "to hear that fellow play The Desperate Battle. I would so."

Little Para Garvey walked into the sitting-room, lugging his drum.

" 'Tis a pity, Para Beg," said Pedhar Grady; "but someone was before us, it seems. Whether Staters or Specials, I don't know. Did you see their faces?"

"They had no faces," said Para Garvey.

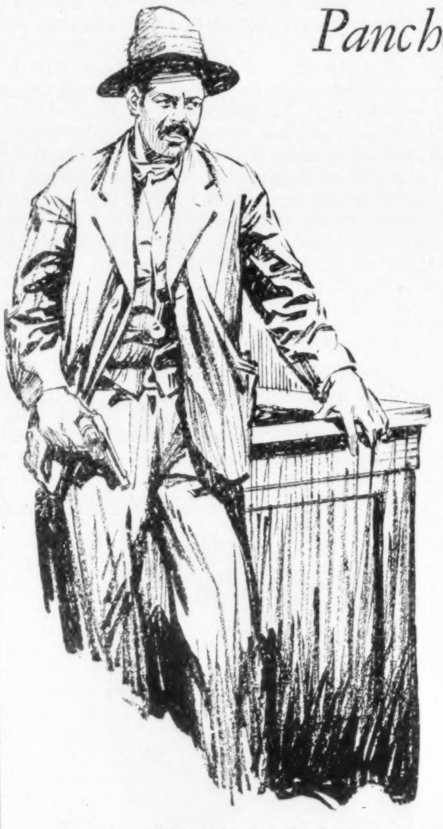
The drumming and piping went on. The dog cowered in a corner. Grady kept looking at the child's white face.

Thy frown canna fear me, thy smile canna cheer me,
Since the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

The pipe major rose and touched the bell. "If you don't mind, General," he apologized, "I'll have a sup o' whisky. I know it's contrary to discipline. And myself, I'm an abstemious man. But to-night there's a chill in my bones."

Pancho Villa's JOKE

By E. S. O'REILLY



PANCHO VILLA had the reputation of never showing mercy to his enemies. He had a keen sense of humor also. On one occasion he destroyed an enemy with a joke. He did it as effectively as if he had used a gun.

In the early days of the Mexican revolution Villa had been a prisoner in Mexico City. One of the officials had mistreated him and Pancho swore that some day he would kill that man.

A few weeks later he escaped from prison and fled to the border, where he organized an army of rebels. Fourteen months later the ex-prisoner marched into Mexico City as victor at the head of thirty thousand soldiers.

The prison official lingered too long in the city and when Villa seized the railroads it was too late to escape; so for weeks he lay concealed in the house of a friend, not daring to show himself in the streets.

A spy revealed his hiding place and some soldiers were sent to arrest him. The official, warned of their approach, made an attempt to escape. To disguise himself he donned a woman's dress over his civilian clothes and bundled his head in a mantilla.

The guards at once pulled the gown from his shoulders and escorted him to Villa's office. At sight of him Pancho went into one of his hysterical rages. Pulling his pistol he cursed the official and told him that he would not leave the room alive.

He faced what seemed certain death, but the official did not weaken.

"I know you are going to kill me," he said calmly. "Shoot and stop talking about it. I am not afraid of you."

Slowly Villa raised the gun and covered the prisoner. Then an idea seemed to strike him. He grinned—and lowered the pistol.

"Death would not be the proper punishment," he said. "Instead of killing you I will sentence you to thirty days in jail because you are guilty of impersonating a female in the public streets. As you seem to like the rôle of a woman you will wear a woman's dress."

The prisoner was taken out and garbed in a gaudy gown with yellow stockings and high-heeled shoes. Then, with soldiers guarding him, he was compelled to work as a street sweeper. At the end of thirty days he was set at liberty.

The poor official became the butt of the city. Newsboys shouted at him. The newspapers printed humorous cartoons and verses about him. Wherever he went men lifted their hats and made unseemly jests. He was literally laughed out of Mexico.

Villa is dead, but the official—self-exiled—still lives in the United States, unwilling to return and face the ridicule which he knows will follow him.

There's No Cage Like Home

Continued from page 19

pushed wagons about, investigated the cook house, rolled in the soft loam, yanked a few stakes loose from the dressing tent, broken into the concession wagon, and riddled it of its wares of popcorn and peanuts, and then, a fine time having been had by all, gone back to the picket line contented!

Which leads me to another elephant story, and a piece of press-agentry that didn't pan out. It happened a number of years ago, when Major G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) was at the head of his own Wild West show, before he combined with Buffalo Bill. The place was Washington, D. C., and the major was standing at the front entrance when a newspaper man approached.

"How'd you like to get some free publicity?" the correspondent asked. The major grinned.

"How would I like to go to heaven?" he answered. "What's necessary?"

"Well, just this. I don't know whether you've heard about it or not, but about a month ago an amusement park was shipping three elephants down here and the train was wrecked. The car was turned over and they all got out. Later two of them wandered back to the wreck and were captured, but the third one hit for the swamps and he hasn't been found yet. Now, I was thinking that it would make a peach of a story if you could get a bunch of your cowboys to go out and try to rope that elephant."

"Try to is right," said Pawnee Bill. "We couldn't do it!"

"Who said you'd have to? You can try, can't you? You don't need even to see the thing—just so you put out the expedition."

The major winked. Then he gave his orders. When the show traveled on that night, twenty cowpunchers with their horses were left behind, to go on an expedition into the swamps to catch an elephant. The start was made at midnight, and by dawn the expedition of cowboys, buckaroos, vaqueros, ropers, riders and scouts of the plains, as the billboards called them, headed by Pawnee Bill, the newspaper man and the major's top hand, "Mexican Joe" Barrerra, was moving out of Alexandria, Va., for the swamps and the elephant hunt.

"Ugh!" said Pawnee Bill as, deep in the swamps, he leaned from his horse and looked down at the mushy road.

"By gol, what you t'ink!" said Mexican Joe.

For there, in the mud, was the print of an enormous foot, not an hour old! Five minutes later they saw the elephant!

Straight on he came, while the major bent in his saddle and sent his spurs scurrying along the flanks of his horse, meanwhile yelling to Mexican Joe to do something to divert the big beast's attention. All that Joe could think of was his trusty rope, and he whirled his horse, and with his lariat whistling, sent it through the air, to settle under one tusk and over one eye of the charging pachyderm!

"I gottee!" he shouted. "I gottee!"

The major turned, white-faced, to see an elephant dragging horse, rope and Mexican Joe in his wake.

"Turn him loose, you dern fool!" he yelled.

"Can't turn loose! I gottee! I gottee! You say ropem—I gottee!"

"Then get ahead here and run! He'll turn you both over if you don't!"

Mexican Joe, his swarthiness not as dark as usual, spurred his horse forward, to the beginning of a strange race—a lariated elephant chasing his captor, trunk still in the air, and trumpetings sounding every second.

Then slowly there came a slight tension on the rope. The men looked back, to see that the elephant was slowing in his pace. His trunk had dropped now—there was more placidity in his eye. Soon the horses were merely trotting, Mexican Joe proudly holding the lariat taut that it might remain in place.

"I gottee!" he beamed, "I gottee!"

Into Alexandria they rode. The newspaper man hurried to a telephone that he might send the story to a fevered world. He came back crestfallen.

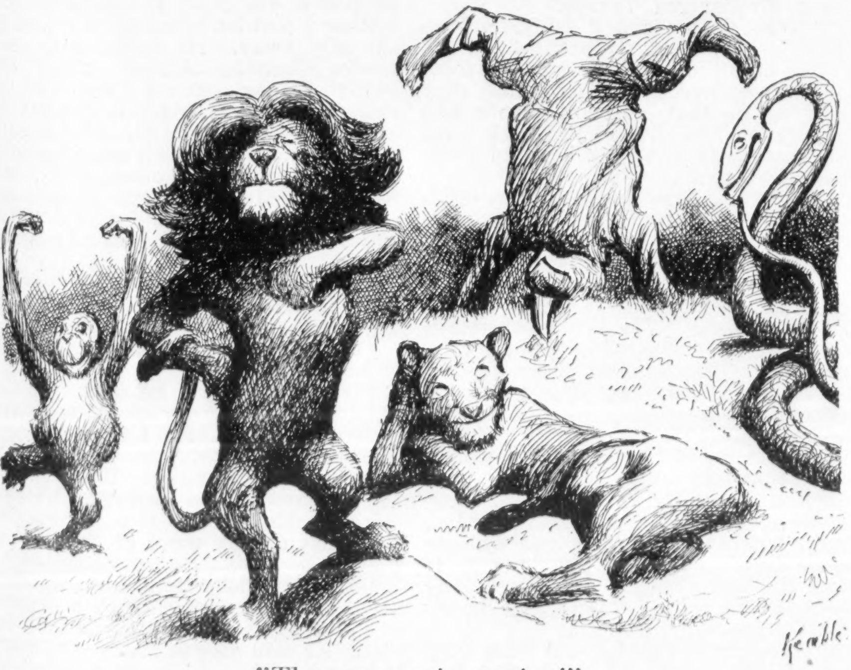
"Won't handle it," he confessed. "They say the whole thing's a pipe dream, that it couldn't happen. Besides, they tell me they've printed too much about those blamed elephants!"

Which nearly broke the heart of a certain major who had visioned a front-page story in the papers of the whole country. But it didn't worry Mexican Joe. Last year, down on the major's buffalo ranch in Oklahoma, Joe and I were riding herd, and Joe was swinging his rope lazily as he sought to single out the biggest bison of the bunch.

"Pretty hefty, isn't he, Joe?" I asked. "Can you hold him if you rope him?"

Joe turned upon me a scornful glance. "Hol' him?" he asked. "Gol! Ain't I rope a elephant?"

In DARKEST AFRICA



"The camera is coming!"

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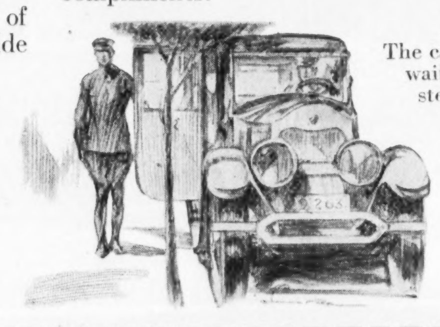
If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 23

in particular was greatly flabbergasted, and then the rest of us went to bed."

"Evidently Mr. Fenton made the raps," said Christina Alberta.

"Evidently his presence was necessary for the raps to be made," corrected Mr. Preemby. "Quite unconsciously he was a Mejum.

"THE next evening was wet again, and as his Spare Part hadn't come, Mr. Fenton was able to join us once more. He made some little objection at first because he said he and his people were all Particular Baptists, and he was doubtful whether this sort of thing was not Necromancy and forbidden in the Bible. But I persuaded him out of that. And this time we spelt out a quite singular message. It was AWAKE, SARGON! ARISE OR BE FOREVER FALLEN!

"Even from the first I had had a feeling that those messages from Sargon had something to do with me. Now suddenly conviction came upon me. I asked, 'Is Sargon present?' '*Yes.*' I knew it would be so. 'Is it anyone in the circle?' '*Yes.*' 'Is it this gentleman?'—pointing to Mr. Hockleby. A very loud '*No.*' 'Is it me?' '*Yes.*'

"Mr. Hockleby, I noted at the time, looked annoyed—as though he felt it was he who ought to be Sargon.

"Then young Mr. Fenton stood up suddenly. 'Oh! I can't stand any more of this,' he said. 'My head feels quite muzzy. I'm sure this sort of thing is harmful.' He walked across the room and sat down suddenly with his hands hanging over the arms of the chair—it was one of the big armchairs covered in cretonne. We all felt very much concerned, but as for myself I was all in a daze at the thought of being this Sargon and being called upon so openly to rouse myself to action. I did not understand fully as yet all that it meant to me, but I did realize that it meant a very great deal."

"But what did you think it meant?" said Christina Alberta sharply, and her perplexed gaze searched his profile. His blue eyes stared at things far away beyond the distant hills, strange things, fantastic empires, secret cities, mystical traditions, and his brows were knit in the effort to keep his story together.

"All in good time," said Mr. Preemby. "Let me tell my story in my own way. I was telling you, I think, that young Mr. Fenton said he felt heavy and strange. Mrs. Hockleby, happily, was quite equal to that situation. She had seen the same thing before. 'Don't struggle against it,' she said. 'Let yourself go. Just lean back in your chair. If you want to lie quiet, do. If you want to say anything, do. Let the influence work.' And she turned to me and whispered 'Trance.'

"'What is a trance?' said Mr. Fenton—just like that. 'What is a trance?'

She began moving her hands in front of his face, 'making passes' I think they call it. He shut his eyes, gave a sort of sigh, and his head lolled back. We all sat round him waiting, and presently he began to mutter.

"At first it was just nonsense. 'Oodjah Woojer Boojer,' words like that. Then more distinctly, 'Oujah the Wise Man, Sargon's servant. Oujah comes to serve Sargon. To awaken him.' After that he seemed to wander off into sheer rubbish. 'Why is a mouse when it spins?' he whispered in his own voice and then, 'That damned Spare Part.'

"Mrs. Hockleby said that was quite characteristic of this sort of trance, and then Mr. Hockleby got a writing-pad and a pencil to take down anything more that was said.

"And presently when Mr. Fenton spoke again, he did not speak in his own voice but in a kind of hoarse whisper quite different from his usual voice. It was the voice of this Oujah speaking—Oujah the control. With a slight accent—Sumerian I suppose.

"Well, the things he said were very astonishing indeed. I think that this Oujah was anxious to secure my attention by convincing me that he knew of things, intimate things, that nobody else could know. At the same time he did not wish the others to know too clearly what he was aiming at. How did it go? What can I remember? Mr. Hockleby has a lot of it written down, but so far I have not had time to make a copy. 'Child of the sea and the desert,' he said, 'the blue waters and the desert sand.' Is it too fanciful to find an allusion to Sheringham in that? 'Cascades and great waters and a thing like a wheel on a blue shield.' That is more puzzling. But 'Cascades and great waters' set me thinking of our big washers. And you remember the swastika on our blue delivery vans, Christina Alberta? Is not that oddly suggestive of a thing like a wheel on a blue shield? The Norse peoples called the swastika the fire wheel. 'Armies with their white garments fluttering, the long lines drawn out—armies of delivery.' That again is queer. One is reminded of armies and also—don't think me absurd!—of the drying ground and the vans. It is like one thing becoming transparent and your seeing the other behind it."

"Are you sure of the exact phrases, Daddy?"

"Mr. Hockleby has them written down. If I have not got them quite right, you will be able to read his notes."

"The swastika may be a coincidence," said Christina Alberta. "Or you may have been drawing it on the edges of the newspaper. You do sometimes. And he may have seen it."

"That does not account for the blue ground. He laid great stress on the blue ground. And there were other things; matters known only to me and your dear mother. I could not tell you them without telling you everything. And small things, entirely private to me. The name of my late grandfather at Diss. Munday his name was. It is sometimes difficult to argue about things, although one may be absolutely convinced. And all this was mixed up with broken sentences about a great city and the two daughters of the western King and the Wise Man. Ar also he called me Belshazzar. Belshazzar seemed to drift in and out of his thoughts. 'Come again to a world that has fallen into disorder.' These are remarkable words. And then, 'Beware of women; they take the scepter out of the hands of the King. But do they know how to rule? Ask Tutankhamen. Ask the ruins of the desert.'"

"Pah," said Christina Alberta. "As though women have ever had a fair chance!"

"WELL, anyhow, Mr. Hockleby has that written down. . . . And it seemed to me that this too applied to me, for because of my great fondness for your mother I had let so many years of my life slip away. He said many other things, Christina Alberta, richly suggestive things. But I have told you enough for you to understand what has happened. In the end Mr. Fenton came to quite suddenly, much more suddenly than is usual in such cases, Mrs. Hockleby said. He sat up and yawned and rubbed his eyes. 'Oh, Lord!' he said, 'what nonsense all this is! I'm going to bed.'

"We asked him if he felt exhausted. He said he was. 'Absolutely fed up,' were his actual words.

"We asked him if that was the end of his message.

"'What message?' he said. He had absolutely no memory of his communications at all. 'Have I been talking?' he asked. 'This isn't the sort of thing one ought to get up to. What sort of things have I been saying? Nothing objectionable, I hope. If so, I apologize. I mustn't do any more of this sort of thing.'

"Mrs. Hockleby told him she had never met anyone with such a promise of great psychic power as he had, before. He said he was really very sorry to hear it. She said he owed it to himself to cultivate so rare and strange a gift, but he said that wouldn't do for his people at all. The rain had stopped, and he said he thought he would take a walk down to the Pantiles and back before turning in. Perfectly simple and natural he was from first to last, and rather unwilling. And he really did look tired out."

"Didn't he laugh once?" asked Christina Alberta.

"Why should he? He seemed a little afraid of what he had transmitted. The next day his Spare Part came. Mrs. Hockleby did her utmost to try to get him once more in the afternoon and develop his Communication, but he would not do so. He was full of questions about the ferry at Tilbury and the time of high tide. He would not even give us his name and address. When I spoke of sending Mr. Hockleby's notes to the 'Occult Review' he was suddenly quite alarmed. He said that if his name appeared in connection with them it might mean a very serious row with his family. He would not even allow us to put a Mr. F. from Cambridge. 'Put quite another name,' he said, 'quite a different name. Put anything you like that does not point to me, a Mr. Walker, say, from London. Or something of that sort.'

"Of course there was nothing for us to do but agree."

"AND that was the whole of your Communication, Daddy?"

"It was only the beginning. Because after that I began to remember. I began to remember more and more."

"Remember?"

"Things from my other lives. Memories stored up. This young Mr. Fenton was, so to speak, no more than the first cut in the curtain of forgetfulness that hung between this present life and all my previous existences. Now it was rent and torn open so that I could see things through it at a dozen points. Now I begin to realize what I really was and what I can really be. . . .

"You know, Christina Alberta, I have never actually believed I was myself—not even as a schoolboy. And now it is interesting! I know and understand clearly that I *am* somebody else. I have always been somebody else."

"But who do you believe you are, Daddy?"

"So far as I can gather, I was first a chief called Porg in a city called Kleb in the very beginning of the world, æons and æons ago, and I tamed my people and taught them many things. Then afterwards I was this Sargon, Sargon, King of Kings. There is very little about him here in the Public Library, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica": an upstart who took his name, *my* name, three thousand years later, an Assyrian fellow, is the Sargon they tell about—he got mixed up with the Jews and he besieged Samaria—but I was the original Sargon long before there were Jews or anything of the sort, long before Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. And afterwards I was Belshazzar, the last crown prince of the Babylonians, but that is not very clear. That remains obscure. Only one part of the record is lit as yet. And possibly I have been other people. But the figure that stands out in my memory now is Sargon. It is his memories have been returning to me. It is he who has returned in me."

"But, Daddy, you don't really believe all this?"

"Believe!—I *know.* Long before this Communication came to me I had those intimations—that assurance that I was somebody else. *Now* I see clearly. I can remember days in Acadia now just as clearly as I can remember days in Woodford Wells. I could almost doubt whether I have ever lived at Woodford Wells; it seems so far away now. It was when I was in bed the night after Mr. Fenton had gone that these memories began to come. I was in bed and then suddenly I was not in bed, I was reclining on a couch under a canopy, a canopy of pure white wool very finely woven and embroidered with emblems and symbols and suchlike things in golden thread, and I was upon my state barge upon the Euphrates. Two King's daughters, sisters, with slender necks, not unlike the two Miss Solbés except that they were fairer—and decidedly younger—*much* younger—and clad rather more in accordance with the requirements of a warm climate, chiefly in woven gold—sat and fanned me with fans of Eagles' feathers dyed a royal purple. And at my feet sat my councillor Prewm, who was, oddly enough, extremely like Mr. Hockleby—just the same iron-gray whiskers and with the same little tufts of hair over his ears. He was wearing an extremely tall cap of some black woolen substance and he was making memoranda with a wooden style on a tablet of wet clay. It was like writing on a mud pie. And beyond him were the officers of the boat on a kind of bridge—they were wearing leather helmets studded with brass—and then one saw the rowers below, chained to their oars, and then on either side spread the broad brown river just crinkled by the breeze. The little boats fled to make way for us. They had coarse, square sails and they lowered them and turned them about all in precisely the same way at precisely the same time. It was very pretty to see. Along the banks were little villages of mud-brick houses and clumps and lines of palm trees; and everywhere there were primitive contrivances, great bent poles of wood like giant fishing rods, for raising water out of the river for the cultivation of the land. And the people were all crowded along the water's edge and bowing with their hands and foreheads in the water and crying, 'Sargon the Conqueror, Sargon, King of Kings.' "

"But, Daddy, this was a dream?"

"How could I dream of things I had never seen nor heard of before?"

"One does."

"One does *not,*" he replied with quiet, invincible obstinacy. "I remember I was coming back from the south where I had given peace to a multitude of warring tribes, Elamites and Perrizetes and Jebusites, and people of that sort, and I was returning to my capital. I remember distinctly many details of the campaign and I know that with an effort I could recall more in the proper order. In dreams absurd things happen; dreams, when you think them over afterwards, are all at sixes and sevens, but this is all sane and orderly. One might think, Christina Alberta, that I had never dreamt dreams and that all these memories of that previous existence which crowd upon me now were a deception of my imagination! But I can go right back as if it was yesterday, and I am surer by far that I am Sargon than that I am Albert Edward Preemby, your father. The former is my true self, the latter is just a very simple, unpretending wrapping that for some purpose, at present inexplicable to me, has hidden me from the world."

HE WAVED his hand with a bolder gesture than was habitual to him. He sat with his eyes wide open, looking at unseen things.

The girl regarded him in silence. She was trying to grasp the full import of this amazing speech.

"And *this* was your Communication?" she said at last.

"You have to know," he said. "You have to serve and help me."

(Help him! How could she help him or herself? How far was this thing going? What was she to do?)

"Have you told anyone else of this, Daddy?" she asked abruptly. "Have you told anyone else?"

He turned his solemn little face toward her.

"Ah, *there,*" he said, "we have to be very discreet and careful—very careful indeed. Here and now is not the time to proclaim that Sargon, King of Kings, has come back to the civilization he did so much to found. One has to be careful, Christina Alberta. There is a spirit of opposition—

"For instance, I have told something of my first vision—dream you may call it if you like—to Mr. Hockleby. I described the resemblance between himself and Prewm. He was by no means pleased. His is a seditious, insubordinate nature. And besides—since then—I have recalled what happened—on the advice of Oujah—to Prewm. . . .

"And I have realized since then that,

(*Continued on page 42*)

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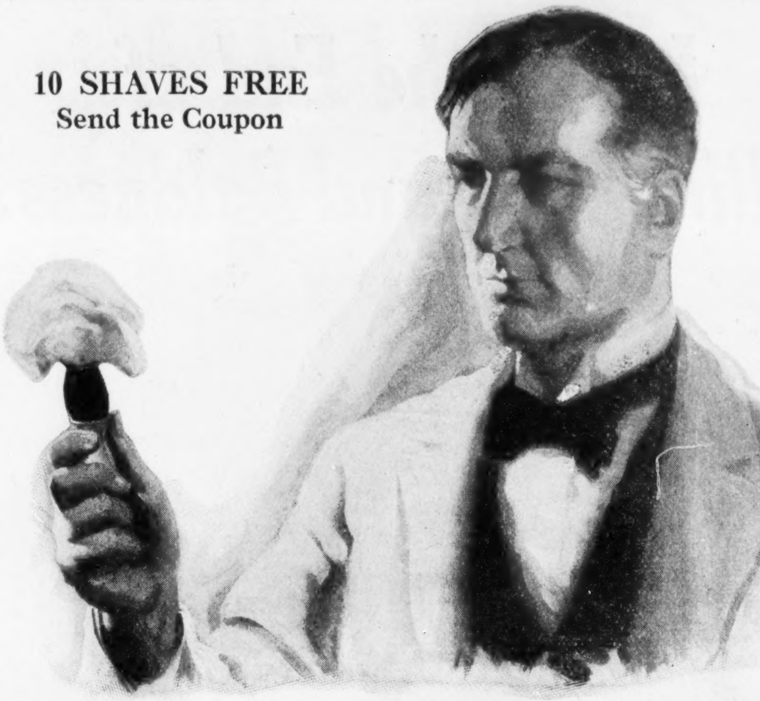

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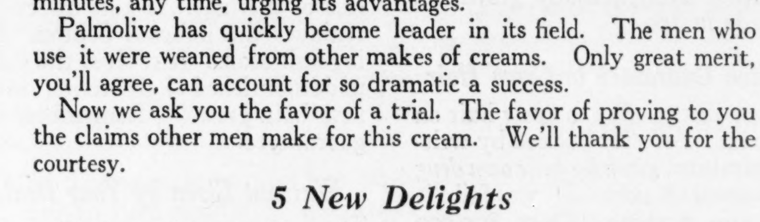

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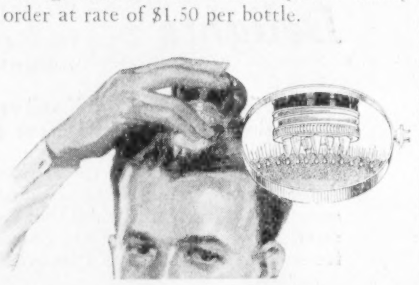

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 41

though one may be convinced oneself, it does not follow that one will convince other people. It is true that Miss Hockleby and the two Miss Solbés have asked me to tell them more of my dreams—they too call them dreams. But their manner was curious rather than respectful, and I have been extremely reserved with them."

"That's my wise Daddy," said Christina Alberta. "You have to think of your dignity."

"I have to think of my dignity, certainly. Nevertheless—" His hands went out in a new amplitude of gesture. "Here I am, and this is my world. My world! I nursed it in its infancy. I taught it law and obedience. Here I am, the most ancient of monarchs. Rameses and Nebuchadnezzar, Greece and Rome, the Kingdoms and Empires, things of yesterday—interludes while I have been sleeping. And clearly I have been sleeping. And clearly I have not been sent back to the world without a mission. This is a great and crowded world now, Christina Alberta, but it is in a sad state of disorder. Even the newspapers remark upon it. People are not happy now. They are not happy as they were under my rule in Sumeria thousands of years ago. In the sunshine and abundance of Sumeria."

"But what can you *do*, Daddy?"

"Dear Princess, my child, that I have to think out. Nothing hastily; nothing rashly."

"No," said Christina Alberta.

There came a pause. "One person only seems to have any belief in me. The younger Miss Solbé— Did you say anything, dear?"

"No. Go on."

"I have asked her if she too has had any dreams, any vague memories of a previous existence. She seems to have had something confirmatory in a shadowy sort of way. Very vague intimations. She tells them timidly. When her sister is not about. But she is under a misapprehension that her relationship to me was a particularly close and special one. She was not my Queen. There she is wrong. It is perhaps natural for her to think so, but I remember quite distinctly how it was. She was one of the Twenty Principal Concubines who carried the Eagle fans."

"Have you told her that?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Preemby. "Not yet. One has to go discreetly in all these things."

Another pause followed. Christina Alberta looked at her wrist watch. "My word!" she cried. "We shall be late for lunch!"

She noted as they walked back toward the Petunia Boarding House that his bearing and manner had undergone a subtle change. He seemed larger and taller and his face was serener and he held his head higher. He did not H'rrmp once. He seemed to expect people and things to get out of his way, and it was as if the path was a carpet that was being unrolled before his advance. Had she been able to see herself, she would have remarked an equal change in her own carriage. The dance had gone out of her paces. She walked like one upon whose shoulders the responsibilities of life might easily become overwhelming.

They were late for lunch, and all the other boarders were in their places, beginning. Everyone turned to look at Mr. Preemby's face as they came in, and then they glanced at one another. "So you've come back to us," said Mrs. Hockleby to Christina Alberta, meeting her eye.

"It's jolly to be back," said Christina Alberta.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA and Paul Lambone had been great friends for nearly a year. He liked her and admired her, and, as became his literary line of work, he studied her. And she liked him and trusted him, and showed off a good lot when she was with him.

Paul Lambone wrote novels and short stories and books of good advice, and he was particularly celebrated for the pervading wisdom of his novels and the excellence of his advice. It was his pervading wisdom that had picked him up out of the general poverty of writers and placed him in a position of comparative prosperity. Not that his conduct of his affairs was wise, but that the quality of his wisdom was extremely salable. Some writers prosper by reason of their distinctive passion, some by reason of their austerity and truth, some by their excellent invention, and some even by simple good writing, but Paul Lambone prospered because of his kindness and wisdom. When you read the stories you always felt that he was really sorry for the misfortunes and misbehavior of his characters and anxious to help them as much as he could. And when they blundered or sinned he would as often as not tell you what was the better course they might have chosen. His book of advice, and particularly his "Book of Everyday Wisdom," and his "What To Do on a Hundred and One Occasions" sold largely and continually.

BUT like that James, King of England, to whom the Bible was dedicated, Paul Lambone was far wiser in his thoughts and counsels than in his acts. In small matters and most of the time his proceedings were foolish or selfish or indecisive or all of those things. His wisdom did not reach below the level of his eyes, and his face and body and arms and legs were given over to the unhappiest tendencies, which were restrained by his general indolence rather than by any real self-control. He was very well off chiefly because he was lazy; he asked the highest possible prices for everything he wrote because that was just as easy as asking the lowest, and there was always a chance that the bargain would not come off and then he would be saved the trouble of correcting his proofs. He accumulated money because he was too unenterprising to buy things or incur the responsibility of possessions, and so he just let a trust invest it for him. His literary reputation was high because a literary reputation in England and America depends almost entirely upon apparent reluctance of output. The terse beauty of his style was mainly due to his sedulous indisposition to write two words where one would suffice. And in the comfort and leisure his indolence accumulated for him he sat about and talked and was genially wise and got fatter than was becoming. He tried to eat less as a preferable alternative to taking exercise, but in the presence of drink and nourishment his indolence flagged and failed him. He went about a good deal, and was always eager for new things because they saved him from boredom, the malign parent of much needless activity. He had an expensive little cottage near Rye in Kent to which he could motor whenever London bored him, and directly his cottage bored him he would come back to London. And he visited people's houses a lot because it was too troublesome to resist invitations.

There were, it must be admitted, limits to the wisdom of Paul Lambone. It is often more difficult to see what is near us than what is far away; many a stout fellow who looks with a clear, discerning eye upon the universe sees little of his toes, and ignores the intervening difficulty; and something subconscious in Paul Lambone's mind, obstinately refused to recognize the defective nature of many of his private acts. He knew he was indolent, but he would not allow himself to admit that his indolence was fundamental and vicious. He thought there was a Paul Lambone in reserve of very great energy. He liked to think of himself as a man of swift and accurate decisions who, once aroused, was capable of dæmonic energy. He had spent many an hour in armchairs, on garden seats and on Downland turf, thinking out his course of action on various possible occasions of war, business, criminal attempt or domestic crisis. His favorite heroes in real life were Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Lord Kitchener, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Ford, and suchlike heroic ants.

He liked Christina Alberta because of her tremendous go. She was always up to something; she preferred standing to sitting, and she kicked her legs about while she talked to you. He idealized her go; he attributed to her much more go than she really had. He was secretly persuaded that her blood must be like a bird's, a degree or so above normal. He felt that in imagination she had much in common with him. He called her the Last Thing, the Van, the Ultimate Modern Girl, and the Life Force. He openly professed pity for the unaided single-handed man who would, in accordance with our social laws, presently have to marry her and go her pace and try to keep her in order.

She had been to tea with him once or twice. She perceived his admiration and suspected a certain affection, and she basked in admiration and affection. She liked his books and thought he was very like what he thought he was himself. She told him all sorts of things about herself just to lift his eyebrows.

And he was wise all over her and round and about her, tremendously wise.

IT WAS quite interesting to be rung up by Christina Alberta and asked if she might come for tea and advice. "Come along now," he said. "I'm probably all alone for tea."

And as he replaced the instrument he said: "Now, I wonder what the young woman has been up to! And what she wants me to do for her."

He went back to his sitting-room and spread himself on his very nice Persian hearthrug, and regarded the pretty silver kettle that swung over his spirit lamp. "It won't be money," he considered. "She isn't the sort that tries to get money. . . .

"She's barked her shins on something. . . .

"Girls nowadays are a lot too plucky—they're a lot too plucky altogether. . . . I hope it's nothing serious. . . . She's just a kid."

Christina Alberta appeared in due course. Erect as ever, but nevertheless looking a little dashed and subdued.

"Uncle," she said—for that was her theory of their relationship—"I'm in trouble. You've got to give me all sorts of advice."

"Take off that brigand's cloak," he said, "and sit down there and make me some tea. I've been watching your love affair out of the corner of my eye for some time. I'm not surprised."

Christina Alberta paused with her cloak in her hand and stared at him. "That's nothing," she said. "I can manage that little affair all right. Such as it is. Don't you worry about *me,* in that respect. Don't imagine things. But this is something—something different." She threw the cloak over a chair back and came and stood by the silver tea tray.

"You know my Daddy," she said, arms akimbo.

"I never saw a more dissimilar parent."

"Well—" She considered how she should put it. "He's behaving queerly. So that people may think—people who don't know him—that he's going out of his mind."

Mr. Lambone reflected. "Was it ever such a very serious mind to go out of?"

"Oh, don't make jokes! His mind was good enough to keep him out of trouble, and now something's happened and it isn't. People will think— Some of them think already he is mad. They may take him away. And there's just him and me. It's serious, Uncle. And I don't know what I ought to do. I don't know enough to know. I'm scared. I've got no friends that I can talk to about it. None. You'd think I'd have women friends. I haven't. I don't get on with older women. They want to boss me. Or I think they do. And I irritate them. They know, they feel—the proper ones—that I don't—oh—respect their standards. And the other sort just hate me. Because I'm young. The girls I know—no good for what I want just now."

"But isn't there a man," said Lambone, "on whom you have a sort of claim?"

"You know who it is, I suppose?"

He was frank. "Things rather show."

"If you know him—" She left the sentence unfinished.

"I know the young man only very incidentally," he said.

"I go to Teddy," said Christina Alberta without any further reservations. "I went to him, as a matter of fact, before I telephoned to you. He hardly listened to what I had to say. He didn't bother." She winced. Suddenly tears stood in her eyes. "He was just loafing about in his studio. He kissed me and tried to excite me. He would hardly listen to what I had to tell him. . . . That, I suppose, is what one gets from a lover."

"So it's got to that," Paul Lambone reflected with hidden dismay, and then remarked a little belatedly: "Not every lover."

"Mine—anyhow."

"And you came away?"

"*Well!* What do *you* think?"

"H'm," said Lambone. "You *have* barked your shins, Christina Alberta! More than I thought."

"Oh, Hell take Teddy!" said Christina Alberta, putting it on a bit and helping herself by being noisy. "What does that matter now? I've done with Teddy. I was a fool. Never mind that. The thing is my Daddy. What am I to do about my Daddy?"

"WELL, first you've got to tell me all about it," said Lambone. "Because at present, you know, I've hardly got the hang of the trouble. And before you do that you sit down in that easy chair and I make the tea. No, not you. Your nerves are on edge and you'll upset something. You've been having your first dose of adult worry. Sit down there and don't say anything for a minute. I'm glad you came along to me. Very glad. . . . I liked that Daddy of yours really. Little innocent-eyed man he was. Blue eyes. And he was talking—what nonsense *was* he talking? About the Lost Atlantis. But it was quite nice nonsense. . . . No, don't interrupt. Just let me recall my own impression of him until you've had your tea."

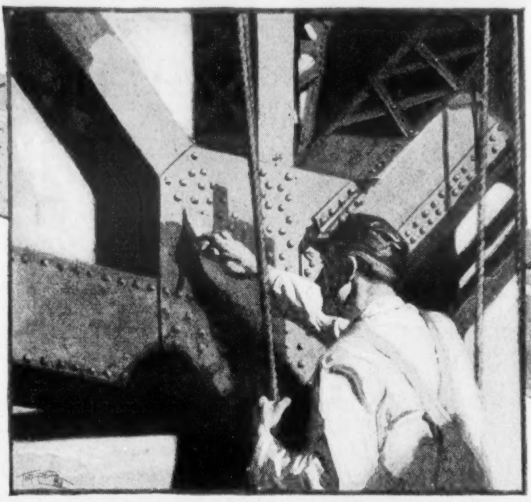
(To be continued next week)

"THE NEW HOKUM"

"BETWEEN the Freudians and the shootleggers—the latter being unlicensed dealers in automatic revolvers—a newer, brighter era has dawned in our history of murder. A modern murder, to be in style, must be planned in terms of psycho-experimentation. It must be amusing, intellectual, analytic."

Read the sparkling article on psychoanalysis, in next week's Collier's.

By WALLACE IRWIN



Lead is used by man in almost countless ways. But its most general use is in lead paints. Red-lead and white-lead are known and used the world over.

Red-lead helps man win the greatest war of all time

THIS war is between man and Nature. What man builds, the forces of Nature try to destroy. Nature is everlastingly striving to return all materials to their original and most stable form. So it has been since the beginning of time.

Man uses in his structures, among other materials, the strongest metal he has—steel. Opposed to it is one of Nature's strongest elements—moisture-laden air. The air attacks this metal which man has won from Nature and tries, by what is known as rusting, to draw it back to its original state. If the metal is left to face the attack alone, it soon weakens. It crumbles—is destroyed.

But few steel structures are permitted to rust rapidly away. Man thwarts Nature by protecting his steel with an armor of lead paint. With red-lead he makes a covering which air and moisture can not penetrate.

Special protection for hidden surfaces

So from the time steel comes from the mill it should have red-lead protection. Wherever you see a bridge or tank—or any other iron and steel structure—outlined in red against the sky, you know that man is winning another victory over air and moisture.

The red-lead armor must be not only on all exposed surfaces, but especially on surfaces that are hidden after construction. Where steel beams overlap, wherever there are rivets, and wherever flooring or other construction makes it almost impossible to repaint regularly, special paint protection is necessary.

The figure of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here is reproduced on every keg of Dutch Boy red-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy stands all tests

In order to give complete protection to iron and steel, red-lead must be pure. That is why the United States Navy and so many engineers, contractors and builders prefer Dutch Boy red-lead. Dutch Boy red-lead is pure and is highly oxidized. It has stood all tests for durability. It produces a hard, tenacious film that is still elastic enough to expand and contract without cracking. It brushes out evenly and has unusual covering power. It gives full and economical protection to the surface it covers.

Dutch Boy red-lead ready for mixing with pure linseed oil comes in the natural red-lead color. It can be shaded to browns, greens, black and other dark colors as desired.

Send for free paint booklet

We shall be pleased to send you a booklet, "The Handy Book of Painting," a storehouse of general paint facts and formulas. A section is devoted to the protection of metal surfaces. It tells how to prepare the surface for painting, how to mix and apply the paint. We shall also be glad to give you any specific information on any particular painting problem you may have.

Other Dutch Boy Products

IN the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides red-lead, there are white-lead, flatting oil, solder, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company, in addition, makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry, and daily life. Among these products are litharge, sheet lead, lead bars, lead cames, lead pipe and tubing, solder, and babbitt metal.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to our nearest branch.

"Save the surface and you save all"

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

Prevent tooth trouble

COLGATE'S *removes causes* of tooth Decay

GOOD teeth, good health and good looks are closely related. Keep your mouth clean and healthy and you safeguard not only your health but your personal attractiveness, too. Preventive dentistry is the new forward step in dental science. It is sweeping the United States—and with it Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied. Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice. It *removes causes* of tooth decay.

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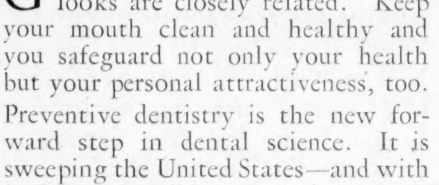
Colgate's is a common sense dentifrice—safe for a lifetime. It "washes" and polishes your teeth—does not scratch or scour them.

Avoid grit in your dentifrice. The U. S. Public Health Service warns against it. So do dentists and physicians. There is no grit in Colgate's. It cleans your teeth safely, and by its thoroughness, helps prevent decay. Colgate's is deliciously flavored. It is always a pleasure to use it.

Take the safe course—See your dentist at least twice a year and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream regularly. Large tube 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



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Please send me, free, a trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

The Bloopers' Blight

AN INTERESTING series of experiments conducted jointly by the Goodyear Radio Club of Akron, Ohio, the Cleveland Radio Club and the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" has been reported to me by Mr. George E. Evans of the Akron club. The tests were designed to determine the actual distance radiating receivers cause interference. "A careful comparison of the 1,000 communications received," writes Mr. Evans, "gave convincing proof that the combined squeals of half of Cleveland's 'bloopers' carried two or three hundred miles." Tests made with a single radiating receiver showed forty miles transmission with an inefficient aërial. These tests are highly illuminating, and the three organizations deserve praise for the work done.

Cuts 'Em All Out

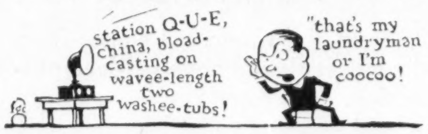
IF THE present vogue of "low loss" parts isn't soon stopped, we will have receivers so sharply selective that they will completely eliminate all interference—broadcasting as well.

A Blind Expert

IRVING THOMPSON, a blinded war veteran of Chicago, has developed remarkable skill in building complicated radio receivers, turning out sets which are perfect in every detail. He has just completed an eight-tube super, which he made for his pals of the Disabled Veterans Post No. 2. Now that Thompson has overcome his terrible handicap, his friends have undertaken the task of aiding him in establishing a business of building sets.

Tube Noises

IN a thoroughly shielded room Dr. A. W. Hull and his assistants in the General Electric laboratories have succeeded in amplifying the sound made by electrons bombarding the plate of a vacuum tube. Lots of fans have such tubes in their sets, and can hear the artillery without further amplification.

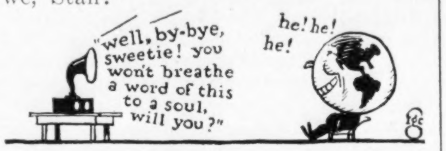

station Q-U-E, china, bload-casting on wavee-length two washee-tubs!
"that's my laundryman or I'm coocoo!

Tube Mileage

IN LONG BEACH, CAL., Herbert Jump has connected a loud speaker in every suite of a large apartment house to his radio set. The tenants pay for the speaker. One of the latter bet Herbert he couldn't get real distance, the wager being that Herbert would get a new tube for every 300 miles he brought in at a certain time. That night PWX Havana boomed forth in every apartment. Herbert got his tubes, and now he confides to me that his phonograph aided and abetted him in the deception. You are out of luck, Herbert, if the tenant reads this page.

It's Better in Code

I AM informed by Stanley McComb of St. Paul, Minn., that station WCCO has inaugurated a new method of replying to fans who send in their congratulations. Through the coöperation of the A. R. R. L., the replies are given to some Twin City amateur who transmits it to another amateur living near the fan. The message is then telephoned or mailed to the fan. Stanley says: "I think the idea is commendable, one that all stations could adopt, saving radio catchers much weariness listening to telegram reading." So do we, Stan!


"well, by-bye, sweetie! you won't breathe a word of this to a soul, will you?"
he! he! he!

Naughty! Naughty!!

MRS. BLANK (name withheld upon request) sends me this delectable little epic:

"I wonder what a certain Detroit man would think if he knew that a perfectly 'private conversation' over the telephone was overheard by two infuriated radio bugs trying to listen to something else? We had a cheap crystal set at the time, and lived in the cheapest apartment. We were enjoying the concert when suddenly out of space came a deep voice saying . . . well, it is hardly fair to tell what he *said*, you know, although we were helplessly eavesdropping. Oddly enough, we heard only *his* side of the conversation. We could not hear the other person at all, but his side was considerable!" Mrs. Blank concludes by remarking that a telephone lineman explained later that the set was grounded to the phone line. She warns readers to be careful these days when making dates over the telephone.

1925 Models Are Good

THOSE persons who fear their receiving sets will become obsolete should remember that steamships are still using spark transmitters despite the tremendously greater efficiency of transmitting tube equipment. Radio moves very fast, especially these days with the urge of public demand behind it, but it cannot move so fast that it makes existing equipment obsolete overnight. It would take a manufacturer at least one year to get into production with any radically changed receiving set. Don't forget that so far as its engine is concerned the automobile of to-day is very little different from that of ten years ago.

Sweden Comes In

THE Swedish Government has succumbed to the demands of radio, and is to erect broadcasting stations. The ban against privately owned receivers was lifted last year, and already 40,000 persons have sets in their homes listening to other European broadcast stations. Artificial governmental barriers cannot stop the world-wide spread of interest in the art. Radio will undoubtedly be the greatest single agency toward international peace yet produced.

Colored Radio Pictures

RECENT experiments have shown the possibility of transmitting pictures in color by radio or telegraph wire. The system involves the basic three-color process, similar to that used in lithographic work. In one of the tests a complete picture was transmitted in twenty minutes. This involved three transmissions, one for each color.

Prize Winners Announced

ON PAGE 50 of this issue you will find the announcement of the prize winners of the Radio Broadcasting Contest.

The Pullman Philosopher

"SHERMAN'S remark applies to hair as well as war," said the Pullman Philosopher.

"What's the idea of stealing Dante's stuff?" I mildly inquired.

"Hair is the meanest substance in the world," quoth the P. P. "Here on my bald spot where I want it, I can't raise it. Whereas on my face I have no use for it, but it grows there like weeds. I haven't shaved today because pity for my suffering face stays my razor hand."

"In the words of Munyon," said I, "there is hope!" And I made a dive for my sample case.

In two minutes I had him standing in front of a wash-bowl—coat and collar off and sleeves rolled up.

"It's no use," he groaned, "the water's cold and this razor is dull." "Forget it," was my brutal comeback. "Work that half-inch of Mennen Shaving Cream into lather. Use plenty of Mr. Pullman's arctic aqua. Don't bother with towels or finger rubbing."

As the diminutive dab of cream began to swell into mountainous lather, I saw amazement in his eye.

"Now it's all over but the shaving," I explained. "That slather of lather has changed your bristling whiskers into soft pinfeathers. Scientists call this Mennen action 'dermutation.' *You'll* call it a miracle."

After a few easy razor strokes his face was as smooth as a girl's. The Philosopher wrung my hand in gratitude.

"Just rub a little of this Mennen Skin Balm into your hide," I directed. "It disappears right away—no grease, a pleasant odor, and it makes your face feel great."

"Don't thank me," I interrupted his hymn of praise, "thank the Mennen chemists who have created a Shaving Cream that makes whiskers surrender and a Skin Balm that makes faces smile."

Your druggist has 50c tubes of Mennen Shaving Cream—and tubes of Mennen Skin Balm at the same price. A word to the wise—

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Golf Comes in Short Pants

Continued from page 15

per cent, there must be a mistake somewhere. The Scotch simply haven't got the vocabulary for golf. They're a Presbyterian stock, an' I've never yet seen the disciple of Calvin that I couldn't give a stroke a hole. The lack of proper emotional expression is bound to make 'em press, for 'Hoot' cannot be regarded as other than pifflin'.

"Yessir, it's a costly game. I kept count one season, an' I figured that it cost me an average of $5 jes' to miss a ball. If I hit it, that was 75 cents or a dollar more. Then there are the clothes—some of the plus fours take a whole crazy quilt, not to mention a Paisley shawl for each stockin'—the transportation, the dues, the caddies, the five-mile shelf of books by Braid, Vardon, Taylor, et al., an' the money you lose by failin' to use a choke grip on your pencil when addin' up the score.

"Nor must we forget the Pro. To my mind, it's a perfectly useless expense, for why pay good money to hear what your wife tells you at home absolutely free of charge? Accordin' to a Pro, everything you have ever done in all your life is all wrong. There's no more totaler loss in the world than a man facin' a new Pro for the first time. As you stand before him, humbly exhibitin' your stance, grip, swing, follow through, heel, toe an' hip movements, hopin' desperately that somethin' may be saved out of the wreck, a groan of purest agony escapes him.

"There are rare instances where a plumber has been known to speak approvin'ly of the work of another plumber, an' there are even recorded cases where a dentist has not shaken his head an' clucked gloomily at sight of another's bridges an' inlays, but from the very day that some Scotchman invented golf to take his mind off a lost sixpence, no golf Pro has ever been heard to admit any good in the teachin' of a fellow Pro. Your one hope is to pay him $5 an hour an' watch him while he practices for his next tournament.

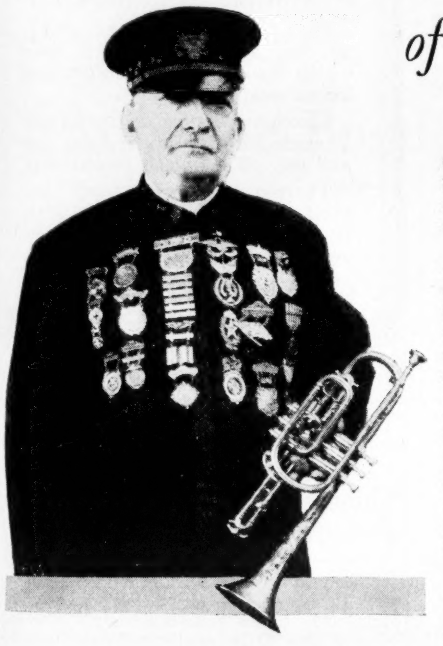
"Still an' all, golf will never attain full popularity until the committees in charge learn to spend money a little bit more intelligently. Look at the thousands of dollars that are lavished on fairways? Honest, after gettin' the bill for a new green you're almost forced to believe that it was put in by a dentist. But never one single cent is spent on improvin' the rough, although that's where nine tenths of the golfers of the United States spend their time. If ever I write a golf book, the title's goin' to be 'Roughin' It.'"

"I reckon there's millions of people that play golf on these municipal courses, ain't there?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"No, they don't play," said Uncle Henry. "They wait."

He's the GRAND OLD MAN *of* BANDDOM

By EARL CHAPIN MAY



As I debouched not long ago from the New York Newspaper Club a startling sound arrested me. Quite distinctly through the plate-glass window at my left I heard a cornetist slur from pedal "C" to "C" above the staff!

Very few of the million cornetists in our fair land can accomplish such a feat. My gaze, guided by my ears, swung leftward. Behind a broad mahogany desk, in a room shimmering with band instruments, sat a stocky man, rather bald and round of face.

"Liberati!" I shouted, and dropped other business for the day. For Alessandro Liberati is the Grand Old Man of Banddom, the Caruso of the cornet. The world may never see his like again.

For seventy of his seventy-eight years Liberati has been master of the cornet. For fifty of those seventy-eight years he has been a band director of distinction. He is the only living active cornetist-conductor who directed the destinies of a band at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial. He is still directing bands and playing cornet solos with rare skill and musicianly technique. And he can still slur from pedal "C" to "C" above the staff!

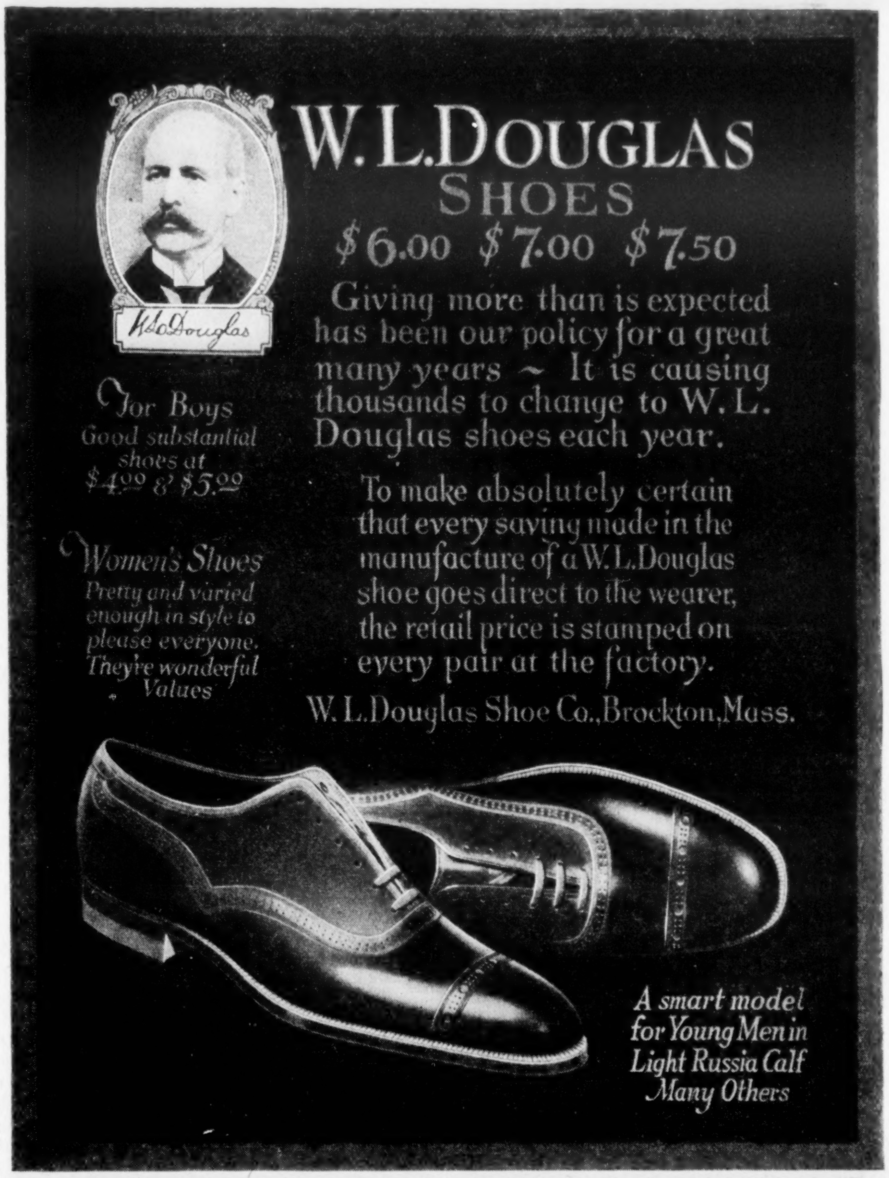
Lest some of the laity fail to grasp the significance of this accomplishment let me explain that the normal range of the cornet is from "C below" the staff to "C above"—fifteen full tones. Many cornetists can *tongue* the scale from pedal "C" to "C" above—twenty-two full tones—and can even go up to "E" above the staff. But only the possessor of a perfect embouchure of "lip" can slur the twenty-two full tones that Liberati slurs. It's a young man's job, and Liberati was born in 1846!

A picturesque character, Liberati, with an eventful career. In 1864 he was a member of the Costisori Band at Rome. In 1866 he was a volunteer bugler with the Ninth Regiment of Garibaldi's red-shirted army in the war between his native Italy, Austria and Prussia. For his valor as a fighter he won a medal bearing the likeness of King Victor Emmanuel.

When he appears in uniform Liberati's forty-two-inch chest bears many medals—twenty-one, all told; and he has a dozen or more presentation batons and watches.

Only last fall he led his band with supreme success at the Waterloo, Iowa, Mid-West Horticultural Exposition. And only a few months ago Herbert L. Clarke, soloist with Sousa many seasons, and considered in modern musical circles the greatest cornetist of our time, paid this tribute to the old master: "He is the greatest artist on the cornet the world has ever known."

Liberati, although he has earned $3,600 as a soloist in eighty days, is not a money maker. He is, I think, too much of an artist for that. One of his favorite sayings is, "I'd rather be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion." And so, for the most part, he has gone his way content to get artistic results.



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Giving more than is expected has been our policy for a great many years ~ It is causing thousands to change to W. L. Douglas shoes each year.

To make absolutely certain that every saving made in the manufacture of a W. L. Douglas shoe goes direct to the wearer, the retail price is stamped on every pair at the factory.

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For Boys
Good substantial
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Pretty and varied
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They're wonderful
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*A smart model
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TOOTH BRUSH
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Penetrates into *every* crevice!

Ordinary toothbrushes do not prevent decay, because they only clean the even surfaces of the teeth.

4,118 dentists designed the Albright Tooth Brush with *widely-spaced, wedge-shaped tufts* of bristles to reach at the very seat of decay—*in between*, on the uneven grinding surfaces, and the *backs of the back teeth.*

More than 20,000 dentists now endorse the Albright Tooth Brush—*different in design, different in results.*

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Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of YOUR toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue.

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Buy it in the Red Box

It gets in between—
where decay begins

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ALBRIGHT
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The First Rungs of the Ladder

Continued from page 14

down when we consider Coolidge of Northampton in Washington, D. C.

There are few revealing things in the life of this country townsman, either written or spoken or exposed in deeds. He has a mole-like modesty, partly a bashful complex, partly a habit of life. But sometimes he does uncover himself in his writings and speeches, and once in Amherst, talking as governor of Massachusetts about politics, he said a blunt, frank, almost brutal thing about the participation of college men in politics. He was asked if there was any special obligation of a college man to be a candidate and answered: "I do not think so," then he continued with dry, caustic Yankee sarcasm:

"It is said that, although college graduates constitute but one per cent of our population, they hold fifty per cent of the offices, so this question seems to take care of itself. But I do not feel that there is any more obligation for a college man to run for office than there is to become a banker, a merchant or a teacher. Some men have a particular aptitude and some have not for politics. Experience counts here as in any other human activity. . . . If an individual finds he has liking and capacity for his work in politics, he will involuntarily find himself engaged in it. There is no catalogue of such capacity. One man gets results in his life in one way, another in another. But, in general, only the man of broad sympathy and deep understanding of his fellow men can meet with much success in politics."

This, coming ten years ago from a man supposed to be hard, crabbed, aloof and self-centered, is a denial, a deep convincing denial of that phase of the Coolidge myth. He is silent. He is probably struggling forever with some kind of devil that holds him back from the warmer contacts of life. But he is not the mythical Coolidge of his enemies any more than he is the mythical Coolidge of the seven million majority. Politics as he has revealed it in this quotation has become the inevitable urge of his life. To him politics is what the sea is to the sailor, the woods to the forester, the family to the mother, an instinctive passion for some kind of service. All of which sounds highty-tighty, as though Coolidge had Sir Galahad's complaint and was going to become a bronze statue overnight and stand in the park to encourage good young men. He merely has some kind of inner demon, not ambition—for he does not walk the ways of an ambitious man—which keeps him doing humble political tasks so well that promotion always follows each service, because he is obviously prepared for promotion. He has accepted promotion modestly, and probably without much conscious seeking of promotion, certainly with no crafty prescience of where promotion would carry him. He could not have been wise enough to know, in his thirties, that this gradual promotion from one trivial office to another would make him President in his late forties. An ambitious man would have headed for Congress or the United States Senate, or the judiciary, in his thirties.

Lady Luck Appears

AFTER Coolidge had served two terms in the state legislature, opportunity came for him to run for mayor of Northampton. Northampton was his legislative district. He was coming to know the people fairly well, and they him, a reserved, industrious, rather kindly, spare, simple young man, modest in his straight-walking gait, without knee action or strut in it, who hurried directly from one errand to another along the business streets, who appeared rarely in the courts and who attended regularly the Jonathan Edwards Congregational Church, of which his wife was a member and in which he was a rather inconspicuous but ever-present brother-in-law.

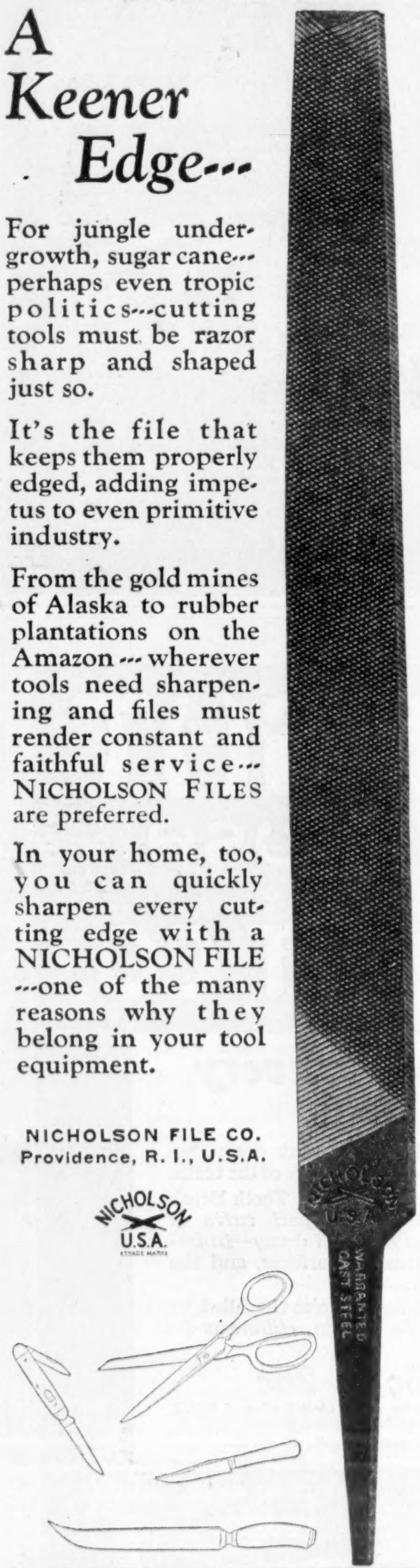
Among his other clients—who were not numerous, for he did not notably succeed as a lawyer—was the Springfield Brewery. He gave it no political service; it was his business to look after its barkeepers in the courts. Sometimes he appeared for its drunks in the police court and advised and defended its representatives in other local controversies with the powers that were in Northampton. And here appears smiling Lady Luck for the first time in Coolidge's life. A men's club was organized in the Jonathan Edwards Congregational Church, in which were debates on topics of current interest. The pastor, in 1909, desired a debate upon the question of license or no license for the saloons. Mr. Harry E. Bicknell, a promising young Northampton statesman, was a member of the church and told the pastor that it would be impossible to get anyone to take the anti-saloon side of the question—what we now call the dry side. On the day that Bicknell first talked to the pastor about the debate, Bicknell promised, by way of being a good Congregationalist and a good sport, to take either side of the debate. After a week's hard trial, the pastor could find no one else to talk against saloons and turned to Bicknell to help the club. He took the dry side. Being a man of earnestness and ardor, he spoke with a certain eloquence and emphasis. To him it was a purely academic debate, but it aroused the enmity of the wet element in the town. Within a few months, having forgotten all about the debate, he declared himself as a candidate for mayor. But the wets hadn't forgotten his eloquence and emphasis and the more Bicknell tried to explain the circumstances of the debate, the more he lost the few dry votes in town and the more the wets concluded that he would not do to tie up to—a rather preposterous conclusion, but one which most voters make in trying to simplify issues in terms of men.

Then came the urge from the wets for the young attorney of the Springfield Brewery to enter the race for mayor. Coolidge entered the race. One of his favorite quotations is from Franklin's declaration that public office should neither be sought nor refused, but he did not make the wet issue. He avoided that issue—which was the chief issue in the campaign. He talked about principles of government, about city administration in the abstract, when he talked at all, which was precious little. He relied upon the Republican silk-stocking respectable vote in Ward Two to back him because he was of it, and his reliance was wise. Then he relied upon his friends the Irish, who had more or less been with him in the other wards, to stay with him, and his reliance there was wise. And he knew that his friends the barkeepers employed by the brewery company and the drunks and the down-and-outs whom he had defended and advised would probably be with him; but he took no chances. He was thorough. He made no hand-shaking canvass up and down the street. He could not do that. But he made a house-to-house canvass in the Democratic industrial wards. It was his habit to take one street after another, go to the door, walk into the house at a time when the men were in. Then briefly, without frills, in direct language which the men whom he had befriended could not mistake, he asked them for their votes. He spoke in his dry, harsh, nasal voice, saying:

"I want your vote. I need it. I shall appreciate it."

Then, if debate or controversy arose, he answered the questions in monosyllables, being careful to inject no issue into the discussion which would divert the heart of his friend from the Coolidge need for that vote. Having said his say, he rose bashfully, backed out of the house into the next house, and so down street after street until the campaign ended—a rather undramatic pilgrimage for a knight-errant

(*Continued on page 47*)



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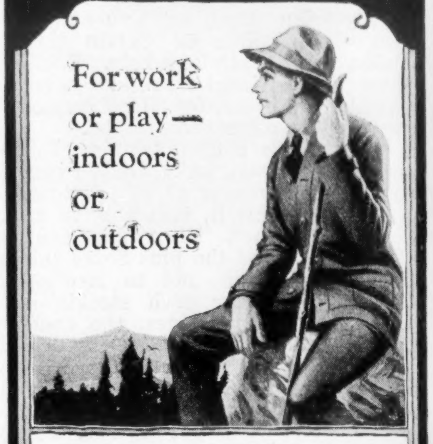
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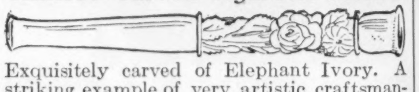

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WALL PAPER

The First Rungs of the Ladder

Continued from page 46

of democracy. The mayor's office, which he won by a rather larger majority than usually given to mayoralty candidates, carried no adequate compensation and required a lot of hard work which he did well. Indeed, he made a good mayor by doing nothing in particular with great economy. The Springfield Brewery had no more favors from him than the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It could not be said at the end of his first term that Coolidge had paid any political debts in the mayor's office, except his common debt to the people who elected him.

He's Shy—Not Proud

LIFE to Coolidge has been a perpetual process of education. He went to school in the mayor's office at Northampton and learned something about taxation. It is odd how a man who never had money all his life has been interested in money. He never paid a dollar's worth of real-estate taxation and precious little income tax. Yet on the subject of taxation he will break his habitual silence and babble like a boy. In the mayor's office it was said of him that he was greedy to save time, greedy to save words and greedy to save other people's money. Yet one must not get the idea that he was a pale recluse, living the life of a Sunday-school hero, with exemplary regularity. Once every blue moon he sat him down in the saloons or gardens of Northampton, took a single solemn glass of beer, cracked a solemn joke, drier than the pretzel that he munched, and felt that he had for that day and season done his full social duty to God and man.

If a politician failed him Coolidge avoided that politician in his next alliance. So tradition in Northampton deduces that the remote strain of Indian blood in him has left a thin strain of vindictiveness, which is probably not true. It is merely the burned child avoiding the fire. But because he never explains, never elaborates his reasons, not even after he acts, as liars do, Coolidge gets a reputation which lingers around Northampton of being a bit mean in spots. This reputation is the popular interpretation put upon the reaction of the cautious man to his unreliable fellows. He worked hard at the mayor's job, meeting the multitude rather distantly, but never haughtily. He was only shy—not proud. No one ever slapped him on the back. Yet no one ever presented a problem that he did not try to solve; no one asked a favor that he could grant which was refused. He was always on call, always serving. Apparently he had no vacation, no diversion, no felicitous moments of gay introspection. Yet with this queer exterior—a sort of impediment in his social manners, not a flaw in his character—he was a vote getter; somewhat as a cripple is by reason of his affliction.

So serving his time for two years at hard labor, without financial reward, yet all the time bearing in mind the finances of his masters, conserving property yet obeying some inner monastic vow against owning property, Calvin Coolidge prepared for the next upward step in his career.

Mr. White's third article, "The Spotlight Finds Coolidge," will appear in the April 4th issue.

After the Bootlegger—What?

Continued from page 26

prohibition 26,000,000 gallons of pure (or potable) alcohol got on to the market, and much of it, perhaps, down American throats, in the form of synthetic gin. The next year only 10,700,000 gallons of pure alcohol were turned out. And last year, in spite of the fact that 135,900,000 gallons of alcohol was made, only 9,300,000 gallons of *pure* alcohol found its way into trade. All the rest of the manufactured alcohol is denatured; that is, it is rendered unfit for drinking. The possible supply of pure alcohol for the alcohol bootlegger has fallen almost two thirds within three years.

More and more the chemists are taking the supply of pure alcohol from which the bootlegger used to get his wares and are "doctoring" it so that much of it is unrecoverable for bootlegging purposes. The use of pure alcohol in industry has fallen off an average of 4,000,000 gallons annually ever since prohibition began. Plenty of honest purposes are arising yearly for the industrial use of alcohol. Our automobiles are insatiable "drinkers." For instance, your sedan used in the winter consumes an average of two quarts per month of anti-freeze mixture. The cool zones of the United States use 28,000,000 gallons. This is a new demand for industrial alcohol. It amounts to about one fifth of the national production of denatured industrial alcohol. Germany before the war sent us vast quantities of her alcohol. Since the war the manufacture of industrial alcohol has become a great, sound American enterprise. Alcohol is used in the making of many synthetic substances.

How does industrial alcohol get into drinking channels? The day of bootlegging *pure* alcohol is past. The pure alcohol bootlegger, like the pure rye bootlegger, has gone almost entirely out of business because he can find no wares to sell. He is as helpless as a Russian baker during a famine who cannot find flour. The pure alcohol that comes from the alcohol factories is mixed with ingredients that make it undrinkable. There are various formulas for "denaturing" or "manipulating" alcohol, each approved by the prohibition chemists in Washington. Certain formulas are used for anti-freeze mixtures; others for making hair tonics, barber supplies, flavoring extracts for cooking or perfumes, and tooth pastes. It is possible for a bootlegger, through underground channels, to get control of supplies of alcohol "denatured" for various industrial purposes. Here's what he is likely to get in this "doctored" alcohol: benzine, formaldehyde, menthol, quinine sulphate, brucine sulphate, acetone, sodium salicylate, ipecac, benzol, pine oil, kerosene, benzoic acid, castor oil, caustic soda, pine tar, nicotine, petroleum, sulphuric ether, ethyl ether, camphor, carbolic acid, oil of bergamot, iodine, oil of cloves, gasoline, citric acid, erythrosin, ammonia, zinc chloride, diethylphthalate, mercuric iodide, shellac, arnica.

It is his job as a good alcohol bootlegger to get the alcohol away from these unpleasant things. Sometimes he can do so, sometimes he cannot, and sometimes he can only partly do so. He does it by distilling: his distilling plant, in bootlegger jargon, is called a "drop-off." When he has "cooked" his "denatured" alcohol out of its chemical surroundings, he is ready to make "Scotch" or "rye" or "gin" out of it. He can pour it into non-alcohol beer and sell this "spiked" article for the real thing; he can pour it into grape juice and make red or white wine. He can make you any sort of cordial you ask for.

The fight this year, which President Warren G. Harding started in earnest almost three years ago, will be against the bootlegger in industrial alcohol. The $10,000,000 budget of the prohibition unit will be used mainly in running him down. The great industrial-alcohol concerns need no watching. They work under strict permits in an

(*Continued on page 48*)

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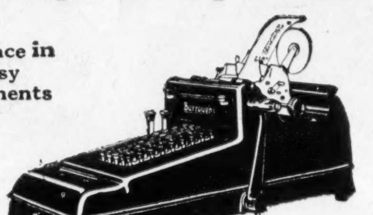

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After the Bootlegger—What?

Continued from page 47

effort to keep their business clean so that it will be free from embarrassing regulations. It is not from them that bootleggers get alcohol. Nor does the prohibition unit find any difficulties in keeping track of alcohol buyers who have permits as business men to purchase pure or denatured alcohol for business purposes. It is when the permittee sells his business alcohol to jobbers that the prohibition officers begin to lose sight of it and investigate the bootleggers' world. The jobbers of denatured alcohol who claim to be makers of perfume, hair tonic or flavoring extracts, and are none of these things, will be under the $10,000,000 fire of the prohibition unit during 1925. The legitimate makers of such articles, through the National Trade Association and through the operations of the Alcohol Trade Advisory Committee in Washington, will join the prohibition hunt.

And what about the men who are supposed to enforce prohibition? The turnover of prohibition enforcement officials during the first two years of prohibition was over 50 per cent. For dishonesty, or inability, or other reasons, half of them were discharged. That strange individual, Andrew Volstead, congressman, who, working with the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, prepared the prohibition bill which was named for him, was against civil service in the prohibition unit. Prohibition-enforcement officials were selected, hit or miss. Their jobs were political jobs. They were pushed into power by politicians. But the platforms of both of the great parties in 1924 provided for the introduction of civil service into the prohibition forces. The scandals of nonenforcement because of dishonesty among prohibition officials have struck a hard blow to many a congressman or senator. The Republican organization in the state of New York has declared that it will not longer suggest the names of prohibition-enforcement officials. Civil service in prohibition is on the way and coming soon. That is only one more sign that the bootlegger in America has reached his peak and is on the way down.

The denatured-alcohol bootlegger is not a sanitary bootlegger. There are more dead-lines in his wares than in true rye, Scotch or bourbon. His wares are cheap. He deals in death.

There's booze in the old barrel yet, in America, but prohibition, assisted by diplomacy and other forces, is tipping it more and more so that the white-collar man, who wants only good liquor, is finding his share failing; the dregs that remain, the "denatured alcohol" dregs, flow down low in the social scale where men do not object to dregs.

Because "ROSEY" *had an* IDEA

By CY PETERMAN

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OUT on the Lincoln Highway, near Lancaster, Pa., in the quaint little village of Vintage, Morris Roseman put his idea to work. That was eleven years ago. "Rosey" was then a junkman.

Rosey put his idea to work by leasing a plot of ground next to the road and erecting a huge sign: "Rosey's Auto Graveyard"—and in rolled the has-beens of autodom.

"I decided to buy all the old automobiles I could get," says Rosey. "My idea was to dismantle the machines, sell the good parts and use the rest for junk. It proved a go from the start. Nowadays I always have 400 or 500 on hand.

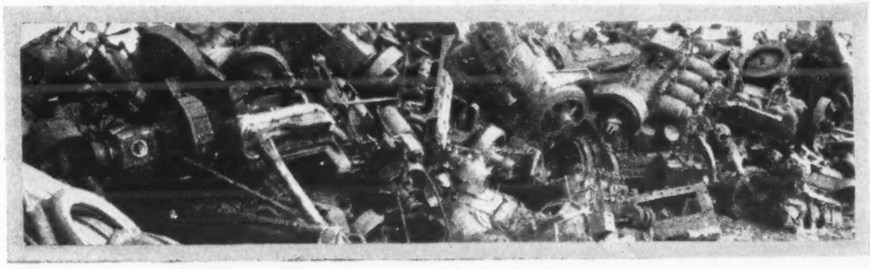
"The wrecks come to me in all stages of ruin. Some arrive under their own power; but most of them have to be towed here."

In Lancaster, Rosey has his parts shop. There you can find thousands of parts of machines which long since have ceased to be manufactured. Often his is the only place in a radius of hundreds of miles where a certain gear, cog or camshaft may be obtained.

"I have handled more than 6,000 motor cars since I opened the business," says Rosey. "We have them here from roadsters to trucks, with one-cylinder engines or twelve, in models from 1900 to 1924.

Spare tires alone net Rosey a handsome income. Motors, batteries, side curtains, bearings—all are stripped off and stacked away in pigeonhole order. A corps of employees handles the work now.

And Rosey spends his winters in the Bahamas. He's rich now.



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It Doesn't Pay to Talk Too Much

Continued from page 12

only smiled and kept his tongue in his head until the following day. Then he drifted nonchalantly into the neighborhood store where Pete's wife did her trading and Pete did much of his loafing. He just sat around the store for an hour, swapping conversation with the loafers, but saying not a word about Pete until Pete's name came up. Then he put in his work. He assumed a blandly interested air and said:

"Pete Frye! Pete Frye! His name sounds familiar; I wonder if he isn't a son of Lucian and Mary Frye who used to live down Hog Neck way?"

Upon being assured that it was the same Pete, our boss said:

"Well, I'd like to meet that boy; I don't know that I ever saw him to know him, but I knew his mammy and I knew his daddy; two better folks never lived than Lucian and Mary Frye; they were real quality folks, they were; and while I don't know that boy I'd just like to meet him, because I know that he's the right sort, coming from such stock."

He had done his work; before bedtime the storekeeper and every loafer in the store had gotten hold of Pete and told him what the boss had said. From that day to this Pete has been one of the loudest champions of our boss.

As for talking about one's competitors, that's the worst thing a fellow can do. I had to learn a lot of hard lessons on that score, but I prefer to relate one of the happiest I ever learned. I had sought to purchase a garment of a certain pattern from one of the leading gents' furnishing concerns in New York City. This store didn't have just what I wanted and I considered their prices high for a substitute article which they offered me. I went across the street to one of their competitors and found exactly the garment I wanted at what appeared to be a low price. While waiting for my change I remarked to the salesman that I thought his prices were lower than that of the firm across the street. "I don't know about that," said the salesman; "I do know that you never pay more for an article than the article is worth at —— [naming the rival concern]. If their prices appear high, you will find the explanation in the quality of the goods they sell."

My Wife Deserves Credit

I HAVE thought about that incident scores of times; and now, when I go to New York, I am at a loss as to which of the two rival stores I shall spend my money with. That New York men's furnishings salesman knew how and when to talk. The other course cost a merchant in my home town the sale of a suit of clothes. He was about to sell me a suit of clothes and he began to pick flaws in a suit I had previously bought elsewhere. I thought of that New York salesman and my local merchant lost the sale of his merchandise. When he reads this he'll know why for the first time.

Before concluding this confession, I must admit that my wife has had much to do with curing me of too much talking. Before we were married my wife let me talk from 7:15 in the evening until 12:15 A. M. She would listen for hours, with a feigned look of interest, to my discourses on such things as Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe or Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena; she would even stay put and look charming while I read to her whole pages at random from Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. In those courting days I had visions of married bliss in a library filled with tons of esoteric knowledge, with an interested little girl by my side to sail with me over all the seas of culture.

But when we married and there were seven whole nights a week she no longer dissembled. Then she dared up and tell me that *I talked too much* and she has been telling me ever since.

All that the scalp requires CLEANING *and* FEEDING

A combination treatment at the cost of a shampoo

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

KEEPING the scalp clean is a bit of personal hygiene practiced by all well-informed people. Those same people know that their scalps need food. But, week after week, they neglect this equally important measure—just because scalp-foods, such as crude-oil, have always been difficult to apply.

At last—*scalp-cleaning* and *scalp-feeding* have been combined in one efficient treatment—called Taroleum.

Stimulating food makes healthy hair

Taroleum cleans thoroughly—easily removes dangerous, unhealthy dirt. Besides this, Taroleum supplies the hair-roots with life-giving crude-oil, in a new, clean form. The soothing, healing pine-tar, in Taroleum, tones your scalp, and is one of Nature's best dandruff removers.

The first part of a Taroleum shampoo consists in gently rubbing Taroleum into the scalp, with the finger tips. This massage opens the pores of the scalp, and allows the healthful crude-oil to soak through to the hungry roots of the hair. Only a minute, or so, of rubbing is necessary. And only a tablespoonful of Taroleum does the trick.

Snowy lather quickly absorbs dirt

Now, for the second thing that every scalp requires—*cleaning*. After the brief Taroleum massage—a wetting with warm water produces an abundant, creamy lather. These snowy suds make a clean sweep of all the dust, grime, and dandruff that accumulate in the average scalp. After you rinse your head, your hair is fresh and light—full of the vigor that only Taroleum can give.

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Taroleum has no odor—other than the sweet smell of cleanliness. It cannot stain or discolor, either hair or linen.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Br'er Fox, Inc.

To the Editor of Collier's:

"WHAT'S the good of rhinos and gorillas?" you want to know. Well, that's a hard one, but you dismiss the *general* value of wild animals with too careless a gesture.

"They could all vanish now, and humanity would never feel the loss—in a practical way." Perhaps the Eskimos, dependent on fur for body covering, would tell you different. And I have read that certain native tribes in various parts of the world still look to wild animals for their food supplies.

An industry that brings the trapper and hunter in the United States between fifty and sixty millions of dollars yearly could hardly be wiped out overnight without noticeable consequences. So important is our fur industry that farseeing men are regarding it in the light of a problem in domestication. The old cat-and-rat ranch hoax has furnished us all with a laugh, but the silver fox ranch represents a capital of fifteen million dollars in this country alone. The blue, cross and red fox are all raised in captivity, as well as muskrat, mink, raccoon, fisher and others. And experiments are progressing with the rest of the important fur bearers.

Two governmental experimental fur farms are operated in Canada and one in the United States. In this country, also, a new division of fur resources has been added to the Department of Agriculture.

C. M. WAITE,
Marlboro, Mass.

Should We Learn to Loaf?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why don't some of our better universities give courses in "Principles of Loafing," "Elements of Leisure" or "Time Killing, Theory and Practice"?

The need is great. Any college student of normally good intelligence who is not working his way through school has about half of his waking hours free from any duty. He endeavors in a rather witless way to enjoy himself and his inefficient methods fail. Wanting pleasure almost desperately, not being encouraged to think his way out of any difficulty, he encroaches upon the time his academic work demands.

Waste — waste — waster. The faculty, believing in its ability to give good advice, tells him to work harder. All he needs to know is how to play better.

A GRADUATE, NOT BY DILIGENCE OR REQUEST, BUT BY LUCK.
San Francisco, Cal.

A Stitch in Time—for Peace

To the Editor of Collier's:

Evidently the world again sits on the top of a smoldering volcano, which requires very little to set it off. Are we, the richest nation in the world, equipped to carry on an offensive warfare or, for that matter, a defensive one? Has Congress, with its old method of procrastination, refused in a pig-headed way to recognize the trend of events?

We hear on all sides, Japan this and Japan that. We ought to know whether we are again being led to a shambles; to demand the exact status of our defensive capabilities. We hear of a navy utterly incapable of proper defense. Is it so? What are our diplomats up to? Don't you think we ought to know?

Certain publications have advocated a Japanese war for the last two or three years. Why don't we make a real inquiry as to the why of it all, not from a pacifistic point of view, but from a purely "how much will it cost me and you as citizens" point of view?

We, the ones who fought the last war and know something about it, demand the truth. Are we going to get it?

ED J. GOFF, Detroit, Michigan.

Are Girls Too Athletic? *NO!*

To the Editor of Collier's:

I was a California school girl myself some twenty years ago. I never felt that I was getting too much exercise any of the time, and we used to don our gym suits three times a week for the gymnasium periods of forty-five minutes.

Then there were two nights every week for basketball and three periods a week for tennis and for one blissful year one evening each week for rowing crew work. I was athletic if there ever was a chance to be.

Now my feet have never been encased in a larger shoe than a five and I have never worn a larger than a number six glove. To be sure, I have never set the world afire with a marvelous brain and never will. But I have made my contribution to the world in the shape of a perfectly healthy, intelligent son and daughter now in their teens.

The women of to-day have to fight with, for and against the men and why should they not be equipped with the same weapons as the man has to meet the world—broad shoulders and perfect health? As for deaths from heart failure, if we could get the statistics I'm sure that we'd find that more women have died from too much fat around the heart, due to lack of exercise, than have men runners.

MRS. E. N. R.,
Chicago, Ill.

We Plead Guilty

To the Editor of Collier's:

I hate to rub it in! Frank Parker Stockbridge slipped a cog in his remarkably good article "What Washington Did for a Living;" and Jupiter went to sleep at the switch and failed to correct.

It was Charles Lee, soldier of fortune and would-be traitor, who got that memorable cussing by the late G. W. at Monmouth, not Light Horse Harry Lee. The latter was quite a different bird—and very likely would have outdone G. W. at the cussing had he been there too. He was the father of that Lee of the gentler soul, perhaps the ablest general of our Civil War. Aside from that slip, it seems to me the entire article is remarkably worth while! My compliments to its author.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE,
Waban, Mass.

WHERE *is the Best Broadcasting?*

"RIGHT here in little old Chicago we've got the best talent in the world, the best programs and the best announcers," wrote Charles Kingston. He added, "I'm disgusted with the hick programs from other cities."

That was more than enough to start something, so we printed Mr. Kingston's letter January 10th and offered prizes for the best three letters, in 200 words or less, from those who felt impelled to dispute his conclusions.

The letters came from every section of the United States, and some from Canada. The three printed below were chosen as the prize winnners:

First Prize—$50

By Clyde E. Volkers, Terre Haute, Indiana

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Applied to broadcasting: where the program is that best fits my mood, there will my radio tune in also; and *that program is best.*

I get all the principal stations in the United States and a few in Canada, and on a one-tube set. Technically, WBAP, WHAA, WOS and WOC are my best broadcasters; but I am looking at the question from the broader, ethical side. If I had confined myself to these stations, I would never have heard a famous scientist speaking in Newark, nor would I have heard his pet rattlesnake wiggle its tail. If I stayed with the "four" I would not fall in with the Southland's mood in her songs, barn dances, and oratory. Nor could I have learned to love her dialect without WSB's "Atelaintah, Ghawguh!" I have to listen closely for it, while WOS rings loud and clear; but they have messages down there and elsewhere that *I* need. I am not going to single out *a best*. "There ain't no sech animal."

I hope that the letters sent in do not discourage stations, nor change the *personality* of stations now broadcasting.

Second Prize—$30

By Hilda Lee, Salt Lake City, Utah

There are some radio programs better than others, but as radio offers both variety and atmosphere there is no one "best broadcasting" place, just as there is no one story or bit of music "best" when one considers the different emotions and atmosphere each bit gives.

Who wants to hear, see or wear the same thing all the time? Most everyone craves variety. I'm nuts on it myself. Therefore, I like variety on radio.

I'm keen on the up-to-snuff programs and the sophisticated voices of announcers at "CHI." (We get 'em *good* too.) I go into raptures over dance music from 'Frisco and I get one great kick hearing an announcer somewhere in Iowa announce that "Cy Perkins has come thirty miles to play the mouth organ fer ye!"

Mr. Kingston, I'm laughing "those off" of yours very heartily. You aren't a pioneer. It's the long-distance pioneers, braving squawks, hisses and whistles, who will conquer distance.

If everyone held the cheers for one near station, distance would never be overcome, and new inventions and improvements would never suggest themselves.

Third Prize—$20

By Robert K. Gordon, M. D., Dillon, South Carolina

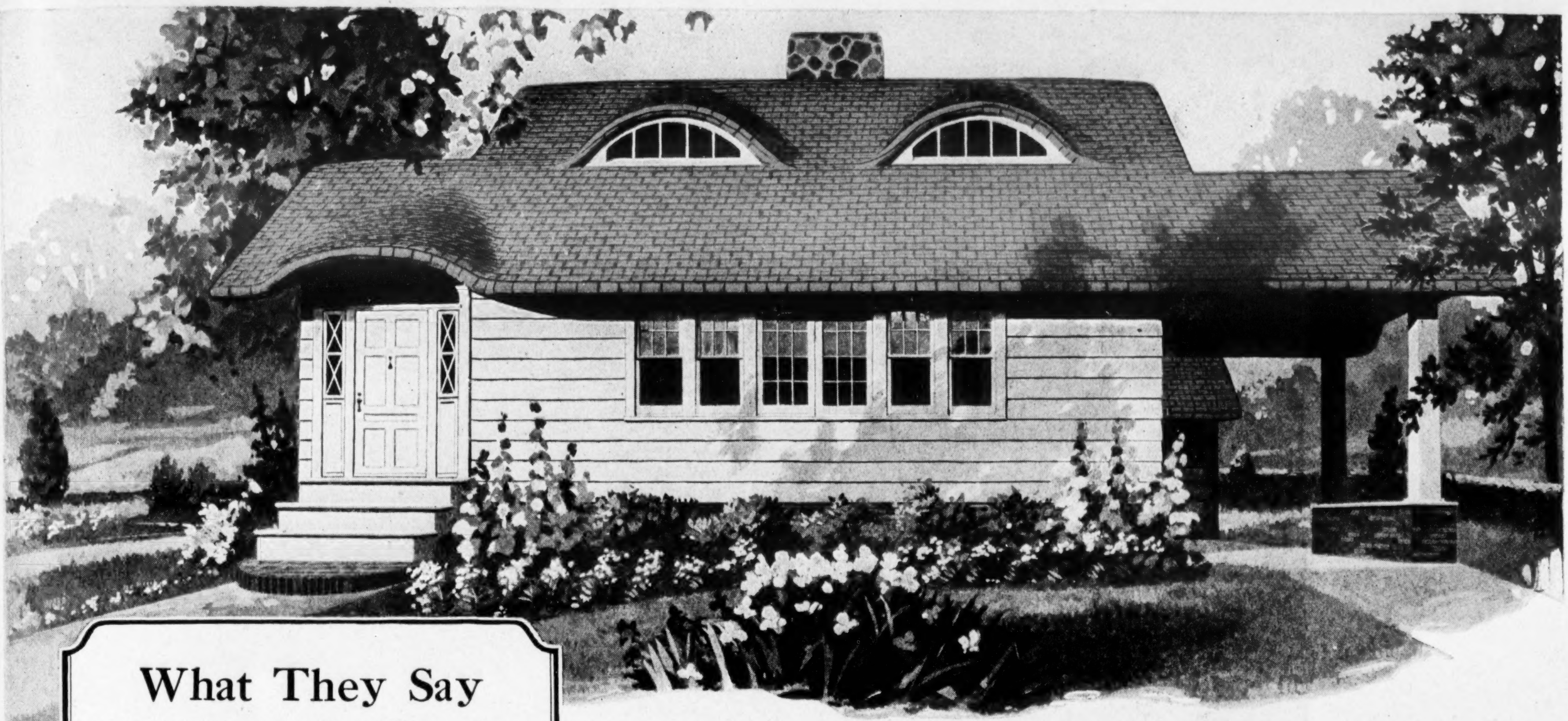
A hard day has ended; life without its veneer, in pain, in distress, has filled me with disgust and tired me.

What offers a respite from these raw realities? I turn to the radio—and wonderfully clear one thousand miles away an orchestra's tunes fill the room; a singer's voice with perfect enunciation is heard. I can close my eyes and feel the entertainers are with me. No other station can give me this illusion.

To-night a Negro jazz orchestra has the air; last week it was a Jewish choir; most times they are Nordic entertainers. It's a democratic station. Programs are put on for all colors, classes, creeds.

The announcer gives the station that personal touch. It seems as if he wants everyone that appears before the microphone to put it over for Me, and we all like personal service.

The program ends. All's right with the world: that baby I helped enter the world in such depressing conditions may make it; that young girl with the tuberculous hip may be cured. I can practice medicine to-morrow with a renewed zest—it was a Cleveland station broadcasting—WTAM.



What They Say

Owner —After my wife and I saw all the different asphalt shingles, we decided that from appearance, wearing qualities, etc., the Ruberoid Giant was by far the best, even though some others were higher priced. From outward appearance our home is 85% roof and we are highly pleased with the Ruberoid Giants. Our praise for Ruberoid Giants cannot be enhanced, as they have made our new home beautiful.

Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Garmoe.

Architect —I have used Ruberoid Giant Shingles for several years on A No. 1 residences and have always been perfectly satisfied with the results.

I used the large size 10 x 14″ on a bungalow erected just recently for Mr. M. E. Garmoe of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in a thatched roof effect, which I like very much.

I do not think anyone will make any mistake in using Ruberoids in any size shingle made.

I. F. McMinds.

Builder—Regarding the Ruberoid Giants on the Garmoe home in Cedar Rapids, I can frankly say that the cost of laying this shingle has been cheaper than any other I have used. As a contractor, I would recommend this shingle to other contractors above all other makes. *Ora Halfhill.*

Dealer —We are very well pleased with the Ruberoid Giants which were used on the Garmoe home in Cedar Rapids. This job used 33½ squares. The quality of Ruberoid Giants and the service The RUBEROID Co. has given us cannot be improved upon.

Hatch & Brookman Co.

Roofs That Give 100% Satisfaction

FROM the dealers who sell them to the owners who live under them—Ruberoid Roofs give 100% satisfaction.

As an example, take the home illustrated above, which the owners Mr. and Mrs. Garmoe, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, say from outward appearance is about 85% roof. Mr. Garmoe's opinion of Ruberoid Shingles is printed at the left, also the opinions of architect, contractor, and dealer, who participated in the building of this home.

Such a quartet of approval is no unusual thing when a Ruberoid Roof is used. The name Ruberoid is applied only on such products which conform in every particular with the Ruberoid standard—a standard which for over a generation has demanded the utmost in quality and the highest degree of decorative value.

Among the Ruberoid Products there is one which will fully meet your roofing requirements whether they be for a twenty-room residence or a three-room bungalow, a school house or a factory, a church or a theatre. Near you is a lumber or building supply dealer who sells Ruberoid Shingles and Roofings. Ask him about them or use the coupon below.

The RUBEROID Co.
New York
Chicago **Boston**
***In Canada:* The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., Montreal**

The RUBEROID Co. **Collier's**
95 Madison Avenue, New York

Gentlemen: Kindly send me the name of the nearest Ruberoid dealer and information regarding the Ruberoid Products checked below.

- ☐ Ruberoid Giant-shingles (Individual)
- ☐ Ruberoid Octab Strip-shingles
- ☐ Ruberoid Square-tab Strip-shingles
- ☐ Ruberoid Roll-roofing (Smooth)
- ☐ Ruberoid Roll-roofing (Mineralized)

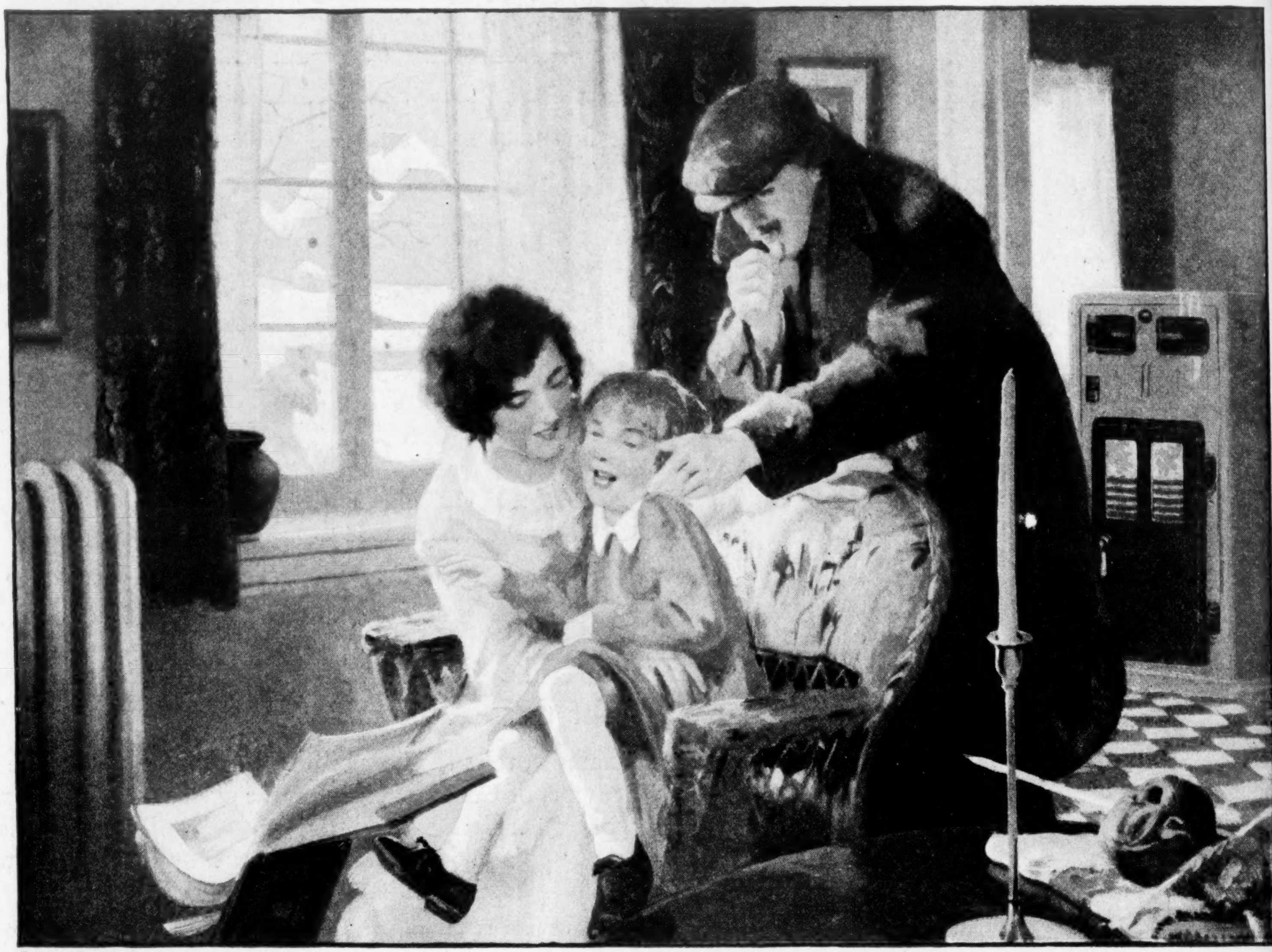
Name..

Address..

RU-BER-OID

SHINGLES ROOFING

It's cold in North Dakota



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Why ARCOLA
saves steps

In the rear of ARCOLA is a damper automatically regulated according to the heat of the water. Air is fed to the fire through it in just the right amount to get maximum efficiency from minimum fuel.

But Arcola gives them Radiator warmth

"WE USED to have three stoves, and froze," says P. J. Stembach, of Jamestown, N. D., "but with ARCOLA and American Radiators we burn no more coal than one stove did, and ARCOLA keeps every room evenly warmed."

No other heater can do for the small home what ARCOLA does. It is a combination boiler and radiator. It warms the room in which it stands, and sends a steady flow of hot water to a radiator in each room.

The price is surprisingly low, and payments may be made in easy installments, according to the new plan which your heating contractor will explain.

Make up your mind that you will not go through another winter in discomfort. There is health in ARCOLA; there is immense satisfaction; and there is economy, too. For the coal consumption is so much smaller than that of stoves or old-fashioned heaters, that ARCOLA will soon pay back its first cost. More than 100,000 owners have proved this in their own experience. One of them lives in your neighborhood; ask him.

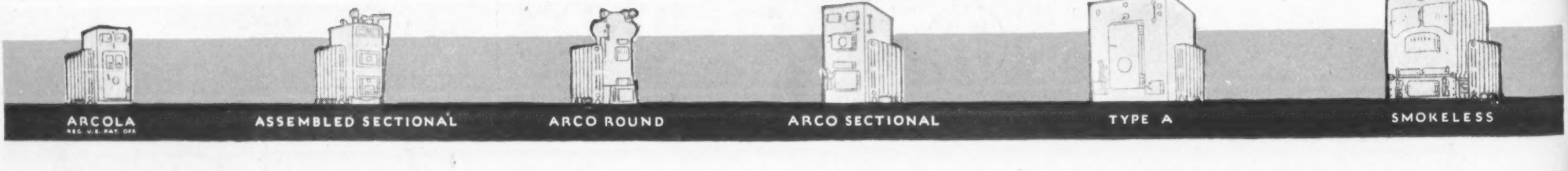
Send us your name and the number of rooms in your house; an attractively illustrated book will be mailed to you at once.

TRADE MARK
ARCOLA
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For sale by the Heating and Plumbing Trade everywhere

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 18, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York *Sales Offices in all principal cities*

IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED